

LA 1114

4





J. Highmore inv^t

G. V. dr Gucht Scul

A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
NOVELS
AND
HISTORIES:
VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

CONTAINING

The HAPPY SLAVE.

The RIVAL LADIES.

The Loves of King HENRY II, *and* Fair
ROSAMOND.

The INNOCENT ADULTERY.

The HISTORY of *the* Conspiracy of *the*
SPANIARDS against *the* Republick
of VENICE.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

M DCC XXIX.



TO

Mrs. Sarah Cornish.

MADAM,



SOME People can
no more escape De-
dications, than o-
thers can expect them. When
the Publisher has no fordid
Aims in View, but only in-
tends the Embellishment of

A 3

the

DEDICATION

the Work, a tolerable Judgment will direct Him to the Name of that Person who is generally approv'd of in the World. The fine Genius, and the agreeable Manner will naturally attract Him, and his Choice is sure to center in that Point where the Majority of Opinions are already fix'd before him.

I Profess that I act upon these Principles ; I place Your Name at the Entrance of this Volume, to Introduce

DEDICATION.

duce it into the best Company ; to engage all that know You to take it up with Good Humour ; and read it, with an Expectation, at least, of finding it something like You ; surprising with a Variety of delightful Circumstances, and continually Entertaining.

THE extraordinary Scenes of Life which are here describ'd, are only intended as Amusements ; to fill up those Intervals of Time which fall between the stated Hours
of

DEDICATION.

of better Employment, and are free from Occurrences of greater Importance. When we are depriv'd of Your Company we must seek Relief in the best Manner we can; and if our Diversion can so far engage the Attention of our Thoughts, as to suspend our Uneasiness for being absent from You, it attains its proper End. Tho', whatever will bear a Reading from Those who have convers'd with one of Your Taste, must be esteem'd
some-

DEDICATION.

something Good in its Kind ;
at least, can never be thought
Dull or Infipid.

YOU are so habitually
correct in your Words and
Actions, that we conclude
all You do or say to be the
Result of the maturest De-
liberation ; and nothing could
convince us of the contrary,
but that we find your Man-
ner in this Respect, to
be constant and continued ;
from whence we are certain,
that it flows from an In-
exhaustible Fund of good
Sense,

DEDICATION.

Sense, with a Mixture of the best Breeding.

W E cannot be sensible of this without fancying we improve every time we converse with You: If this would be too great a Vanity, yet it must be allow'd that You inspire us with Endeavours after Improvement, and make us ambitious of pleasing You: Among whom none is more so than

Your most Humble, and

most Obedient Servant,

S. C.



T A B L E.

<i>The Happy Slave.</i>	Page 1
<i>The Rival Ladies.</i>	159
<i>The Loves of King Henry II, and Fair Rosamond.</i>	203
<i>The Innocent Adultery.</i>	239
<i>The History of the Conspiracy of the Spaniards against the Republick of Venice.</i>	275



THE HISTORY OF THE CONSPIRACY OF THE

T. A. B. L. E.

Page 1

The History of the

177

The History of the

178

The History of the

179

The History of the

180

The History of the

THE HISTORY OF THE CONSPIRACY OF THE



L. Cheron Inv.

G. V. de Gucht Sculp.

THE
HAPPY SLAVE.

IN THREE PARTS.

Translated from the *French* Original.



LONDON: MDCCXXIX.

THE

HAPPY SLAVE

IN THREE PARTS

Translated from the French Original



JOHN DODGE & CO. NEW YORK



THE
HAPPY SLAVE.

PART I.



FRICA has for some Ages been esteem'd a Part of the World where the People were as Cruel and Savage as the Lions and Tigers with which it abounds: But since the amorous Discoveries that have been made there, it has plainly appear'd that Love is of all Countries, and that *Barbary* itself is Barbarous only by Name. The following Piece of Gallantry comes from thence, and will serve to justify what I say, and the other Love-Histories of those Parts.

COUNT *Alexander*, a young *Roman* Nobleman very considerable for his Estate, but more by his Birth, and the Qualities of his Mind, was hardly enter'd into the World, when he was press'd by his Parents to marry. He was young, well made, and spritely, and had the Courage of the Old *Romans*, and lov'd his Pleasures like the New: He

was very singular in his Humour, in all Things following his own Bent and Inclination entirely. As for Matrimony, he was of the Opinion of the Men of Honour, that a Man ought to engage in it as late as possible. In Order therefore to free himself from the Importunity of his Parents, he resolv'd to forsake the Pleasures of *Rome*, and travel, rather than submit to a Condition of Life, which was so contrary to his Sentiments, and the Liberty he so dearly valu'd. He entrusted his Design to a *Valet de Chambre*, who had serv'd him long, and who being a Fellow of Dexterity soon got every Thing ready that was necessary for their Purpose.

THE Season was now proper for travelling; when one Day, without taking Leave of any Body, he set out from *Rome* only with this Servant, and embark'd at *Civita Vecchia*, on a *Felucca* which he had hir'd for his own Use. His Design was to visit the noblest Courts of *Europe*, and to begin with that of *Spain*. But Fortune capriciously chang'd his Course, and carry'd him to *Africa*.

THE first three Days he had the finest Weather imaginable; there was not so much as a contrary Gale; his Rowers ply'd their Oars briskly; and he bless'd himself in the Happiness of his Voyage. But as the Coast of *Italy* is dangerous, especially in the Summer, because of the Pirates of *Barbary*, the fourth Day early in the Morning Count *Alexander*, who never thought he had left *Rome* to be led in Triumph to *Tunis*, found himself saluted by a Brigantine of that Nation. The poor Watermen were presently alarm'd: The Sight of a single Turbant fills them with Horror; and the *Turks* had hardly given them three or four small Shot, when they jump'd into the Sea, to save themselves by swimming. The *Italian* Count remain'd with his Servant in the *Felucca*; not that he hoped to be able to defend himself against such a Number of Enemies; to do which he must have had the Prowess of *Rowland*, or the enchanted Arms of the ancient *Orlando's*. As he cou'd not swim, he cou'd not imitate the Watermen, and not being weary of Life, he

he thought it was better to be made a Slave, than to be drown'd. However, to let these Barbarians see what sort of Man he was, and to sell his Liberty as dear as he cou'd; having caus'd his Man to fling his Baggage into the Sea, he gave him the Orders he wou'd have him execute. I shall not mention the Particulars of the Action, which was very Glorious; two Men defending themselves daringly against more than thirty. Six of the Infidels were kill'd outright, and several wounded. For the *Turks*, who were willing to spare them, that they might not lose their Ransom, us'd only Sticks against them at first; but at last, the Death of their Comrades, and the Shame of so long and obstinate a Defence from two rash Christians, against such a Number, having kindled their Rage, they had Recourse to their Scymiters; the Servant was kill'd, and the young Count's Strength failing him, rather than his Courage, after he receiv'd many Wounds he was constrain'd to yield, not being able to raise his Arm, to use his Sword. The cowardly Wretches notwithstanding hardly dar'd to seize him, and did not approach him, till they saw him fall. Then they laid hold of him and carry'd him on Board the Brigantine, where they gave him all the Relief they cou'd, in order to save his Life; having no other Token of Victory, than the taking so gallant a Man, which cost them too dear to boast of it. They all look'd on him with Admiration, and cou'd not comprehend how in so green an Age there shou'd be so much Valour; and in a Body which seem'd so delicate and tender, there cou'd be Strength to execute the Actions they had seen him perform. As they are naturally Superstitious, they believ'd there was something miraculous in his Person, or at least that he was the Flower of all the Christians. This Thought enabled them to bear their shameful Victory more patiently; and as they had lost several of their Crew, and had before made some considerable Prizes, they resolv'd to return to *Tunis*.

AFTER some Days Sail, they arriv'd at the *Gouletta*, where being landed, they set the poor Count upon a Horse,

bound Hand and Foot like a Thief; and in that Condition conducted him to the Town. Some of these Barbarians, who were gone before, spread such a Report of his Bravery and Courage, that they drew upon him the Eyes not only of the meaner sort of People, (whose Curiosity is easily rais'd) but also of the chief Inhabitants of *Tunis*, and even of the Bassa, who, accompany'd by several of his Friends, took a Walk towards the Ruins of *Carthage*, to behold the Arrival of this famous Christian. They imagin'd him to be a Man whose very Aspect must strike a Terror; and were mightily surpriz'd, when they found he was in the fair Bloom of Youth, and tho' his Looks were pale and wann, he had something of Grandeur in his Countenance. There was not one who did not pity him; and the Bassa, who was the most honourable and generous Man in the World, presently conceiv'd such Indignation against those who had us'd him so cruelly, that he commanded them to unbind him immediately, or they shou'd feel the utmost Effects of his Anger. He was obey'd; for as he was next the Dey himself in Authority and Power, he was not to be resisted. He ask'd them what they wou'd take for their Slave; and having caus'd him to be convey'd to his own Palace, he order'd them five hundred Piasters, or Patacoons, the Sum they had demanded for his Purchase.

COUNT *Alexander*, who thought himself happy in falling into the Hands of so good and noble a Patron, began now to be easier in his Mind. He was put into a handsome Apartment, where the Bassa's Surgeons came and examin'd his Wounds, which being better dress'd than on Board the Brigantine, he found himself much reliev'd. He was brought very low by what he had suffer'd at Sea; but his Life was not in Danger. His Fever was not great; and it was hop'd, that in a few Days he wou'd be restor'd to a pretty good State of Health. The Bassa visited him Morning and Evening, and his Solitude for him increas'd daily, for as he came to understand him better, his Esteem and Friendship for him increas'd continually.

BUT

BUT before I proceed, it may not be amiss, for the Satisfaction of the Reader, to say something concerning the Person, Birth and Character of the Bassa. *Mahomet*, Bassa Bey, the Father of *Sidy Morat* and *Mehemet Lapsy*, was the Son of a Renegade of the Isle of *Corfica*, of the House of *Pietro-Santi*, and by the beautiful Qualities of his Person, as well as of his Mind, raising himself to be the Favourite of the Dey, or King of the Country, he manag'd his Interest in that Prince so well, that he was promoted to the first Employments of the Kingdom, in which his Son *Mehemet* succeeded him as his Heir. In a Word, young *Mehemet*, who was at Variance with the Dey and the Divan, who being jealous of his Father's Authority were for dividing the two Dignities of Bassa and Bey, went to *Constantinople* to get his Authority confirm'd against them, from whence he return'd with Triumph. Never did *Tunis* flourish as in his Time. He was a Man of an universal Capacity, and was equally turn'd for Gallantry and Arms; he had a vast deal of Wit, and was brave, honourable, and magnificent to the highest Degree. He lov'd the Christians, and caus'd Justice to be done them. He entertain'd a Commerce of Civility with several Princes of *Europe*. He sent, and receiv'd every Year Presents from the Great Duke of *Tuscany*. In fine, never did any Nobleman of that Country live more splendidly, or had a greater Merit or Reputation than he. There is some Resemblance indeed of this in the Person of his Son; but not after the same Manner. He had the true Inclinations of a Great Lord, as he was, and the Soul of a perfectly honest Man.

HE was presently charm'd with the Admirable Wit of the Count, and delighted with his Conversation, and wou'd pass three or four Hours, sitting on his Bed, in discoursing familiarly with him. What amaz'd him was, that on what Subject soever he talk'd to him, he always found him extremely knowing and ready. He spoke of him to all his Friends with Encomiums and such tender Affection, that he gain'd him the Esteem and Friendship of all the chief

Lords of the Kingdom, who came to see him, and made him Presents according to the Custom of the Country.

THE Bassa easily judg'd by so many illustrious Tokens that this young Christian cou'd be of no mean Extraction: However he never ask'd him any Questions on that Head, and knew nothing farther of him, than that he was an *Italian*. For the Count had never dar'd to discover himself; lest it shou'd render his Liberty more difficult to obtain: But after the many Favours and Bounties he receiv'd every Day from the Bassa, he thought he could not in Gratitude conceal himself from a Man to whom he had greater Obligations than even that of Life. One Day therefore, the Bassa having ask'd him whether he had no Relations in his own Country, and why he did not write to them? Sir, said he, I should be the basest of Men, if Fear, or any other Consideration whatever, should hinder me from returning the Obligations I owe you. I hope you will pardon me, that I have made some Difficulty to open myself intirely to you, lest my Captivity should become the harder, and my Ransom be set at a higher Price. But after what I see every Day, after so many Marks of your Generosity, and so many Favours, I can no longer forbear acquainting you, that I am a Man of Quality, and of one of the most illustrious Families in *Rome*; my Name is Count *Alexander*; and if you ever restore me my Liberty, I ought to pay you my Ransom with the utmost Acknowledgments of the Benefits I have receiv'd from you. The Bassa fell a laughing, and embracing him very tenderly, *Alexander*, said he, your letting me know who you are, shall not render your Condition worse than it is. I am no Merchant of Slaves; I did not buy you to sell you again: You are free; you shall live with me in this Country, as if you were at home with one of your Friends; and if I detain you here a little longer perhaps than you would wish, it will be because I know not how to part with a Person for whom I have so much Esteem and so sincere an Affection. After these kind Expressions, he added others
which

which were full of Friendship, and caus'd so sensible a Joy in the Soul of the Count, that they were a perfect Consolation to him for all the Grief the Loss of his Liberty might have given him.

AS soon as he was quite well, and had recover'd his Strength, he always made one in the Diversion of the Bassa, whether in Hunting, Walking, or Horse-racing; in all which he distinguish'd himself above the rest. Never was Christian so much spoken of in that Country. All the Persons of Note were pleas'd to see him, and took an extreme Pleasure to entertain him at their Houses, which is a Favour very uncommon ev'n to the Natives of that Nation; and much more to one of a Religion, to which they are declar'd Enemies. The Esteem the Bassa shew'd publickly for him contributed very much to all these Advantages; but his own Person, and his genteel and courteous Deportment, was what chiefly conduced to his attracting the Friendship of those of the better Rank.

YET all these illustrious Friendships, these agreeable Diversions, and the many Honours and Favours he receiv'd among them, were not sufficiently charming, to hinder him from sighing now and then after his Return to *Europe*. He liv'd like a free Man: but yet he was a Slave to the Affection of the Bassa, from which he judg'd it wou'd be harder to deliver himself than from the Chain; and not finding in this Nation the People he wanted, he languish'd, and was uneasy. The *Turks* are Men of good Sense, and reason well enough on the Affairs of the World; they are sharp Politicians; but as for refin'd Wit and Politeness, they know not what it is. Their Conversation is barren; and consists more in smoaking Tobacco, than in ingenious Discourse. They understand the Subjects they talk of very superficially, because for the most Part they have little or no Reading, and hardly ever go out of their own Country. The Bassa alone had more Wit and Sense than all the others together; but he cou'd not be always with him; the Places he held in the Kingdom employing him

him in a thousand different Affairs, which he cou'd not possibly avoid. At those Times, the Count went and pass'd the tedious Hours in the Garden of the *Seraglio*, where the Bassa gave him the Liberty to walk. It was a retir'd Place, and very pleasant. He spent there a great Part of the Day very pensively, which was the most agreeable Part of his Life. But alas, how different was this from *Rome*! This Solitude made him melancholy, to which the *Italians* are naturally inclin'd. His Patron, who lov'd him with a sincere Affection, and wou'd have been glad to have him always in a cheerful Humour, was troubled to see him so dejected; and having often ask'd him the Reason, he cou'd get no other Answer, than that it was his Constitution. As he desir'd nothing which the Country cou'd afford but he had it even to Profusion, the Bassa cou'd not imagine what cou'd be the Occasion of his Uneasiness; and endeavouring every Day to find it out, it came into his Head, that there was wanting to the Diversions of *Alexander* one of the Fair Sex to converse with; and as he was a Nobleman of much Gallantry himself, he easily believ'd this was the true Cause of his Melancholy. He presently resolv'd therefore to provide him a Mistress.

THE Law of *Mahomet* is very severe on that Head, with respect to those of other Religions, tho' it be very indulgent to those of its own. He that is taken with a *Turkish* Woman must either change his Religion, or be burnt. The Bassa, tho' no strict Observer of his Law, was nevertheless willing to avoid the Scandal, in case the Intrigue shou'd be discover'd, and accordingly design'd to chuse out some Christian Woman for him:

THERE attended on the Sultaneß, his Lady, an *Italian* Slave, who was a young Maiden of Quality, and very beautiful, and had a great deal of Wit. He had been in Love with her himself not long before, but without Success: Whether it was from the Respect she had for her Mistress, who lov'd her extremely, or from certain Scruples of Religion, he cou'd not prevail on her; and after
three

three Months Sollicitation, not being us'd to so much Resistance, he grew weary of his Pursuit, and cast his Eyes on others the Conquest of whom was less difficult. He hop'd that *Alexander*, who was a young Man proper to inspire Love, needed only to shew himself to gain the Love of a Damsel who was of his own Country and Religion. However, he undertook to prepare this rigid Slave, by kindling an Esteem in her for the Gallant he design'd her. He had already spoken several Times of him in the Sultaneſs's Chamber, while *Laura* (that was her Name) was present. But since he had form'd this Design, he entertain'd them with nothing else. It was always, *Alexander* had done this, or *Alexander* had said that; and he gave so agreeable a Description of him, that as averse as *Laura* might be to Love, it could not but make some Impression on her.

THE Count knew nothing of the good Offices which were doing for him. The Bassa wou'd now and then say to him, laughing at his melancholic Air, That he shou'd in a little Time see him change his Humour: And one Day, when he thought he had made a sufficient Impression on *Laura*, who let him understand she shou'd not be unwilling to see this celebrated Count, he led him into the Garden of the *Seraglio*; where having taken a few Turns, he ask'd him if he never had lov'd? This Question surpriz'd the Count, who began to think, as he was in a Country where the People were very distrustful, the Bassa had perhaps conceiv'd some Jealousy of him, tho' he had never given him any Ground for it. He therefore imagin'd it was necessary, in order to undeceive him, to affect a great Indifference to Women; and in Reality he had hitherto been a very cool Lover. The Bassa bid him have a Care, for Love wou'd be sure to take its Revenge of him one Day; and as for his Part he did not despair of seeing him deeply enamour'd in *Barbary*. You are young and handsome, said he, and have Wit; and here are Ladies whom it is dangerous to view as well as in *Europe*, who have perhaps a
Design

Design upon your Liberty; and you are yet in *Tunis*. A Discourse so unexpected, and the Air with which the Bassa spoke it, so perplex'd the Count, that he knew not on the sudden what to answer. The Bassa was wonderfully delighted to see *Alexander* in this Disorder. What? continu'd he, does Love seem so terrible to you, that you shou'd fly from it? Can you with all your Bravery be afraid of it? Take Courage: Love is not so formidable in this Country, as in yours. He is not arm'd with Darts here, but adorn'd with Flowers, and has no Cruelty among the *Turks*. The Women are sweet-natur'd and obliging, and were never known to let a Man dye for Love. All the Difficulty lies in finding the Means to gain Access to them, after which there is no Trouble. The Law of Nature is what we follow, preferably to that of *Mahomet*. In *Europe*, you treat this Passion after a manner altogether extraordinary; you make a Martyrdom of what is the Object of our Pleasures; but I would fain know what can be the Design of a Woman who sees a Man every day breathing out his Sighs at her Feet, and who has the same Desires as he has, and perhaps in greater degree; for the Passions are equally powerful in both Sexes. Why does she let him suffer? Why must there be so many Sighs and so many Tears? Is this the End of Love?

MY Lord, said the Count, who had Time to recover himself during this Discourse, I am of Opinion it is with Respect to Love, as to all other Things; every one has his Taste, and peculiar Maxims: But if I may be permitted to speak my Sentiment, tho' I never was in Love, I shall venture to say, that when one is born under any Custom, one insensibly contracts a Habit of it; which makes us bear it without Pain; and I must add, and am certain it is true, That there is more Sweetness, and more Charms, amidst the Torments we endure in our way of Loving, than are to be found in all your Pleasures, which cost you nothing. Do not imagine to yourself, my Lord, that all those Sufferings are really so great as our Lovers represent them.

them. No ; they serve as Means to sooth and soften their Mistresses. You wou'd undoubtedly be surpriz'd to hear them cry out,

Double, O Love ! double a Pain so dear !

such a Pleasure is there in suffering, after such manner.

THE Bassa, who was entertain'd with his Talk, would not interrupt him ; and he went on thus : What Satisfaction can there be in a Love that is insipid and without any sort of Seasoning, and has no Pains to prepare the Pleasure that succeeds ? Here the Bassa cou'd not forbear laughing, and told him ; if he wou'd persuade him that the Love which caus'd the greatest Uneasiness had the greatest Charms, it wou'd be requisite he shou'd give him a Proof thereof in his own Person. Since I never was in Love in my own Country, reply'd *Alexander*, where you know, my Lord, there is a modest Freedom allow'd with the Women ; it is to be believ'd, I shall hardly be so here, where it is not permitted even to see them. We shall find Means for that, says the Bassa, if you desire it. I have no Mind, answer'd the Count smiling, to be burnt for such a Trifle, nor to change my Religion. No, no, said the Bassa, it is with a Christian I design you shall become acquainted ; a Christian whom I myself have thought very Beautiful, and who is not unworthy your Sighs. Had I been of your Taste, and delighted in Sufferings, she wou'd have answer'd my Wishes, for she made me languish after her above three Months : Beside her Beauty, she has a Wit will charm you ; but then she is as Haughty and Cruel, as you can desire. There will be some Difficulty to see her, because she keeps with the Sultanees, who since she knew the Inclination I had for her never suffers her to go out of her Apartment ; but I will take you thither myself, disguis'd like an Eunuch, which is the only Form under which you can enter the Seraglio. The Count return'd him a thousand Thanks for so great a Favour ; not but he cou'd have been very well contented without it, having no great Inclination to contract Acquain-

Acquaintance, or engage his Affections in a Country, where he intended to make the shortest Stay he cou'd. Nevertheless the Complaisance he ow'd the Bassa, and a certain Curiosity to see a Slave he had represented so amiable, made him accept it with some sort of Joy.

HE repair'd to his Patron therefore after the fourth Prayer, which was the Hour the Bassa usually went to the Seraglio. He there put on the Eunuch's Habit, and follow'd him to the Apartment of the Sultaneſs. As soon as they were enter'd, they found *Laura*, who waited for them, having had Notice of their coming. The Bassa accosted her smiling, and whisper'd her in the Ear, that he had brought her an Eunuch, who cou'd give her some Account of her Country; that he desir'd she wou'd take Care of him, and treat him as a Person for whom he had a tender Esteem. *Laura*, also smiling, made answer, That she would be accountable for him. The Count, notwithstanding his Disguise, was so easy to be known, that had the Bassa said nothing to *Laura* of him, she would have discover'd him by his graceful Mein. She gave him her Hand, to lead him into a Chamber, where they might be out of the view of Company. I know not, said she, Sir, what Thanks I can return the Bassa for the Favour he do's me in the Honour of seeing you: For no Man ever enters this Place besides himself, and the Eunuchs, whose Habit he has caus'd you to put on. I can ascribe it to nothing but the wonderful Affection he bears you. It is true, Madam, reply'd the Count, the Kindness this noble Lord has for me, is very great; but if either of us two ought to be in Pain, how to thank him sufficiently, 'tis myself most certainly, after the Favour he has now procur'd me. I shou'd be glad, continu'd he, not to be wholly indebted to him for the same; and that it were true, as he wou'd make me believe, that you had contributed something towards it. I will be plain with you, said *Laura*; I gave him to understand, I desir'd that Favour from him. We have heard such glorious Things of you, and he himself
has

has spoke of you so advantageously, that one must have very little Curiosity, (especially a young Woman as I am, who have not been allow'd to see any Body for these three Years past that I have been here) not to have a mind to be acquainted with a Man so generally esteem'd. Madam, reply'd the Count, this Country is very favourable to me in a Reputation which I shall perhaps have Difficulty enough to maintain with you. That is what you can never fear, said *Laura*; and your noble Air too well confirms the Reports that are spread of you. But do you know, continu'd she smiling, to change the Discourse, that it is sometimes dangerous, in such a Nation as this is, to cause one's self to be so much spoken of? If it is not so in Reference to the Men, it is so in Respect of the Women, who are apt to fall in Love, on a bare Report. You are not likely, Madam, reply'd the Count also smiling, to be one of those soft-hearted Ladies: I am not happy enough for that. Why not, answer'd she, since I have so much wish'd to see you? But, pursu'd she without giving him leave to reply, we have no Time to lose; and I have to tell you, that your Fortune is better than you imagine. I do that for another which perhaps I wou'd not do for my self. To desire to see a Man, is look'd upon here as a considerable Advance in Love, because to see and conclude is the same Thing. But not to keep you any longer in Suspence for whose sake I have undertaken this Interview; you must know it is for the Sultane's *Albié* herself, the Bassa's Wife. She has had Confidence enough in me, not to conceal such a Secret from me; and the Friendship I have for her did not permit me to waver one Moment to do her this Service, as soon as I could find an Opportunity. I suppose you have heard of her Beauty, which is the most celebrated that ever was in this Kingdom. And as for her Temper, it is the sweetest and most engaging you can desire. By her Looks, one would be apt to say she is inclin'd to Love, because of a certain Air of Languishing and Tenderness which is diffus'd over her Face; but that is natural

to the Women of this Country ; and the first thing they are taught is to figh and practise those Softnesses : However she discover'd these Weaknesses only on your account. But to trace things from their Beginning, I must tell you, that the Bassa at his Return from *Constantinople* being confirm'd by the Port in the Dignities his Father had left him, and which were contested with him by the King and the Divan; the King was advis'd, in order to make a thorough Reconciliation, to give him his Daughter in Marriage. *Alhié* was then sixteen Years of Age : She was in the Height of her Beauty; and, by what I can judge of her at present, it was impossible for any Man to see her, and not be charm'd : But Marriages made out of Policy and Interest of State, to which the Daughters of the Great are liable to be sacrificed, are not often happy. The Bassa married *Alhié*, and perhaps lov'd her eight Days, after which he return'd to his first Inclinations; and left, for indifferent Beauties, the finest Woman in the Kingdom. This indeed is commonly practis'd here, where the Men love their Mistresses better than their Wives; and take occasion to hate them, because it is their Duty to love them. And the Sultaneß, tho' she has in her all that is requisite to content the Passion of any Man of Honour, is as unhappy as the rest : For the Bassa scarcely prevails on himself to see her once a Month. Not but he has the highest Respect for her imaginable ; and, excepting the Affair of Love, she has not the least Reason to be dissatisfy'd ; but take away Love from the State of Matrimony, and whatever else remains is of no Value. You will easily believe what a Provocation this must be to a young Woman, who knowing her own Qualifications, finds herself neglected in the most sensible Circumstance : She that places her chief Happiness in being lov'd, and thinks she deserves it. It is necessary to be a Woman to comprehend the Rigour of such Usage. But to come to what relates to yourself ; you must know the Sultaneß has always had a mighty Affection for the Christians ; and her greatest Pleasure, when I am with her,

her, is to make me relate Stories of my Country, at which she is so surpriz'd, especially at the Liberty with which the Men live there with the Women, that she has wish'd a thousand times it were her Lot to fall into the Hands of some honourable Christian, who would carry her into those Parts. For it is certain a Woman had much better be a Slave among us, than free among the *Turks*. The Adventures of Love or Gallantry which I told her, had excited such a Desire in her to see one of those I call'd Persons of Quality and Merit, that you were no sooner arriv'd here, than she acquainted me with the utmost Joy, that the Bassa had newly bought a Christian of whom she heard Wonders. I fell a laughing, and ask'd her whether it were not of such a one she had wish'd to become the Slave? She reddened, and sighing said, Who knows what may happen, and whether Fortune does not send him hither on my account? She made me lie with her that Night, to entertain her on that Subject till Morning; and the next Day the Bassa having confirm'd to us the Reports that went of you, and even added several Encomiums on your Person for several Days together, when we were by ourselves we talk'd of nothing else. As the Friendship she has for me makes me a little familiar with her, I expostulated with her sometimes on the Tenderness she express'd for a Man she had never seen. I confess, said she, it would be going a little too fast in Love, if our Customs were the same as the Christians; but after the Description the Bassa has given of this Man, there is not a Woman in this Country who would not feel a more favourable Disposition for him than I do; and I can assure you, the Bassa would not venture to say so much before the meanest of his Mistresses. But as he neglects me, and is careless of my Sentiments, he does not use those Precautions in reference to my Heart. Would you then, said I, think yourself happy, if you were lov'd by such a Christian as this is? More happy, reply'd she immediately, than you are able to imagine; and I should prefer the Condition of a private Christian

Christian Lady to my own. What does it avail me to have so much Riches, to receive so many Honours, to be the Daughter of a King, and the Wife of a Bassa; if with all this my Heart is not content, and cannot do as it would? in a Word, if I am nothing less than what I am thought, and am rather a Slave a thousand times more wretched than those who are in the Chain. Poor *Laura*, continu'd she embracing me, how I pity thee! thou, who knowest and hast tasted the Sweets of the Liberty of thy own Country, to see thy self here, where the Women, of what Rank or Condition soever, are treated after so unworthy a manner.

SUCH have been our private Conversations from the time you have been so much talk'd of at *Tunis*. The Bassa, who of late has visited the Sultaneß oftner than usual, always spoke of you; and as he loves you mightily, he takes a Pleasure to inform us of what you do. Perhaps had he known the favourable Disposition there was for you in the Heart of the Sultaneß, his Wife, he would not have told us so much. I believe at least he did not design, when he gave you so bright a Character, to do any thing to his own Prejudice. But it was certainly a Fault, and less pardonable in him than in any Person, who knows so perfectly what the Women of this Country are. You may believe these fine Relations, and so well attested, could not be without their Effect. The Sultaneß was touch'd with them, and what was at first a meer Inclination, became at last a confirm'd Passion. Her Humour, which 'till then had been very even, and rather Gay than Melancholic, chang'd on the sudden. She now did nothing but sigh, muse and complain; which made me pity her extremely, I being the only Person who knew her Grievance. I was afraid she shou'd fall into the *moping Malady*, with which in this Country the Women and the Men are sometimes so oppress'd, that they die of it. I labour'd all I could to cure her Mind of this Passion, by representing to her all the Obstacles that attended it, but it was too late; I only added to the

Load.

Load of her Affliction: So that finding there was no Remedy to be had from that side, I endeavour'd to flatter her with Hopes, where I did not myself perceive the least Ray of Light: But it was become necessary to deceive her, for fear the Distemper should grow worse. In fine, I know not how it happen'd, but the Bassa speaking of you to me two Days ago, as he very often does when he finds me alone, I let him know I should be glad to see you, if it cou'd be compass'd without Noise and Scandal. I was strangely surpriz'd at the Readiness with which he promis'd me it shou'd be done; and to say the Truth, I should not have expected it, had I not known him to be a Man very punctual to his Word.

THE Count heard *Laura* with an extraordinary Attention; and having return'd her his hearty Thanks for all her good Offices, and answer'd to what she had told him of the Sultane's, imparted to her the Design of the Bassa, and on what account he had brought him thither. *Laura* was pleas'd with it, tho' she perceiv'd she run a great Risque in preferring the Satisfaction of her Mistress to her own Interest. But to finish what I had to say, continu'd she, after I had thank'd the Bassa for the great Favour he put me in Hopes of, I went immediately and acquainted the Sultane's therewith, who was overjoy'd, and thought she could not care's me enough. She has not been able to sleep since. We have form'd a hundred Designs, and have thought of a hundred Contrivances to see you; but unless the Bassa will let you come hither alone, I believe we cannot succeed in our Attempt. However, she will be transported that I have seen you, and that you know some Part of the Sentiments she has for you.

THE happy *Roman*, charm'd with the Disposition that so fine a Person, and of that Quality, had for him, intreated *Laura* very earnestly to oblige him on this Occasion; and to say to the Sultane's from him, all that a Heart extremely sensible of the Favour she did him was capable of expressing: That he should esteem himself the happiest of
Men?

Men, if he could have merited the Honour she did him; but however he would endeavour to deserve it by all the succeeding Actions of his Life. She only desires of you, my Lord, reply'd *Laura*, that you will manage the Liberty the Bassa gives you so well, that she may once see you. I have so many Reasons to do this, reply'd the Count, that you may depend upon it I shall omit nothing in my Power to obtain that Honour. I beg you to assure the Sultaneſs of this; and that my Passion is at least as great as hers. At this Instant the Bassa came up, and put an End to their Conversation on this Subject, in which he afterwards bore a Part; he rally'd them both very agreeably, and told them he saw by their Faces, they were very much oblig'd to him for this new Acquaintance he had procured them, and that they were very well pleas'd with each other. The Count and *Laura* answer'd in their Turns to this Piece of Gallantry; and the Bassa taking his Leave of the Damsel, went out of the Seraglio with *Alexander*.

THE Bassa had observ'd a certain Joy on *Alexander's* Countenance, when he sat by *Laura*, which made him conjecture he was very well satisfy'd with the Visit. His Curiosity prompted him to ask, how he found himself after it; and whether she had appear'd as beautiful as he had represented her. The Count reply'd, his Description was just, for he had never seen a more consummate Beauty, nor a more refined Wit; and that he was wonderfully charm'd with her Person and Conversation. His Patron, who desir'd nothing so much as to see him in Love, was ravish'd at this Confession; and told him, if he pleas'd he shou'd see her again; and if he desir'd it, even the next Day; that he wou'd give him a Key, to enter into the Seraglio; and that he might go thither alone, because it not being his Custom to visit the Sultaneſs so often, she might take Umbrage at it. The Count did not fail to signify, that he shou'd be extremely oblig'd to him for the Favour; and the Bassa assur'd him, he had nothing to do but to go to Bed, and might depend upon seeing *Laura* the next Day, at the same Hour.

NEVER did Man pass a Night more restlessly than the poor Count. To be sensible, that the first in Rank and the most beautiful Woman in the Kingdom had an Inclination for him, was a Thing so extraordinary, and so engaging to a young Man of his Humour; and all that *Laura* had told him of the favourable Sentiments this charming Person entertain'd of him, so overwhelm'd him, that he did not think, even in his Misfortunes, there was a more fortunate Man than himself: But when he began to reflect it was the Wife of the Bassa, a Lord to whom he had such infinite Obligations, he was sensibly affected with Regret, which vented itself in Sighs; and these last Sentiments getting the better of the other, he made himself a thousand Reproaches, for having had the least Thought of so base an Ingratitude. Nevertheless, as it is difficult enough to repent seriously of what charms us, and as one does not say to one's self all that ought to be said against a Subject that pleases, and is so engaging as the Pleasure of being lov'd; these Reproaches were not always most prevalent, and sometimes he was even angry with himself for having entertain'd them. In fine, suffering a strong Conflict by Turns, on the Part of Reason, and of the Heart; of Honour, and of Affection; he got up, without being able to take any other Resolution, than that of suffering himself to be guided by his Destiny; that is, to live as to that Point after the *Turkish* Manner, and to see the Sultaneß, if it was decreed that he shou'd see her; but not to advance any Steps in it himself, tho' he had promis'd *Laura* to contribute to it all that was in his Power; and had intimated to the Bassa that he shou'd be overjoy'd to return to the Seraglio.

THERE were some Moments in which his Resolution was very weak; it being almost always in vain to take any against Love. He wish'd a thousand times that Day, that his Destiny, on which he propos'd to rely in reference to what he was to do, wou'd incline to the Side of the Sultaneß. He waited for the Hour with an extreme Im-

patience, tho' at the same time he endeavour'd to persuade himself of the contrary.

IN the Evening, as soon as the Bassa saw the Count, he smiling shew'd him the Key of the Seraglio; and the Count, on his Part, receiv'd it with all the Pleasure in the World. I give it you, said the Bassa, but on Condition that you shall make me your Confident. I flatter myself, that I have done enough for you, not to have that Satisfaction refused me. The Hour was now come for him to repair to the Apartment of the Sultaneßs: and the Count having put on his Eunuch's Habit, the Bassa wou'd needs accompany him to the Seraglio. *Laura*, who was appris'd of his Coming, had waited for him above an Hour at the Gate; she no sooner saw him, than, You are, said she, giving him her Hand, or the most dextrous, or else the most fortunate of Men. You compass Points so difficult in themselves, and in so little time, that all Things seem to contribute to favour you. I must thank Fortune for it, reply'd the Count; for as to Address, I have practis'd none: But if you will have me believe I am so happy as you say, let me have a Sight of the Sultaneßs. *Laura* told him, he shou'd soon hear from her; and led him into a Chamber, where her Mistress us'd to receive the Ladies that came to visit her. There was in it a kind of Alcove, where she placed herself, and to which there was no Entrance but from her Chamber; it was encompass'd with a Curtain of very fine Silk, thro' which she cou'd see those to whom she did not think fit to do the Honour of shewing herself, which is a Form of Grandeur in that Country.

LAURA told the Count, that the Sultaneßs would see him from behind that Curtain. Then I, reply'd he, must not hope for the Honour of seeing her? I can't tell, said *Laura*; for that is a Favour, which is rarely granted, but when there is an Intention to grant all. Ah! I beg of you, Madam, said the Count, obtain me this Favour. Tell her, it can have no ill Consequence with a Stranger; and that I shall die with Grief, if she refuses me that Honour.

Laura

Laura promis'd to use her Interest for him; and leaving him for a Moment, she went to acquaint the Sultaneſs, who languish'd to be inform'd of the Arrival of her dear *Roman*.

DURING that Time, the Count employ'd himself in viewing the Riches and the Ornaments of the Chamber, which was one of the most magnificent of the Seraglio. It was illuminated with four Chryſtal Branches, which had an admirable Effect on the Gold and precious Stones, which glitter'd on every Side. The Sultaneſs no ſooner perceiv'd *Laura*, than ſhe discover'd in her Looks the happy News ſhe brought her; and without giving her Time to ſay any thing to her, went into the Alcove; from whence ſhe design'd to take a View of the Chriſtian, before he knew ſhe was there. But ſhe made too much Noiſe in entring; and the Cavalier gave her to underſtand he obſerv'd ſhe was there, by ſaluting her after the *Turkiſh* Manner. *Laura* came to her, and drawing near to the Balliſters began to ſpeak ſoftly to the Sultaneſs, who cou'd not ſufficiently expreſs the Satisfaction ſhe had in ſeeing the Count, and how much ſhe was charm'd with his Perſon. As for his part, he was exceedingly perplex'd in a Viſit of this Nature, where he cou'd neither ſee nor talk. He was deſir'd to walk up and down, and to turn himſelf round; but at laſt being tir'd with this way of proceeding, as well as with the Silence, he approach'd the Balliſters, and addreſſing himſelf to the Sultaneſs, whoſe Shadow he ſaw thro' the Curtain, he ſaid a thouſand tender things to her, to prevail with her to ſhew herſelf. She underſtood the *Italian* well, and ſpoke it tolerably, having learn'd it of *Laura*. It was an unſpeakable Pleaſure to her, to hear all the Count ſaid to her. She laugh'd at it heartily; but ſhe made him no Answer, and the Curtain remain'd ſtill in the ſame Poſition. At which the Count growing impatient, as reckoning theſe Moments unprofitably ſpent, he counterfeited being angry; and told her with an Air free and agreeable enough, that he ſhou'd die

of the Moping of the Country, if she did not vouchsafe to raise the Curtain, and that he wou'd lift it up himself; and he had certainly done it, if *Laura*, who was afraid the Sultaneſs ſhou'd take it ill, had not hinder'd him. But ſhe was mightily miſtaken, for her Miſtreſs took it ill of her.

IT is a Maxim among the Women of that Country, not to tranſgreſs the Rules of their Duty of their own Motion; but if they are ſollicited ever ſo little, if the leaſt Violence be offer'd to them, they yield without Difficulty, and make no Reſiſtance. Their Excuse is, that they who force them to this Extremity are in the Fault, and the Evil of the Action lies at their Door. *Laura*, who was not ſufficiently inſtructed in the Slight of this Maxim, committed a Fault, while ſhe thought ſhe did her Duty. The amorous Sultaneſs wou'd have been extremely pleas'd that the Count had ſeen her, and *Laura* ruin'd all by a Stroke of ill-tim'd Prudence. But her Miſtreſs was reſolv'd to repair it, and to gratify in ſome manner the longing Deſire her dear *Alexander* had to ſee her, ſhe caus'd him to be ask'd what he cou'd wiſh to comfort him, under the Rigour of the Cuſtoms of the Country, which had made it indecent in the Sex to ſhew themſelves to any Man beſides their Huſbands. The Count immediately begg'd ſhe wou'd at leaſt grant him the Favour of ſeeing one of her fine Hands. Upon which the Sultaneſs, liſting the Curtain a little, paſs'd one of her Hands thro' the Balliſters. The young Count was ſo charm'd with this Favour, that giving way to the Motion which tranſported him, he put one Knee on the Ground, and eagerly ſeizing the delicate Hand, he in a manner glu'd his Mouth to it, and kiſs'd it with ſo much Paſſion, that the Sultaneſs, charm'd with all his Tranſports, ſqueez'd his Hand to let him know ſhe approved them. As ſhe was not much in pain to hide herſelf, ſhe was not over-careful; and having paſs'd her Hand and Arm out, it was impoſſible but now and then by Chance ſhe muſt ſhew herſelf in Part. The Count wou'd fain have had her grant him a full View of her: But as he thought he had obtain'd

obtain'd enough for the first time, he did not dare to press for more. The Pleasure the Sultaneſs took in ſeeing him, was ſo great, that ſhe wou'd willingly have paſs'd the whole Night with him: But as in that Country they are always ſuſpicious, eſpecially concerning the Women, and there are a thouſand Obſervers; ſhe apprehended leſt thoſe of her Apartment ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd at the long Stay ſhe made in the Alcove, it not being the Hour of receiving Viſits. *Laura* told her likewise, it was time to withdraw. However it is always too cruel a Thing to part from what one loves, to be able to do it without Regret. She had ſtill ſome little Pretence, to ſtay one Moment, and then another. At laſt ſhe made him a Preſent of a Gold Chain enrich'd with precious Stones, and told him very obligingly, that ſuch a Slave as he ought never to bear any other.

THE happy Count, more pleas'd with this Chain than if one had given him the Crown of *Tunis*, answer'd the Favour ſhe did him in the moſt grateful Words; and taking his Leave of her, ſince it muſt be ſo, retir'd with *Laura*, who accompany'd him to the Gate of the Apartment.

PRESENTS among the *Turks* are the firſt Tokens of Affection; and ſometimes paſs for Declarations of Love. *Laura*, who was not ignorant of this, inform'd the Count, before ſhe left him, what that which he had juſt receiv'd from the Sultaneſs meant; and that he ought to doubt no longer, (after what ſhe had ſaid to him, and what he had ſeen) that ſhe lov'd him very tenderly: But he muſt have a Care of himſelf; becauſe a great Diſcretion was requiſite with the Women of that Country, in whom this Paſſion is often ſo violent, that they have no Regard to any thing when they love: That the Sultaneſs had indeed more Reaſon than any of them ſhe had ſeen, and more Wit; but ſhe was tender and amorous like the reſt: That ſhe wou'd be loſt, and he alſo, if the Baſſa, who was a Man experienced in Love, came to have the leaſt Suſpicion of their Familiarity: That there was not a Man in a'll

the Kingdom who had nicer Sentiments of Honour than he, and that all this mighty Friendship wou'd not save him from his Indignation, if he did but know that his Wife had seen him.

HOWEVER prepossess'd our young *Roman* was with the agreeable Beginnings of this Passion, and however great his Joy was at the Tokens of Affection he had just receiv'd from the most beautiful Woman in the World, he cou'd not but seriously reflect on the good Counsels *Laura* had given him. He was walking very pensively by the Seraglio, musing on what he should do, and on the Means to resist so dangerous a Passion, which cou'd bring him only Mischiefs and Confusion; when the Bassa, who was going to one of his Mistresses, met him, and seeing him pass by without taking any Notice of him, he fell a laughing; and taking him by the Arm: It is now, said he to him, that I perceive you are in Love. The Count, ashamed he had surpriz'd him in that Condition, excus'd the Fault he had committed. The Bassa told him, if he wou'd have his Pardon, it was necessary he shou'd confess the Truth to him, and own that his Mind and Heart were very much intangled with the Merit and Beauty of *Laura*. Alas! my Lord, reply'd he sighing, more than I am able to tell you, or than you yourself are able to imagine. It was already late; and the Bassa being unwilling to make a Stop, put off the Affair to another Time, and sent him home.

THIS was a great Happiness, as well as a great Satisfaction to this new Lover, who was not then in a proper Disposition to entertain him on those things. He pass'd one Part of the Night in walking in his Chamber, as if he had resolv'd not to go to Bed, 'till he had come to some Determination. The Fear of Death, or of his Fortune, was not what gave him the chief Uneasiness, it was the Horror he had at the Thoughts of his Ingratitude; and after the Favours he receiv'd every Day from the Bassa, he was convinced, that nothing cou'd excuse him for the Injury he shou'd

shou'd commit towards this Lord, in entertaining such unjust Designs in Reference to his Wife. But then, said he, shou'd I not be most ungrateful if I slight the Affection of so charming a Person, to whom I owe a thousand Times more than to the Bassa? And cannot I see her and love her, within such Limits as will save me from being guilty, either on the one Side or the other? No, no, added he, if there is an Ingratitude in it, I cannot help it; nothing else can justify me to the Sultaneſs, and Love must excuse me to the Bassa.

THESE were the last Conflicts in the Count's Soul between the Sentiments of Gratitude and those of Love, in which Love finally prevail'd. He went to Bed thereupon, and rested well the remainder of the Night. The Bassa, who had an extreme Desire to see him plung'd in Love beyond Remedy, was the first to speak of his returning again that Day to the Apartment of the Sultaneſs. He gave him the Key of the Seraglio, and told him laughing, not to be in too great haste to come back, if he found there as much Pleasure as he wish'd him: But withal not to admit too much Love into his own Breast without inspiring some into the Beauty he lov'd; otherwise he would languish a long time to no purpose, as he had done before him.

THE amorous *Italian* went accordingly to the Seraglio. *Laura* met him, and told him, as soon as he was come into the Sultaneſs's Apartment, that he might go into the same Chamber where he had been before, and she wou'd go and acquaint her Mistress. But the Impatience of the Sultaneſs wou'd not permit her to wait so long; she was already gone into the Alcove. The Count, who had a great Curiosity to see how that Place was contriv'd, was for taking Advantage of the Time while he thought the Sultaneſs was not there; and drawing near to the Balusters, he softly lifted up the Curtain: But how was he surpriz'd to behold unexpectedly the Sultaneſs in all her Charms!

THE Alcove, being a Room of State for the Wife of so powerful a Lord, was very rich and noble. It was rais'd a Foot higher than the Chamber, by an Estrade cover'd with a fine Carpet of *Turkey*, and thick laid with Cushions of Damask on a Ground of Gold. The Sultaneſs lay upon a Bed made of thoſe Cushions; and as ſhe intended to ſhew herſelf that Day to the Cavalier, ſhe had omitted no Ornaments to charm him at the firſt Sight. Her Head was turn'd towards the Balliſters, and negligently reſted on her Left Hand; her Arm was cover'd only with a looſe Sleeve of Gawze, after the *Turkiſh* Manner. Her Hair, which was black, was Part of it plaited with large Strings of Pearls; and the other Part hanging down, one half on her Neck, and the other on her Shoulders, had an admirable Effect with the Whitenefs of her Skin. On her Body ſhe had only a little Jacket, ſtitch'd with Gold. Her Breasts were but half cover'd with a fine Gawze, which ſerv'd her as a Scarf, after the Manner of the *Amazons*; and her Neck was bare. She had ſeveral Plumes of different Colours on her Head, in the middle of which was a Crescent of Silver. Her Petticoat was of a light Stuff, embroider'd with Gold. Two Diamond Clasps tuck'd it up at the Knee; and her Legs, which were half naked, were ſheath'd in Buskins thick ſet with Pearls and Diamonds. In fine, every thing about her was ſo magnificent, and ſo full of Charms, that the poor Count finiſh'd there his Ruin. He made her ſenſible of his Joy and Aſtoniſhment by ſuch a Perplexity of Action and Words, as ſhew'd he knew not where he was, nor what to ſay to her: He was in a perfect Ecſtaſy, and had abandon'd himſelf ſo entirely to Admiration, that Looks and Sighs were all his Language.

THE beautiful Sultaneſs, reddening a little at the firſt Sight of him, wou'd have conceal'd ſome Part of her Confuſion with a Handkerchief ſhe had in her Hand: But the happy Lover, who began to recover his Courage, paſſing his Arm thro' the Balliſters, hinder'd her. You were in the right, Madam, ſaid he, to hide from me ſuch lovely Treasures,

fures, because you knew very well there was no seeing them without expiring with Love; but now it is no longer a time to conceal them. I have already seen more than any Heart can bear, without surrendring; and it wou'd be Cruelty in you not to finish what is so happily begun. While the Count was speaking to her after this manner, she look'd at him with Eyes so tender, and piercing, that she seem'd willing to grant any thing he cou'd ask. The Count, who had seiz'd one of her Hands, on which he fix'd a thousand Kisses, still keeping his Eyes on hers, insensibly engaged her so far that she lean'd down her Head on the Ballisters where he stood. By ill Fortune the Ballisters were so close, that it was impossible without much Difficulty to get above half the Head thro' them. However, each of the transported Lovers advancing half the Way, they found the Means to give and receive several Kisses. The Count, who was naturally bold, after one Liberty took another; and finding she suffer'd him, he carry'd his amorous Temerity very far. Their Conversation was wholly manag'd by dumb Signs, ten thousand times more eloquent than the finest Words in the World: The Eyes, the Sighs, the Kisses and little Toyings spoke so intelligible, that both might be convinced, they lov'd each other perfectly. But upon *Laura's* coming in, it was necessary to check themselves. However they mutually said, even before her, the most passionate Things imaginable. The Sultaneſs, who knew her, and conceal'd nothing from her, did not heed her: But the Count, who did not take so much Pleasure in those Discourses, (tho' very moving) as in the dumb Entertainments, made a Signal to *Laura* to walk away. At which the Sultaneſs seeming to be a little angry, let down the Curtain, and fasten'd it so behind, that the Lover could not lift it up again. But as this was only a Feint, and to irritate his Passion the more, this Rigour did not last, and she releas'd the Curtain again.

THE first Favours give a certain Privilege for others. The Count, to revenge himself of the malicious Trick his Mistress had play'd him, pass'd both his Arms thro' the Ballisters, and embracing her on the sudden, gave her so hard a Kiss, that her Lips bled. The Sultaneſs was so far from complaining of it, that she wip'd up the Blood with her Handkerchief, to shew it *Laura* as a Thing she glory'd in, as being a sensible Mark of the extreme Passion her dear *Alexander* had for her.

A T last having taken leave of each other in the most tender Manner, they parted, and *Laura* conducted the Count out of the Apartment, so lost in Love, that he hardly knew what he did. From thence he went to the Bassa, who immediately perceiv'd he was quite another Man. Well, *Alexander*, said the Bassa laughing, does Love play his Part skilfully? Have the Pains, or the Pleasures, charm'd you so to day? I must own, my Lord, reply'd the Count sighing, that there are Pleasures in it, but such Pleasures as may perhaps cost me a great deal of Pain. The Bassa, who had a Curiosity to know what had pass'd, took him by the Hand and led him into the Garden, and falling directly upon the Subject, intreated him to tell him sincerely, what Progress he had made. The Count, whose Mind and Heart were still full of Love, was easily able to give him a ravishing Description of the Pleasures he had receiv'd that Night, in Strokes so moving, and in such likely Colours, mingling therewith Sighs and Exclamations, and Gestures and Looks, so eloquent and passionate, that he revived in the Soul of the Bassa the Tenderneſs he had formerly had for *Laura*. Whatever Care may be taken to extinguish a Passion, there will still remain in the Heart of a Lover enough to rekindle it again, at the least Fire. The Insensibility and Resistance of *Laura* had not been able to subdue the Bassa's Affection, it had only smother'd it for a Time. If the Count had acted like a politick Lover, he wou'd have foreseen that it was always a nice and dangerous Point, to make such Representations before
Persons

Persons of an amorous Complexion, and much more so before a Man whom he ought to look upon still as a kind of Rival, and who had a full Power over him. But as he thought he hazarded nothing in speaking thus of *Laura*, whom he did not love; and that on the contrary, it was more for his purpose to persuade him that he lov'd her, he was not so cautious as he wou'd have been in another Conjunction.

THE Bassa cou'd not sleep for it all the Night. *Laura* appear'd to him a thousand times more beautiful and charming, in the manner the Count had represented her, than he had ever seen her. He look'd upon himself as the most unhappy of Men, not only to have abandon'd his Pursuit, but to have contributed himself to see her in the Arms of another. This excited a Jealousy in him, and after Jealousy, Spite intermingled, to torment him. He consider'd, that nothing more shameful cou'd happen to such a Man as he, who had never found any Resistance from a Woman, than to have been slighted by a Slave, who depended wholly on him, and who had surrender'd herself to another Slave, the first time she saw him: For after the passionate Relation *Alexander* had given him, he did not doubt but the whole Affair was finish'd. He had Imaginations on that Point, which caus'd him terrible Vexations; and if he did not absolutely hate the Count, at least he did not feel the same Affection for him he had formerly had. As for *Laura*, tho' from that Moment he was more in Love with her than ever, that did not hinder him from being a little exasperated at her in his Heart, on the Account of this unworthy Preference; nor from reproaching her all the Night long in his Mind, with her small Discernment, in a greater Esteem for a Man who cou'd do her no Service, than for him who wou'd have crown'd her with Riches. He then accus'd himself of Baseness, and Meanness of Spirit, to make himself uneasy about the Sentiments of a Creature who deserv'd his Regard so little; and reflected, that he shou'd impair the Satisfaction of

two Lovers, of whose Love he himself had been the Contriver.

ALL this however did not hinder him from going the next Day to the Seraglio with the Count ; but it was only to observe the Countenance of *Laura*. She was surpriz'd to see him ; and could not forbear saying to him laughing, This, my Lord, is something extraordinary ! twice in one Week ! You shall have no Reason to find fault with it, answer'd the Bassa, for I am too well accompany'd ; and if you suppose it to be out of Love to you, as formerly, you know at least, it is not out of Love to myself ; so that you ought to think yourself the more oblig'd to me. *Laura* thank'd him very civilly for his Goodness, and they form'd a little Conversation of Gallantry, in which the Bassa said abundance of soft Things to *Laura*, to make her sensible of some part of the amorous Torment he suffer'd in his Soul, in case she was in the least mistrustful of it ; but the Air with which he did it, made all this genteel Behaviour pass for an Effect of his good Humour. Nevertheless, as the Bassa could not come thither but under pretence of seeing the Sultaneß, he could not avoid making her a Visit. He did not stay long ; his Uneasiness calling him back to the two Lovers, he went and join'd them as soon as he could. He said a thousand Things to *Laura* more obliging than all he had said before, and express'd a world of Affection, and cast such a Look on her, at going out, that if she had made the least Reflection on it, she might have very well understood, that his former Tenderneß for her was blazing out again more fiercely. But after the Friendship he had express'd for *Alexander*, and after he had been himself the Instrument of the pretended Passion, that was between her and the Count, she was far from imagining he would disturb it ; she took it all for mere Gallantry, and diverted herself and the Sultaneß with it, to whom she related all that the Bassa and *Alexander* had said to her. The Sultaneß, who had expected to enjoy, that Night, such another Entertainment as she had the Day

Day

Day before, went to Bed displeas'd. She was out of Patience at the ill-tim'd Visit of a Man, who was contriving the Delight of every Body else, and seem'd ordain'd only to incommode her. *Laura* told her, in a jesting manner, that she was mightily in the wrong to complain of him, since it was to his Complaisance she ow'd her Lover. Heaven knows, reply'd she, for what End he has been so Complaisant: Thou may'st at least believe it was not to oblige me. No, most certainly, said *Laura*: But you are not the less oblig'd to him; and I think you ought to thank him for it, on my account. After this little Rallery, they fell to discourse what Motive could have brought him there that Night, and concluded it could be only the Kindness he had for the young Count.

THE Bassa was become sad and solitary. He was never seen now, but in the Garden, where he usually walk'd alone, and sometimes with *Alexander*; to whom he had left off mentioning *Laura*, neither did he take any Notice to him of returning to the Sultaneſs's Apartment. This made the Count very uneasy, who, besides what he suffer'd from being depriv'd of the Sight of a Person whom he already lov'd more than his Life, had a thousand cruel Ideas on the Change of Humour in the Bassa, which he could not attribute to any thing but to some Umbrage he had taken in Reference to the Sultaneſs. If he was tormented on this Account, the poor Sultaneſs and her Confident were not less in Pain. They had seen the first, second, third, and fourth Day pass without seeing *Alexander*. In Love, one is apt to count the very Moments, and the Days of Absence seem tedious beyond Expression. They had a thousand Fears, and were ignorant of the Cause. Tho' it is very difficult in such Places, to do any thing in secret; they did not think they had given Occasion to Rumours, nor that any Body in the Apartment had discover'd their Intrigue. At last, on the fifth Day, after many Perplexities of Thought, the Bassa came to see them; but the Misfortune was, he came alone. He appear'd so
pensive

penfive and so chang'd, that they no longer doubted his having receiv'd some Hint of the Correspondence they held with this Christian: What compleated their Fright was, that *Laura*, who accompany'd him a little way out of the Chamber, as she us'd to do, asking him, what he had done with her dear Eunuch: I am Jealous, said he without stopping, and that's enough. This was a mortal Stroke. *Laura* gave the Allarm to her Mistress, and told her there was no longer Room to question it; for the Bassa had let her know it was Jealousy which made him not bring *Alexander* with him. Guilt is easily frighten'd, and Fear disturbs the Imagination so, that the lightest Suspicions are admitted for certain Truths. The Sultaneſs burst into Tears, and sigh'd lamentably; she did not afflict herself so much at the Conſequences ſhe might apprehend from the Bassa's Jealousy, as at the Dread of ſeeing the Count no more. She would willingly have writ to him. But it is difficult to find faithful Meſſengers in Places where every Body is to be diſtrusted, and all Eyes are Spyes. While ſhe was in this Diſtreſs, an Eunuch deliver'd *Laura* a Letter from the Count, which ſhe immediately ſhew'd to the Sultaneſs.

Madam,

THE Bassa, who is ſtill more and more obliging, is willing I ſhould have the Honour of walking with you this Evening in the Garden of the Seraglio. I don't know whether you will condeſcend to it. If you do, I will attend you at what Hour you judge moſt proper. He is to be there himſelf with one of his Miſtreſſes. Be pleas'd to ſend me word whether I may hope for this Favour.

THE Bassa had form'd this Deſign of a Walk, only out of an extreme Deſire to learn certainly how Matters ſtood between *Laura* and *Alexander*, and what paſs'd in their Converſation. The Garden was a proper Place for this purpoſe, eſpecially by Night, becauſe he could hear
them

them without being seen. He propos'd it to the Count, believing he would be mightily pleas'd with it, who accordingly express'd a world of Joy when he heard it, tho' he fancy'd it wou'd not succeed, because he suspected the Sultaneſs wou'd not permit *Laura* to come thither; but what most afflicted him was, that he now really thought the Bassa was jealous of his Wife, since he would no longer let her Apartment be the Place of his seeing *Laura*.

THE Business was now to write to *Laura*, to dispose her to make one in the intended Diversion of walking. The Count writ the Note, and the Bassa having sent it by an Eunuch, waited for his Return to know *Laura's* Answer.

THE Sultaneſs read the Letter, and had the same Suspicion with her Lover, that it was on her account the Bassa would not let him come into her Apartment to see *Laura*. She was a great while in coming to a Resolution concerning the Walk. *Laura* very prudently oppos'd her going, as utterly improper; but the Sultaneſs, who was entirely guided by the Dictates of her Passion, and lov'd too much to act with Reason, wou'd needs have *Laura* (whatever she urg'd to the contrary) return this Answer.

I *T would be very hard upon you to be alone in a Garden, while others are diverting themselves there. I am willing therefore, out of pity to you, to come and keep you Company; on Condition nevertheless, that you shall behave yourself very discreetly, and that we shall be at some Distance from the Bassa, because I would not be known to her whom he shall have with him. If you can promise me these two things, I am at your Service after the fourth Hour, when the Sultaneſs will be gone to Bed. Adieu.*

THIS Answer exceeded the Count's Expectation, who promis'd himself the utmost Pleasure in talking with *Laura* about the Sultaneſs.

NIGHT

NIGHT being come, and the Hour of the fourth Prayer being over, the Bassa told him he might go and take *Laura* into the Garden. while he would visit his Mistress who was next in Turn: For that is the Method these Noblemen observe with respect to their Women, when they are not prepossess'd in favour of one in particular: To-day they chuse out one, and to-morrow another; and not having a true Relish of Love, they seek it in the Change and Variety of the Objects.

ALEXANDER flew in a Rapture to the Sultaneſs's Apartment, who could not expreſs the Joy ſhe had to ſee him, any other way than by a thouſand Transports of Love, and the moſt tender Careſſes. *Alexander* was equally overjoy'd, and return'd Transport for Transport. It may ſeem amazing, that in ſo few Days, two Perſons who had ſeen one another ſo little, ſhould be ſo extremely Familiar; but we muſt conſider, that Love travels much faſter in thoſe hot Countries, than in the colder Climates, where the Winds and Snows and Rains ſpoil his Wings, and hinder him from Flying.

THE Count, who could not make a long Stay, was for employing the little Time he had left to be with the Sultaneſs, in making ſome little Reproaches to her, for permitting *Laura* to be his Companion in this Diverſion of walking. Moſt certainly, Madam, ſaid he to her, you muſt either have a very good Opinion of my Heart, or you muſt love me very undiſturbedly, not to have the leaſt Uneaſineſs at it. The Sultaneſs reply'd, that ſhe did not ſo much rely on his Fidelity, as on the Prudence of *Laura*, whom ſhe knew too well, to believe ſhe wou'd play her any perfidious Trick. Do you only have a Care of yourſelf, ſaid ſhe, for as to *Laura* I have an abſolute Confidence in her; and if you will be mindful of your Duty, I am perſuaded ſhe will not fail in hers. After theſe Words ſhe wou'd detain him no longer, for fear of the Baſſa, and ſo retir'd into her Chamber. The happy Lover, pleas'd with the agreeable Moments he had paſs'd, ask'd *Laura*
if

if she were ready. She answer'd, That she only wanted her * *Barnus*, which she went out to fetch. The Count, who saw her coming in this Apparel, went before, according to the Custom of the Country, and she follow'd him. He said nothing to her while they were in the Seraglio, lest they shou'd be over-heard and known; but the Instant they were in the Garden he broke Silence. Who wou'd not think, Madam, said he, that we have amorous Designs? For this is a Rendezvous in form; and the Bassa will not fail to believe us the happiest Lovers in the World. His Lady made him no Answer; she walk'd on, and at last they went into the Arbor that was appointed for them, and was far enough from that of the Bassa, as *Laura* had desir'd. The Count gave her his Hand; and as he knew all the Privacies of the Place, (which he visited almost every Day) he made her sit down on a Bench of Turf. This indeed, Madam, said he, is putting the Fidelity of a Man to the Tryal, thus to expose him to pass a part of the Night in such a Place as this, with so beautiful a Damsel as yourself. After this, I think the Sultaneſs ought to be persuaded of my Passion. The Count said no more, expecting her Answer: but as she still said nothing: I thought, pursu'd he, that we had been forbidden all the Pleasures of an Appointment, except that of Conversation; but I perceive you will observe the *Turkish* Manner; and because it is a great Favour for a Woman in this Country to show herself, or speak to a Man, you are resolv'd to forbear both. But pray, Madam, when we are together let us follow the Custom of our own Country, which is much more reasonable than that of the *Turks*. It wou'd be too great a Severity, if you shou'd act otherwise with me, and I believe more than the Sultaneſs requires from you; and even more than you have promis'd her. Lay by, I beseech you, continu'd he, taking hold of her *Bar-*

* *A sort of Cloak which the Moorish Women wear, and which covers them from Head to Foot.*

nus, this useless Cloak ; for it is no longer necessary here, and be so kind to tell me something of the Sultaneſs ; or, if you please, of the Adventures which brought you hither, and which, from the firſt Day I had the Honour to ſee you, I have had an extreme Deſire to be inform'd of by your own Mouth. You will not reſuſe me this Favour, if you think I can be any way neceſſary to you, as undoubtedly I may ; being of the ſame Country as yourſelf, and well enough belov'd of the Baſſa, to be able to ſerve you with him. She liſten'd to all this Diſcourſe, which ought to be very obliging to *Laura*, without making any Reply, or quitting her *Barnus*, as he intreated her to do. The Count perceiving this, did not preſs her any farther ; but putting on a more ſerious Air, If you deſire, Madam, ſaid he, that we ſhould paſs the Night after this manner, it will be a great piece of Cruelty to me ; but I muſt reconcile myſelf to it, and bear it patiently : and removing ſome Paces from her, he went and ſat down in a Corner of the Arbor, and was ſilent for ſome time. The Lady ſigh'd, as if ſhe was vex'd that he had left her ; but the Count acted the barbarous Part in his Turn, and took no notice of her Sighs. At laſt ſhe drew near him, took him by the Arm, and embraced him. The Count falling into a Laughter, Pray Madam, ſaid he, be contented with the Sacrifice I make to Love, without pushing me beyond my Patience. Let us have, if you please, a little Converſation, but answer me, for I don't love to talk by myſelf. Are you ſpeechleſs ? Have you nothing to ſay ? Still ſhe only laugh'd under her Cloak, and play'd him a thouſand little malicious Tricks, at which the Count at laſt was quite out of Patience. This, ſaid he, is too much ; and ſince you are for laughing, I will lead you a Dance ſhall make you ſpeak whether you will or not. At this he took her into his Arms, and not being able to take her Cloak off, he us'd certain Familiarities to her, ſufficient to break the Silence of ſo diſcreet a Damſel as *Laura*. Nevertheless ſhe was obſtinate, and made little or no Defence ;

fence ; at which the Count was extremely surpriz'd ; and after the Esteem he had conceiv'd for her, he imagin'd there was some Roguery at bottom, and strove more than ever to see her by the help of a small Light which darted into the Arbor. If the Sultaneſs, ſaid he, knew the Freedom of your Behaviour, ſhe would give you little Thanks for your Silence, and for the Difficulty you make to let yourſelf be ſeen. It ſeems as if you reſuſe me Trifles, only to grant me ſomething more. The Lady being able to defend herſelf no longer, let him take off her *Barnus* ; and making her Eſcape from him, as ſhe ran away, Ah thou Traytor, ſaid ſhe to him, is this the Fidelity you promis'd me ? O Heav'n ! Madam, is it you, cry'd the Count in Amazement, finding it was the Sultaneſs herſelf, who had ſupply'd the Place of *Laura* ; and running after her, who did not fly too faſt, he overtook her at the Door of the Arbor ; and embracing her with all his Tenderneſs, My lovely Sultaneſs, cry'd he the ſecond time, is it you ? Yes, it is I myſelf, reply'd ſhe, gently permitting him to reconduct her into the Arbor ; and I repent already of what I have done for you ; for you did not deſerve it. Did you think I was ſo fooliſh, purſu'd ſhe, as to expoſe, after ſuch a manner, to another, the Man I moſt dearly valued ? Don't I plainly ſee how I had been miſtaken, if I had truſted to you ? Your Conſtancy was very wavering ; it was at laſt half vanquiſh'd ; and if *Laura*, the Counterfeit *Laura*, had answer'd your Attempts, where would you have been ? Never was Man in a greater Confuſion than the Count at all theſe Reproaches ; He was not wholly Guilty, nor altogether Innocent : He did not ſcruple to own it ; but excus'd himſelf, from her Conduct towards him ; and that it was not the Part of a Man to reſiſt all the Temptations ſhe had offer'd him. In ſine, he gain'd his Cauſe ; a Reconciliation was concluded, and Love ſign'd the Articles.

IT was a wild Riſque the Sultaneſs ran, in coming to ſeek her Gallant in a Garden, where ſhe knew her Huſban

band was present. The Bassa, tho' he had for his Companion a very fine Woman, yet did not pass his Time quite so well as the Count did. *Chabania*, which was his Mistress's Name, besides her Beauty, had a Turn of Wit very agreeable, and such an engaging Manner, that she was esteem'd the most charming Lady of the Seraglio. The Bassa had formerly lov'd her excessively, but Loves of this kind are never lasting. All Arts were now ineffectual, the Bassa was not in the Humour to entertain himself with her, and had brought her thither only to him serve for a Blind. She mistrusted it, as soon as she understood *Laura* was in the Garden. For the Bassa had rashly appris'd her of it, thinking it would be sufficient to make her easy, to inform her that *Laura* was prodigiously in Love with *Alexander*. She did not believe him, but rather imagin'd this Christian serv'd him as a Confident, and had brought *Laura* into the Garden, only for his Master. She had been Jealous of her formerly to Distraction; and was enrag'd to see herself neglected. The Bassa had hardly said four Words to her, when she perceiv'd his Thoughts were all on *Laura*, while he was with her; and what finish'd her Despair was, that the Bassa, to whom Jealousy granted no Truce, after he had spent some time with her very coldly, told her he had a Mind to go and listen to the two Christians, to know the Subject of their Conversation. She made him no Answer, but suffer'd him to go, and presently by another Way repair'd to the same Arbor, to observe the Bassa himself.

THE Nights in that Country are very clear, especially in the Summer. The Bassa, notwithstanding all the Precautions he had taken to approach near the Place where *Alexander* was, by the favour of the Hedges, behind which he had hid himself as well as he could, was perceiv'd by the Counterfeit *Laura*. His Shadow discover'd him; and she having made her Lover take Notice of it, he ran to meet him, to beg him not to come any further; but to have that Civil Complaisance, as to let him enjoy the
happy

happy Moments his Bounty had procur'd him. The Sultaneſs, who did not know what brought the Baſſa that way, and fearing he ſhould come into the Arbor, notwithstanding all that *Alexander* ſhould ſay to him, ſlipp'd out after him, to hide herſelf in ſome Corner of the Garden, where ſhe thought ſhe might be in greater Safety.

I N the mean time the Baſſa, in Confuſion to have been diſcover'd, ſuffer'd himſelf to be prevail'd on by the Prayers of his Rival, there being no room to execute the Deſign he had undertaken, and which had ſucceeded ſo ill: He went back to his own Arbor, and *Alexander* return'd to his; and was perfectly amaz'd not to find the Sultaneſs there. He judg'd the Fright had driven her away. He was in pain for her; but juſt as he was going out to ſeek for her, he deſcry'd, in the moſt retir'd part of the Arbor, ſomething that had the Appearance of a Woman; he drew near it; and finding he was not miſtaken, he took it for a piece of Wagery the Sultaneſs had a mind to play him, and was mightily pleas'd with it; and embracing her with the tendereſt Air imaginable: You are very ſpiteful, Madam, ſaid he, to contrive to ſet me a rambling over all the Garden to ſeek you. The Lady made him no Answer; and getting clear from his Arms, ſhe left him haſtily, and retir'd to another Corner of the Arbor. The Cavalier was ſurpriz'd; but how could he undeceive himſelf on a ſudden, and be able to imagine that in ſo little a time ſo great a Change ſhould happen? He drew near her the ſecond time, and taking her by the Hand: Why do you fly from me, Madam, ſaid he, and for what Reason do you hide yourſelf? There is nothing more to apprehend; the Baſſa is retir'd to his own Arbor, and has promis'd not to diſturb us any more. All this could not procure him any Answer; and not knowing what to make of this odd Severity, he put one Knee on the Ground, as ſhe ſat upon the Bench of Turf; and kiſſing her Hand, which he held in his own, he begg'd her to tell him what ſhe ail'd. He expreſs'd a great deal of Kindneſs and Tenderneſs to her, which ſhe
ſuffer'd

suffer'd gently enough ; but at last, hearing her laugh in a Tone very different from that of the beautiful Sultaneſs, he examin'd her a little nearer, and found by her Shape, which was a little groſſer, and by her Cloaths which were not like the other's, that he was miſtaken. What a Perplexity was he now in ! He believ'd himſelf got into the Country of Metamorphoſes, and that he was that Night to ſee a Riddle of Wonders. That *Laura* was chang'd into the Sultaneſs was not ſo ſurpriſing ; the Transformation at leaſt was agreeable : But that the Sultaneſs ſhould become another Woman, and perhaps Miſtreſs of the Baſſa, this was what he cou'd no way comprehend. That which troubled him moſt was, the Pain he was in to know what was become of the Sultaneſs, and the Dread he had leſt the Baſſa ſhould meet her in the Garden, and know her. He was for going to her Aſſiſtance ; but *Chabania*, (the Lady he had taken for the Sultaneſs) caught hold of his Caffetan, and told him in *Moreſco*, that Ladies were not to be left after that manner, when they had receiv'd ſome Tokens of Kindneſs. The Counr, who did not underſtand the Language, pray'd her to let him go, leſt the Baſſa ſhould drop in upon them, and be angry with him, if he found him in her Company. But his Prayers were to no purpoſe, for ſhe underſtood *Italian* no more than he did the *Moreſco* ; and was ſo far from letting him go, that ſhe would needs have him ſit down by her, to revenge herſelf of the Baſſa's Indifference. During this little Conteſt, which could not but have ſomething in it very ſingular, between two Perſons who did not underſtand one another, the Sultaneſs enter'd quite out of Breath, and flung herſelf half-dead into the Arms of *Alexander*, who happen'd to be ready to receive her. What a Fright was this Lover in ! He believ'd all was ruin'd, and that ſhe had been known. But the Baſſa coming the Moment after, put him in heart again with theſe Words ; You fly, Madam, ſaid he, to the Counterfeit *Laura*, ſtrange-ly faſt, from a Man who will do you no harm, and who had no Intention to do you any. Then turning to *Alexander*,

ander, was going without doubt to make him some handsome Excuse for breaking his word to him, but seeing *Chabania* near him, he presently alter'd his Thought and Language; and inquir'd of that Lady in *Moresco*, what she was come to do in that Arbor? She rose up; and having answer'd the Question in a very loud Tone, made him a thousand Reproaches on his unworthy Weakness, to leave her to pursue a miserable Slave, who fled him. This was a curious Scene, and an admirable Dialogue for the Sultaneß; but her Satisfaction did not last long, for *Chabania*, vex'd to the very Soul, at the Contempt the Bassa shew'd her, and at what he said to her before her pretended Rival, fell upon her like a Fury, and so suddenly that neither the Bassa, nor *Alexander*, who would have hinder'd her, could save the Counterfeit *Laura* from being a little roughly treated. The Count was pierced to the Heart at this Outrage; and all the Considerations of his Life, and the Obligations he had to the Bassa, would not have prevented him from revenging it, if the fear of ruining the Sultaneß had not been stronger than his Resentment. The Bassa was not less angry than he; and taking *Chabania* by the Hand, he dragg'd her rudely enough out of the Arbor, and led her off.

THE Count finding himself alone with the Sultaneß, embraced her tenderly: Heavens, Madam, said he, how many Dangers have you run for the Love of me? And what a barbarous Insult have you receiv'd? The Sultaneß only laugh'd at the last Adventure, and said, the Pleasure in seeing the Despair of *Chabania*, for whom naturally she had always had a great Aversion, was more than the Hurt she had receiv'd from her. But she confess'd at the same time, that her meeting the Bassa, who was looking after that Woman in the Garden, had put her into a cruel Pain, and that it was the luckiest thing in the World, that she had taken her *Barnus* with her. She added, that her Husband had said a thousand Gallantries to her, and was a little pressing; but she was not then far from the Arbor, and had escap'd

escap'd out of his Hands. After this she told him, there was no room to doubt that the Bassa was afresh become Amorous of *Laura*; which all the soft Things he had said to her, and his Transports in this last Rencontre, had convinced her of but too well: That this was the true Cause of their Allarms, and the Reason why he did not bring him as usual to the Seraglio. The Count was of her Opinion, and they both concluded it was necessary, that *Laura*, who was to act the principal Part, shou'd assist them with her Address and Complaisance.

THE Bassa, who took little Pleasure in the Garden after the ill Success of all his amorous Designs, having endeavour'd to appease the Mind of the angry *Chabania*, was for conducting her to her Lodgings; and pass'd by the Arbor where *Alexander* was, to give him the Signal, that it was Time to retire. The Christian follow'd him soon after. He accompany'd his dear Sultanes to her Apartment, where he made no long Stay with her, for fear of the Bassa, and then repair'd to his own Lodgings. He pass'd the rest of the Night very agreeably, tho' he slept but little. *Laura*, with whom the Bassa was more in Love than ever, put him into Despair by her Severities, and he never expected to be easy, unless she pity'd him. All the Affection he had for *Alexander* cou'd not restrain him from being his Rival, and desiring to have a Share with him in the Favours he received from this Beauty. When he reflected on the Opportunity he had let slip the Night before, when he had *Laura* in his Power, it vex'd him so, that he cou'd willingly have taken Revenge on himself. He wou'd not as yet declare himself to *Alexander*, nor communicate to him his new Affection; either to save him the Trouble he thought he shou'd occasion him, or because he had a Mind to make use of him, and wou'd not offend him.

IN the Morning, as soon as he was up, he went to *Alexander's* Room, as he us'd to do sometimes, familiarly and without any Retinue, and found him in Bed. A Man, said he, must be as happy as *Alexander* is in Love, to be

able to sleep as quietly as he does. If there be any Body, my Lord, reply'd the Count, that has Reason to value himself for his good Fortune in that kind, it is a Nobleman as handsome and gallant as yourself, who needs only say, *I Love*, to be belov'd. Yes, even to *Laura*, reply'd the Bassa smiling: But that Slave has made me very sensible, that I might sigh on to no purpose; and that by being Master of the Person, I am not Master of the Heart. It was necessary, continu'd he, that *Alexander* shou'd come from *Europe* into *Africa*, to make that Conquest. It is in this, my Lord, answer'd the Count, that the Oddness of Love appears, which very often does not know on what it fixes, but follows the Effects of Destiny, which over-rule the Heart. I believe, my Lord, added he smiling, that you are already very easy as to *Laura*, and that you did not desire I shou'd be in Love with her, to become my Rival. I declare to you however, pursu'd he, hearing the Bassa sigh, that if this shou'd happen, you cou'd not do me a greater Favour, than to acquaint me with it; because let my Passion be ever so great for that Damsel, it shall not hinder me from doing my Duty. I will renounce all Pretensions to her, the Moment I shall know you have the least Design there, that I may have no Competition with a Person to whom, as I owe all, I shall resign all. It is not so easy a Matter, reply'd the Bassa, to wean one's self of a Passion like yours. You must first persuade me that you know not what it is to love. I love, most certainly, answer'd the Count, and perhaps as much as it is possible to love; but after the Favours you are pleas'd to heap on me every Day, I shall principally regard your Ease and Satisfaction; and if *Laura* appears as bright to your Eyes, as formerly, I repeat it once more, I cease this Moment to love her. The Bassa ask'd him if he wou'd have said so much before her; He reply'd, he thought he had too much Honour to require him to make such a Declaration before a Mistress. After this Discourse, the Bassa propos'd to him another Walk that Evening, and desir'd him to write about it
to

to *Laura*. The Count cou'd not refuse him, and *Laura's* Answer was as follows.

I *It is Madness to expose one's self twice to the same Danger:*
The Bassa's Behaviour was not such to me last Night, that I dare confide in it again; you saw also how I was abus'd by the Woman he had with him. Be contented with my having the Honour to see you, in case you come hither; but no more Walks for Laura.

The Bassa was vex'd at this Answer, which he did not expect, and left the Count without saying a Word, and shut himself up the rest of the Day. At Night, he went to the Apartment of the Sultaneſs, where he first met with *Laura*, who again enquir'd of him concerning *Alexander*, and the Reason why he did not bring him with him? Will you be angry, answer'd he, if I supply his Place to-night? That wou'd be too great an Honour for me, reply'd she smiling; but the Sultaneſs expects you, who is not very well. The Bassa gave her his Hand, to lead her into a private Chamber; which she perceiving, and that he was in Earnest, begg'd him to let her go, her Mistress being indispos'd; and he knew very well, she cou'd not be a Moment from her. Yes, the Sultaneſs is sick, said the Bassa, she can't be a Moment without you, because it is I that desire to pass that Moment with you. If it was *Alexander*, you wou'd easily find the Means not to be so soon wanted. *Laura* cou'd not forbear laughing at the Bassa's Reprimand: My Lord, said she, the Case is quite otherwise when the Sultaneſs has the Happiness of your Company with her: And besides, one is apt to hazard a little more for the sake of a Lover. Well then, it is Love, said he, pressing her to follow him, that brings me hither. And it is that also, my Lord, reply'd she, (endeavouring to get from him) which obliges me to avoid being alone with you: For notwithstanding all your Accomplishments, you must give me leave to say, you have but little Regard
to

to the Sex, and that it is not safe to trust you: Witness the Insults you offer'd me last Night in the Garden. The Bassa made her a thousand Protestations, that he wou'd observe to her all the Respect and Decorum imaginable, and that he only ask'd one quarter of an Hour's Conversation with her. *Laura*, who knew his fiery Temper, when he was refus'd what he thought was reasonable, was forced to yield to spend a quarter of an Hour in his Company. He reproach'd her with the Insensibility she had always shewn to him, and said the tenderest and most moving Things in the World. *Laura* defended herself, from the Topics of her Honour, her Religion, and the Sultane's her Mistress, either of which she wou'd not betray to save her Life. If you lov'd me ever so little, said the Bassa sighing, you wou'd not find out so many Reasons to justify your Denial. I have my Religion, as you have yours, and which contains Laws to the full as severe: But Love is more powerful than all the Laws. As for the Sultane's, why shou'd you be under any Concern? That shall be my Business, not yours; and unless you will, she need know nothing of the Matter. And since you speak of Honour; Which, I pray, is more Glorious to you? to love such a Man as I am, or such an one as *Alexander*? You are mistaken, my Lord, reply'd *Laura*, if you imagine that in the Visits I have receiv'd from that Christian, there has pass'd any thing contrary to my Duty. The People of our Nation are not like those of this. For a Maiden is not less secure, as to her Honour, among them, by being alone in Company, and without Witness. I can safely swear to you, my Lord, that *Alexander* never received any Favour from me, which I cou'd not grant to any Man in the World, to whom I was most indifferent. What! not in the Garden? said the Bassa interrupting her. Neither in the Garden nor elsewhere, reply'd she, had he ever any other Advantage than that of seeing me, which among us is reckon'd nothing. Can you make me believe that? answer'd the Bassa. *Laura* assur'd him, there was nothing more true, and that

he might depend upon it. But, my Lord, added she, do better; bring him here no more; and you shall see whether I ever complain to you on that Account. I shou'd be in the Wrong, reply'd the Bassa, to destroy so fine a Friendship; I protest to you, that if I were able, I wou'd not disturb you in it; but I am not so much Master of myself, as to conquer my Heart herein, and govern it as I wou'd. However, since you are so indifferent towards *Alexander*, that you can so easily resolve not to see him any more, I ought not to be so perplex'd, but rather hope that one Day you may love me as well as him.

AFTER this he withdrew, his Mind being somewhat easier than when he came, tho' he was still very much in Love. He did not altogether credit what *Laura* had told him of the little Affection she had for *Alexander*; but he began to believe, she had not that strong Passion for him which he had imagin'd; or that some Quarrel had happen'd between them which had a little chill'd their Love; for he had observ'd on both Sides more Indifference, than Lovers usually express. Then on the sudden, reflecting on himself: May it not be, continu'd he with a distrustful Mind, the Effect of their Policy? May they not act in Concert to deceive me? And because they are sure of each other's Heart, may they not affect this careless Behaviour, in order to love with the greater Tranquility? Yet this, said he, is also impossible; for Love, however curb'd, will of Necessity break out, and shew itself. *Alexander* is not lov'd, or is so but moderately. It was the easier to persuade himself of this, because it was what he wish'd with all his Heart. And this inflam'd his Passion higher than ever.

LAURA gave an Account of this Conversation to her Mistress, who cou'd have wish'd she had abated a little of the rigid Severity she had express'd to the Bassa, and been a little more complaisant, without which she rightly judg'd there wou'd be no seeing *Alexander* so often. *Laura*, on the contrary, insisted that such Complaisance wou'd ruin all; because the Bassa, flattering himself with Hopes of Fa-

your from it, wou'd become more in Love, and by Consequence more jealous of his pretended Rival. What must I then do, said her distress'd Mistress, if I must fear on every Hand, and expect nothing but Mischiet? *Laura* told her, Things were not so desperate that she shou'd thus afflict herself: That the Bassa had promis'd to send *Alexander* to her the next Day, and that then they would consult with him how she ought to proceed.

THE Count did not know the Bassa had been at the Sultane's Apartment; and as he had not sent for him all that Day, he went the next of his own Accord to his Levée: He found him in Bed with a sad and melancholic Countenance, which testify'd the Heaviness of his Heart. The Bassa receiv'd him nevertheless in an obliging Manner, but was some Time without saying any Thing to him; when looking at him with an Air of Confidence, *Alexander*, said he, I am the most unhappy of Men, especially in Love: *Laura*, the cruel *Laura*, has not the least Tendernefs for me; nor the least Pity of the Torments, she sees, I suffer for her Sake, and I must expect some Assistance from you in this troublesome Conjunction. Oh! my Lord, reply'd the Count, only say what you desire of me, and I shall execute it with Zeal. You are sensible the Heart is not to be commanded: But if I can contribute to your Satisfaction; if you wou'd have me speak to her; if--- How happy shou'd I be, said the Bassa interrupting him, if you wou'd use your Interest with her! My Lord, if it only depends on me, reply'd the Count, you may promise yourself Success. After this the Bassa was silent for a while, as if he were considering what to say to him; and *Alexander* pressing him to declare his Mind, he desir'd him, with some Disorder, to make an Appointment with *Laura* in one of the Chambers of the Sultane's Apartment, where he wou'd personate him. This Proposal, so unworthy of *Alexander's* Soul, so amaz'd him at first that he blush'd extremely, and knew not what to answer. The Bassa observ'd his Confusion, and was more asham'd than he.

He was troubled; and fearing he shou'd explain himself contrary to his Intentions, he order'd him (to get rid of him) to think of it, and give him as favourable an Answer as he cou'd.

THE Count went out of the Room, and made a thousand Reflections on his unhappy Fortune, which had reduced him to that Extremity, as to require him to act so foul a Part. He was perswaded that *Laura* wou'd not come, and knew he risqu'd nothing, even if she were to accept the Offer, and if he shou'd favour the Passion of his amorous Patron: But besides the Baseness of the Employment, it vex'd him that the Bassa shou'd think so injuriously of him, as that loving *Laura*, as he believ'd he did, he cou'd be capable of playing her so detestable a Piece of Treachery. He so abhorr'd the very Thought of it, that he determin'd not to do it, tho' it cost him his Life.

THE Bassa seeing him go out after this Manner, easily imagin'd there was nothing to be hop'd for from him; and as he was a Man of good Sense, he was not the worse dispos'd towards him for it; on the contrary, he esteem'd him the more. But he bent his Thoughts on contriving some other Way to gratify his Inclination; for his Passion was so extravagant, that neither Reason nor Reflection cou'd govern it. A Man of the tenderest Honour, when chang'd into a desperate Lover, becomes the most furious and irregular; because he is the more sensible of Disdain, as he believes himself to deserve better Usage.

THE Bassa, not having been able to succeed with *Alexander* in a Proposal which included a Treachery, resolv'd to deceive *Laura* himself, and to see her that Day disguis'd like an Eunuch. This was none of the best-concerted Designs; yet he gain'd his Point by it. He had not the Patience to wait for the Hour at which he us'd to visit the Sultane's; but as soon as it was Night, set forward in his Disguise, and came to the Apartment; where finding only an old *Moresco* Woman at the Gate, who was far from knowing him, he sent her to *Laura*, to tell her there was
an

an Eunuch of her Acquaintance desir'd to speak with her in the Chamber of Repose. It was call'd so, because it was retir'd and free from Noise, where it was customary in the Summer-Time to pass some Hours after Dinner in sleeping. He made choice of this Room as the most proper for the Design he had in Hand; and as soon as he had dispatch'd the old Woman on this Errand, he repair'd thither and hid himself. *Laura* at that Time was busy; and the Sultaneſs having met the *Moresco*, who was hunting after *Laura* very diligently, ask'd her by Chance what she wanted with *Laura*. The old Woman, who was not enjoin'd Secrecy in her Commission, told her freely, there was a certain Eunuch desir'd to speak with her in the Chamber of Repose. At the Mention of an Eunuch who wou'd speak with *Laura*, the Sultaneſs made no Doubt but it must be *Alexander*; and without any further Consideration, or asking the old Woman any more Questions, she put on *Laura's* *Barnus*, and went to the Place appointed. Had she made the least Reflection on the Message, she wou'd not have been deceiv'd, nor so lightly expos'd herself to the following Adventure.

IT was not the Practice of her Lover to act in this Manner, nor to see her any where but in the Alcove. It cou'd hardly be suppos'd he knew the Name of the Room, where she was told that *Laura* was expected; and after what she knew of the Bassa she ought to have mistrusted him. But when a Woman loves to the Degree as the Sultaneſs did, she is liable to commit still greater Errors than this. She knew *Alexander* cou'd come only by Night; and yet she expected him, from the Time she wak'd in the Morning, and was in a cruel Uneasiness, whether he wou'd come or not. Still as the Hour grew nearer she was more impatient: She ran eagerly to the Place where she thought *Alexander* expected her, and wou'd again pass for *Laura*. Accordingly she resolv'd to be silent for a while, as she had been before in the Garden, and to make herself some Diversion with him. However, as she enter'd the

Room a certain Shuddering and Terror seiz'd her on the sudden, infomuch that she was on the Point of going back: But the Gallant, who waited for her, taking her by the Hand, encouraged her a little. She let him conduct her whither he pleas'd; and he led her to the End of the Room, where he was resolv'd to lose no Time, but to improve the Opportunity; he embraced her very eagerly, tho' she trembled. His Actions appear'd too violent to the Sultaneſs to come from ſuch a Man as *Alexander*; ſhe had a Diſtruſt, and found, tho' a little too late, that ſhe was miſtaken, and that this Man had neither the Stature nor the Face of her Lover, and conſequently that it muſt be the Baſſa. Upon this ſhe alter'd her Way of proceeding, and ſtood abſolutely upon the Deſenſive. This Reſiſtance, after the Freedoms ſhe had granted in the Beginning, made her Gallant ſenſible that his Treachery was diſcover'd, and that he cou'd conceal himſelf no longer. From thenceforth therefore he preſerv'd no Decency, and having accompliſh'd his Deſign, retir'd without ſpeaking one Word to the imaginary *Laura*, who repair'd immediately to her Chamber.

THE Count had been over-night at the Baſſa's, and not finding him, return'd the next Morning to acquaint him with the Reſolution he had taken on his late Propoſal. But as he enter'd the Apartment, he was told the Baſſa had been ſo ill, that he had not ſlept all Night, and had order'd no Body to be admitted into his Chamber. However as he had a Privilege beyond all others, he was ſuffer'd to go in; he found him in his Bed writing, and by his Looks he appear'd to have had very bad Reſt. He red-den'd as ſoon as he ſaw *Alexander*, who kneel'd down before him: I come, my Lord, ſaid he, to ask you a freſh Favour. You are the chief Author of all the Love I feel at this time; my ill Fortune will have it, that you ſhou'd be touch'd with ſome Paſſion; accept therefore, I beſeech you, the Sacrifice I make to you of it: My Lord, I will no longer love *Laura*; nay, if you deſire it, I will ſee her no more.

HEAVENS!

HEAVENS! cry'd the Bassa, what sort of Lovers are these? Is it possible that two Persons, who have begun to love one another, with so much Tendernefs, shou'd be able to leave each the other with so much Tranquility? and that I, who am not lov'd, cannot obtain the same Victory over my Heart? Speak, *Alexander*, and tell me, is it from any Disgust you have taken, or do you use this Violence to your self merely out of Kindness to me? No, my Lord, said the Count, I have taken no Disgust, *Laura* is at this time as lovely in my Eyes as she appear'd the first Day I saw her: But rather than see you in this Condition, there is no Torture I am not willing to undergo; and for your Quiet, and my own, I cou'd wish I had never seen her. This is so rare an Example, reply'd the Bassa, that it is necessary to have as great an Esteem for you as I have, to believe you. However, this Letter will shew you, that I did not wait 'till you set it me, to follow it; and that I know how to overcome myself too in my Turn. The Letter is to *Laura*; read it. You will find that if I have done you any Injustice, I know how to punish myself for it. I shou'd be sorry a Man of Honour, as you are, shou'd depart from us with an ill Opinion of me. The Count was strangely surpriz'd at this Discourse, the Subject of which he cou'd not comprehend; and having made an Answer full of Respect and Gratitude to his Patron, took the Letter, and read in it the following Words.

IF all the Passion that can be felt for a Woman, is not able to justify me for the Crime I have committed against you, at least you ought to pardon it, after I have suffer'd, in one Night, all the Severities that the most rigorous Repentance is able to inflict. My Soul is still full of Grief and Confusion; and if, by restoring to Liberty yourself and your Lover, I can in some measure atone for so great a Fault, you may prepare yourself; for you shall both set out for your own Country To-morrow Morning. Adieu. Think what an Effort I must use for this, which is tearing from me the two Persons I love

most, and you will find I am not altogether unworthy of Pardon.

THE Count was in the greatest Confusion and Perplexity upon the reading of this Letter, and had Difficulty enough to conceal his Disorder. He flung himself a second time upon his Knees, as it were to thank the Bassa for this last Favour, which before he lov'd, wou'd, without doubt, have been the greatest he cou'd have desir'd; but which was now the greatest Stroke of ill Fortune that cou'd happen to him. The Bassa rais'd him up, and told him, he cou'd not see him in that Posture, on an Occasion, where he had more Reason to complain of him, than to thank him, as he wou'd know at his Leisure from *Laura*; and in the mean time he had nothing to do but to prepare for his Departure; for he had given Orders to secure a Vessel belonging to the Christians, which was to sail that Day for *Italy*, and which wou'd carry him to *Leghorn*; that he shou'd certainly embark the next Day with *Laura*.

THE Count having taken his Leave, went out of the Chamber, so full of Trouble and Affliction, that he was obliged to seek out a proper Place where he might ease his Mind, and entertain his Thoughts on the Resolution the Bassa had taken to give him his Liberty, and send him home with *Laura*. He cou'd not devise what had put him upon it; and justly concluded from what he had read in the Letter, that he must have offer'd her some Outrage. But this was not what gave him Uneasiness; it was the Sultaneß, to whom he must bid farewell for ever; a Woman whom he lov'd so tenderly, and whom he must leave in the Height of his Passion. Nevertheless, Liberty, which to a Man who knows what it is to be a Slave, and a Man of *Alexander's* Quality, is enchanting; the returning into his own Country, after eight or nine Months Absence; the Pleasures of *Rome*, and the Consideration that if he lost this Occasion, he perhaps might never have one again while

while he liv'd; all this tempted him strongly, but his Love surmounted it, and made him desire to stay. But as the Bassa offer'd him his Liberty, and the Possession of a Mistress of whom he thought he was passionately amorous, what Reason cou'd he urge to refuse it, since in all Appearance it was the Blessing he ought most to have wish'd for? It made him desperate to see he cou'd find no Excuse, and that he must depart, unless by some unexpected Accident the Bassa shou'd change his Mind. Never did any Slave make Vows with more Fervour for his Freedom, than he did for his Captivity; chusing rather to be a Slave for the Remainder of his Life, than to part for ever from what he lov'd a thousand times more than Liberty itself.

THE Bassa, having pass'd some Hours in his Bed, musing on the Resolution he had taken, which he was determin'd to keep, whatever it cost him, sent for his Aga, to whom he gave the necessary Orders for the Departure of those two Christians, causing good Store of Provisions to be put on board the Vessel, and very rich Presents. After this, he sent his chief Eunuch to the Sultane's his Wife, to desire she wou'd approve of his giving *Laura* her Liberty, whom he had a Mind to send into her own Country with *Alexander*, for Reasons as important to her, as necessary to himself. These Orders being given, and the Letter he had writ to *Laura* being deliver'd at the same time, he took Horse to go to the *Bardou*, a Pleasure-House he had about a Mile from the Town; from whence he did not return 'till Midnight, spending all those Hours in walking by himself in his Gardens, in order to accustom himself not to see *Alexander*, and not to hear the mention of *Laura*.

HE cou'd not sleep all the Night; and in the Morning his Aga having brought him the Sultane's Answer, he immediately deliver'd it himself to *Alexander*, whom he found, in Appearance, ready to depart, according to his Commands, but in his Heart he was never less dispos'd to

it, hoping every Moment for some Alteration in the Bassa. Well, *Alexander*, said he to him, we must part; but I can't tell how we must do, because the Sultaneſs, who loves *Laura* with the ſame Affection I have for you, notwithstanding the Representations I caus'd to be made to her of the Interest ſhe had in this Affair, and that ſhe ought to be for it as much as myſelf, will by no means conſent to it. She has ſent me Word, that ſhe will ſooner part with her Life, than with *Laura*. You muſt therefore ſee *Laura*, and tell her, it is now at her own Choice to be free, and to bear you Company; for as I have given you my Promise, I will be as good as my Word. In the mean time, I will cauſe the Veſſel to be detain'd, that it may not go off without you. My Lord, ſaid *Alexander*, there are Opportunities frequent enough; and if, to gratify the Sultaneſs, or diſpoſe her to grant *Laura* this Favour, ſome longer time were given her, we ſhou'd have no leſs Obligation to you for the Liberty you have ſo generously beſtow'd on us To-day. *Alexander*, reply'd the Bassa, ſuch Reſolutions as this which I have taken on your Behalf, coſt too much to ſuch a Heart as mine, not to be wavering, if they are delay'd. Lay hold of the good Motions with which Reason and Equity inſpire me. I will not engage that my Mind will not alter. The Indignation I have at the Weakneſs of my Heart; the unhandſome Outrage I offer'd Yeſterday to *Laura*; the Shame I have to ſee her after it, and the little Hope there is of my being lov'd by her, are the true Spring of your happy Fortune. All this is yet freſh in my Memory; do not ſtay till it is worn out; for a Man forgets nothing ſooner than his own Errors, and the Injury he has done to others.

WHILE they were diſcourſing after this manner, a luſty Moor, who ſerv'd the Count in the Quality of a Purveyor, and who was us'd to bring him every Morning his Proviſions from the Seraglio, enter'd the Chamber on a ſudden, with a large Basket on his Head, not imagining, without doubt, that the Bassa was there. He ſtepp'd back
im-

immediately, and was going away, but the Bassa made him a Sign with his Hand to stay, and he did not dare to disobey him; he set his Basket down, which seem'd to be pretty heavy, and retir'd. The Bassa had a Curiosity to see what Victuals were sent to *Alexander*, and bid one of the Moors that were present, lift up the Cover; which being done, instead of Provision, there was a Woman pack'd up pleasantly enough; she hid herself under her *Barnus*, that she might not be known; but her Cloaths, which were after the Christian Fashion, being those which the Bassa and *Alexander* had seen *Laura* wear, left no room for either of them to doubt that it was she. The Bassa was surpriz'd at first; but at last breaking out into a Laugh, I must confess, said he, the Invention is good, and surpasses the Genius of the Women of this Country. It is Love has been the Contriver, which is the Father of Inventions. Nothing cou'd be thought of more to the Purpose, for the Design we have in hand. But, said he, shall we not see the whole Contents of the Basket? Madam, you are between two the best Friends you have, and need have no Scruple to let yourself be seen. Thus saying he went to the Basket, and was for taking the Lady by the Arm, in order to help her out, but she refus'd it, and push'd him away. I see very well, Madam, said the Bassa, that you have not yet granted me the Pardon I so earnestly su'd for. I must own, the Fault was too great, for you to be reconcil'd so soon; but you are just going away; and we ought at least to part in Friendship. It wou'd be an everlasting Grief to me to have you leave this Country with Hatred in your Heart. Do not refuse this Favour, continu'd he, reaching out his Hand to her, to a Man who is in Despair for having offended you, and who punishes himself severely enough for you, not to add to it this last Cruelty. All this avail'd nothing; on the contrary, she hid herself more than ever, and fortify'd herself in the Basket very resolutely. He wou'd not press her further; but addressing himself to *Alexander*, told him it belong'd to him to make the Peace, and persuade *Laura*

to

to suffer herself to be seen, since it was for the last time. The Count took it very ill that she shou'd make so much Difficulty to gratify a Lord to whom she had too many Obligations, (even if she had receiv'd the highest Provocations from him) to refuse him so small a Favour, in the present Conjunction. But besides this, he had a particular Interest to urge her to shew herself; for it was his last Expedient; and he hop'd that if the Bassa saw her, his Passion at the Moment of so cruel a Separation wou'd rekindle, and make him alter his Resolution. With these Thoughts, he went up to her, and gave her all the Reasons he could find out, to prevail with her to be reconcil'd to the Bassa, and shew herself to him for a Moment; but without Success. She gave him not one Word of Answer; at which being a little angry, he took her two or three times by the Arm to help her up, and was upon the Point of pulling away her *Barnus* by Force. He threaten'd her with it, but the Bassa restrain'd him, and bid him not contend with her; for she had enough to complain of, without suffering a fresh Violence for his sake. Let us improve the Time, continu'd he; and since she is ready on the Spot, and you have nothing to do but to embark, let us finish what we have begun. It is the finest Opportunity in the World. I believe *Laura* will not be displeas'd at her leaving such a Country as this, especially to accompany you. In all likelihood the Sultaneß is still asleep; don't let us stay 'till she wakes. *Laura* must be carry'd, just as she is, in the Basket, to the Ship. You shall go along with her, and as soon as you are embark'd, you shall set sail. As for my Part, I will go and pass the rest of the Day at the *Bardou*, and give the necessary Orders, that in case the Sultaneß misses *Laura*, and discovers her Escape, she may not send after her to stop her. Having said this, he dispatch'd a Moor to the Harbour to get a Boat ready to carry *Laura* and *Alexander* to the Christian Vessel, which was at the *Goulette*. After this he sent for the Captain of his Guards, whom he order'd to accompany the Count, and to cause the

Basket

Basket to be carry'd along with him by two Moors, to whom he shou'd intrust the Care of it.

ALL these Directions being given, and nothing remaining now but to take Leave of his dear *Alexander*, he embraced him with Tears in his Eyes; and having attended him to the Boat, he went from thence to the *Bardou*, as he had said, with his Heart full of Grief and Sorrow. The poor Count was a much greater Object of Pity. His Concern about the Sultaneſs, whom he wou'd fain at least have ſeen once more, was ſo diſtreſſing, that his Separation from a Man, to whom he had ſo many Obligations, affected him very little. His Heart was ſo oppreſs'd, that he cou'd not ſay one Word to the Baſſa. The Tears ran from his Eyes; which the Baſſa interpreting in his own Favour, was deeply touch'd; and rejoiced mightily, that he had overcome himſelf for the ſake of a Perſon who was not ungrateful for it, and who lov'd him ſincerely. He ſaw him embark, and took his laſt Farewel. The Count was ſo overwhelm'd with Sorrow, that from the Port to the *Goulette*, he gave Liberty to his Heart, which he had not dar'd to do before the Baſſa, and ſaid things ſo tender and paſſionate, looking towards the Town, that the Captain of the Guards, and thoſe who accompany'd him, were extremely ſurpriz'd and mov'd. They did not underſtand *Italian*; but his Geſtures, his Tears, his Looks, and the Colour of his Face evidently expreſs'd the utmoſt Anguiſh.

AS ſoon as he got on Board, he flung himſelf upon a Bed, ſo confounded with Grief, that he did not think of his Basket: But the Captain of the Guards took Care of it for him, and caus'd it to be carry'd into his Cabin. After which he took his Leave; and having order'd the Captain of the Veſſel to ſet ſail, he went into his Boat, and return'd to *Tunis*. It was then that *Alexander*, being alone in his Cabin, abandon'd himſelf entirely to the Torrent of his Affliction. Ah, wretched Deſtiny, cry'd he, to be torn from a Perſon, without whom I cannot live! Ah, my Sultaneſs! muſt I thus leave you, muſt I be remov'd from you for ever? For ever!

repeated he getting up: No; rather let me force them to carry me back to Land; I shall always find Pretences enough to the Bassa. Whatever befalls me, I can but die; and I had rather a thousand Times suffer that near her I love, than in so cruel an Absence. As he ended these Words, he look'd out to see whether the Ship was still at Anchor, but he found they were got out so far to Sea, that he could hardly discover the *Goulette*. What was now his Despair! Well then, my Heart, there is no Remedy, I must perish? My dear Sultaneß, see whether I am guilty of this Separation, and receive the Sacrifice I make you of my Life. At this he drew his Sword, and was going to run himself thro' the Body, when the Person who was in the Basket, and who had 'till then listen'd to all he had said, started up, and flung herself upon him, to prevent him. Let me, Madam, said he to her, let me put an end to a Life which can only be wretched, now I am separated from her I Love. Ah! dear *Alexander*! said the Lady, embracing him with the utmost Tenderneß, not being able to utter any thing more, from her Excess of Joy. The Count perceiving a Difference, notwithstanding the Trouble and Transport he was in, between this Voice and that of *Laura*, look'd back on the Lady who embraced him. But what Astonishment! how charming was the Surprise, to see it was the Sultaneß herself!

End of the First Part.





THE
HAPPY SLAVE.

PART II.



GOOD Heaven ! Madam, cry'd he, is it you ? Is it you ? said he again, with re-iterated Gladness, which almost suppress'd his Voice ; Is it possible that I see you, in the very Moment I believ'd I had lost you ? What a Happiness is this ! But is it to Fortune, or to Love, that I owe this ? You are oblig'd, answer'd the Sultaneſs, to Love for the Deſign, and to Fortune for the Succeſs. The Count was aſtoniſh'd at ſo ſtrange an Adventure ; but referr'd the unfolding of the Myſtery to another Time, when he ſhould be more at Leiſure to ſatiſſie his Curioſity, and enjoy the Pleaſure of it undiſturb'd. The Wind was fair, and the Ship ſail'd very ſmoothly, and they had a Proſpect of a proſperous Voyage.

THE Captain of the Bassa's Guards being arrived at *Tunis*, took Horse and went to the *Bardou*, where he found his Master, who was walking alone in the Garden, to whom he gave an Account of *Alexander's* Departure. The Bassa lifted up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven with a disconsolate Air; and without speaking a Word, retir'd into an Apartment in the Middle of the Garden, and never stir'd out of it all the Day, absolutely forbidding his Guards to suffer any Body whatever to come to him, designing thereby to free himself from the Importunities he apprehended from the Sultaneſs, on the Account of *Laura*. His Servants were amaz'd, and knew not to what to impute his Dejection, unless to the Departure of the Christian.

TOWARDS Night, a Spahi brought him a Letter; after him, came another, and then another, who all press'd to speak with him about very urgent Affairs: But being told the strict Prohibition he had given, they did not dare to transgress it, and waited for his coming out of the Apartment.

THE *Turks* are religious Observers of their Masters Orders; but *Aly*, the Captain of the Guards, who judg'd of the Importance of the Matter by the Number of the Expresses which came one upon the Heels of the other, thought it his Duty to make a Step to the Town, which was not above three Miles off, to inform himself; and repair'd immediately to the General of the Gallies, who was one of those who had dispatch'd the Spahies. The General sent him back that Moment, with positive Orders to speak to the Bassa, and tell him from him, that his Presence was absolutely necessary at *Tunis*, if he wou'd in Time oppose the Designs of his Enemies, who aim'd at his Life. *Aly*, who saw the Consequence of this Affair, made no Difficulty, when he return'd to the *Bardou*, to venture in before his Master, who being angry at him, for being the first to disobey his Orders, would neither hear him, nor receive the Letter he brought from the General of the Gallies; and shutting himself up, stay'd there till the

the fourth Prayer, when he mounted his Horse to return to the Town. He then receiv'd Letters from several Hands, but did not open them, imagining they came from the Sultaneſs, or ſome of her Friends, whom ſhe had prevail'd on to eſpouſe her Side.

THE General of the Gallies wondering at the Baſſa's not coming, after the Advice he had ſent him, ſet out for the *Bardou* himſelf, to know the Cauſe, and met him on the Road. The Baſſa, who ſaw him come with a large Retinue, ask'd him laughing, if he thought he had been beſieg'd, that he came to meet him with ſuch a Train. You laugh, my Lord, answer'd the General; but I pray *Alla*, before we arrive at *Tunis*, we may not have Occaſion for a greater Aſſiſtance. The Baſſa ſeeing he ſpoke ſeriouſly, look'd at him, and paus'd. Then reſuming his Speech; And for what, ſaid he, ſhould we need for more Succour? Is there any Deſign on Foot to inſult me? and for the ſake of the Sultaneſs? My Lord, reply'd the General, is there not ſufficient Reason to do ſo? And do you think ſuch a Prince as the Dey, who, notwithſtanding all Reconciliations, is your mortal Enemy, can bear the Injury you have done him? he that loves the Sultaneſs, his Daughter, more than himſelf? And what is the Injury? reply'd the Baſſa. What is the Injury! continu'd *Aly*; a greater, or more cruel certainly cou'd not be offer'd him. What? Shall it not be allow'd me, ſaid the Baſſa interrupting him, to ſet at Liberty two Slaves, if I think proper? Yes, my Lord, answer'd the General; no Body diſputes you that Right; but the Sultaneſs is no Slave; and Honour, Juſtice, Religion, and all good Maxims of Policy, and *Decorum*, unleſs you have a Mind to revive a Civil War, forbid you to prefer an ordinary Chriſtian to your Wife; and to deliver up the Sultaneſs into the Hands of a Chriſtian; which is the worſt Evil that can happen to a Woman of our Faith.

THE Baſſa thought what his Friend ſaid ſo extravagant, that he did not vouchſafe to return any Answer; but

but told him laughing, that he had taken the Alarm too soon. The General, being a little chaf'd, reply'd, he knew him too well to be offended at that Reproach; but he shou'd judge himself when he came to *Tunis*, whether there was Occasion to be alarm'd or not.

IF the Dey, reply'd the Bassa, has a Design to break with me, he will find some better Pretence than that you mention. It is true, I have sent away *Laura* with the other Christian, against the Sultaneſs's Pleasure: But I had my Reasons for so doing, and such Reasons as the Sultaneſs has more Occasion to be satisfy'd with than any Body. The General of the Gallies believ'd the Bassa play'd upon him, and had a Mind to make that a Myſtery to him which was known to every one; he took it very ill, and had said no more to him on that Head, had not the Bassa continu'd the Discourse. But, my Lord, said the General, interrupting him, what Pleasure can you take to disguise to me, who am one of your oldest Friends and Servants, a Thing which no Body is ignorant of? It is publickly known that *Laura* is in your Seraglio, and that it was the Sultaneſs who was shipp'd off with *Alexander*. Nay, it is said further, that it was for the Love of this Slave, that you convey'd her away in this manner, and that you have a Design to marry *Laura*, tho' she is a Christian. Besides, this is a Thing never was practis'd in this Kingdom, and that the Dey and the Divan will oppose it with all their Power; I can assure you, even your own Friends will hinder it if they can, and that not one of them will be for you.

THE Bassa hearing him speak after this manner, was going to treat him as a Visionary; but the Friendship he had for him stopp'd him: *Laura*, said he, whom I myself saw carry'd in a Basket, and whom I accompany'd to the Port, where she was put into a Boat, whom the Captain of my Guards conducted to the Ship, in which she embark'd, and who saw them set sail; this same *Laura* is then in my Seraglio, and I am to marry her? My Lord, reply'd

reply'd the General, if I did not understand you very well, and were I not convinced of the Sentiments you do me the Honour to entertain of me, I know not what I shou'd think of all you say; for you ought to know, better than any one, the Particulars of this Affair: But let us go to your Palace, and you will see whether it be *Laura*, or the Sultaneſs, that is there.

THEY were not long in getting thither. The Baſſa, who look'd on all that the General of the Gallies had told him as mere Fables, would not ſo much as ſend to the Seraglio, to learn the Truth of the Matter; yet in Complaiſance, and by Way of Rallery, he ſent *Aly* to the Sultaneſs, to make her a few Compliments on the Part he took in her Uneaſineſs about *Laura's* Escape.

THE Captain of his Guards, who did not believe his Maſter cou'd be ignorant of what had paſs'd, eſteem'd the Orders he had given him to be a Piece of Addreſs; and being willing to ſhew himſelf a Man of Senſe, who penetrated into what was deſir'd of him, went into the Seraglio, where he was inform'd, as he knew already very well, that only *Laura* was there; and brought the Baſſa an Answer of Civility in the Sultaneſs's Name. This perplex'd the General mightily, and gave the Baſſa ſtill a greater Opportunity to laugh at all the Reports he had made him, and to tell him, he did not yet know the Genius of the Dey, who ſpread theſe Rumours, only to ſet his Friends againſt him; to procure him the Hatred of the People, and to fall out with him more than ever. But he knew very well which way to do himſelf Juſtice, and therefore he wou'd firſt expoſe the Sultaneſs to the View of the Publick, and afterwards ſend her home; not being willing to have any Alliance, or Ground of Friendſhip with a Man, who only ſought Opportunities to ruin him.

WHILE they were thus diſcourſing, they heard a great Noiſe on a ſudden in the Palace, which was ſucceeded by the Diſcharge of ſome Muſkets, and the Clamours of People crying out, To Arms! to Arms! The Baſſa
went

went out of his Chamber, to see what was the Matter; and met *Aly*, who was coming to acquaint him, that his Palace was invested on every side, and that an Attempt had been made to enter it by Force, but he had repuls'd them with ten or twelve of the Guards, who by good Fortune were with him. The Bassa, who was Intrepid, and in the greatest Emergencies had a Presence of Mind, and a Judgment worthy Admiration, being sensible he had not Hands enough about him, to make the least Resistance; and hearing those without threaten to set his Palace on Fire, unless the Gates were open'd, gave Orders to notify out of the Windows, that the Gates were going to be open'd; to the End, that they who surrounded it, most of whom came only in hopes of Plunder, running thither, he might save himself the better thro' a private Door.

THIS Stratagem succeeded according to his Wish: He made his Escape from his Enemies, who without doubt wou'd have shewn him no Favour, if they had taken him; he fled with the General of the Gallies, and the Captain of his Guard, to the Mountains; and acquainting the *Moors* in those Parts, by whom he was much belov'd, with the Occasion he had for their Assistance, they repair'd to him the same Night; and by Break of Day, he found himself at the Head of eight thousand Men, some arm'd with Muskets, and others with half Pikes.

POOR *Laura* was alone, abandon'd to the Mercy of the Populace, who having in an Instant pillag'd all they found in the Palace, enter'd, without any Respect to the Place or Sex, into the Seraglio, the Orders of the Dey being such, and took from thence that unfortunate Slave, leaving all the other Women to the Will and Pleasure of the Multitude. It was *Laura's* good Fortune that he who was commission'd to seize her, was a very honest Man, a secret Friend of the Bassa, and who shew'd her all the Regard she cou'd desire in such a Conjunction. She was carry'd to the Castle, where the Dey order'd the same Officer to guard her. It was his Secretary, and a Man generally

nerally esteem'd by the whole Divan. As he was the only Person that cou'd speak to *Laura* in private, he told her very freely, the first Time he saw her, that the Bassa, whose Conduct had till then appear'd deserving Admirati-on, had now committed a Fault he wou'd find it a hard matter to redeem, and which was condemn'd by his best Friends; but he very much fear'd the whole Evil wou'd fall upon her. As she was already alarm'd at all she had lately seen; at her being forc'd from the Bassa's Seraglio, and made the Dey's Prisoner, she was extremely terrify'd at the Discourse of this *Turk*, who seem'd to her to be a Man of Credit. She intreated him earnestly to tell her what was the Matter; what was the Fault the Bassa had acted, and in what manner she was so interested in it, that the Dey would be induced to revenge himself on her? If you don't know what has happen'd To-day, said the Secretary, I will inform you.

I believe, continu'd he, you know *Chabania*, or at least, that you have heard her mention'd. Every Body is convinced of the Perverseness of her Mind: But on this Occasion, what she has said was supported by such clear Reasons, and such convincing Proofs, that her Malice has had its intended Effect. I know not whether she was jealous of you, or dissatisfy'd with the Bassa: But it is she is the Cause of all the Disorder that has now happen'd, and which will be the Ruin of the Kingdom, if some speedy Remedy be not apply'd. The Dey was playing at Chess, when a Messenger brought him Word, that one of the Ladies of the Bassa's Seraglio desir'd to speak with him, about an Affair of the highest Importance. He immediately quitted his Play; and having retir'd into a Chamber, to give Audience to this Woman, *Chabania* enter'd, attended by two Eunuchs who supported her, and flung herself at his Knees. My Lord, said she, I come to acquaint you with a Piece of News, which without doubt will cause you some Grief: But if I deserve Death, for not having been able to bear the Injury which is offer'd to your Blood, and to
the

the whole Nation, without informing you of it, I am willing to dye, provided you repair it. It is, that your Daughter is no longer here; that she has been deliver'd up to the Christian, who went away this Morning; and that a sorry Christian Slave is taken into her Place, who will dishonour you and us. Revenge yourself of the Author of this Disorder, and exert that Justice which becomes you, for so heinous an Attempt against God, your Blood, and the Honour of your Country. This Speech was no sooner finish'd, than the Dey, transported with Rage, call'd in those who were in his Antichamber; and being hardly able to speak, from the Emotion into which this Intelligence had put him, he caus'd *Chabania* to repeat before them, what she had just told him. Ill Luck would have it, that they were all Enemies to the Bassa; and who, instead of appeasing the Dey, improv'd the Occasion to irritate him more than ever, to take Satisfaction for so cruel an Outrage.

WOMEN and Eunuchs were presently dispatch'd by the Dey to the Seraglio of the Bassa, to learn the Truth, and the Particulars of this Affair; and they all brought us the same News: That the Sultaneſs was not there, and that it was not known what was become of her; that no Body had seen her go out, and that none but yourself was able to give an Account of her. After this, some Persons were sent to the *Goulette*, to inform themselves from the Officers of the Castle, whether they had not seen a Woman in the Christian Vessel, which went off this Morning. They made Answer, that it set Sail, before it was search'd, by the Bassa's Orders; and that the Captain of his Guard had accompany'd to the Ship the Christian who embark'd in it. All these Tokens, and all these Circumstances, so strong and so apparent, did but too well confirm what *Chabania* had said. Upon this several Councils were held; and as in that Assembly there were only such as were ill affected to the Bassa, or at least too zealous for the Dey, they all concluded on Revenge. I don't comprehend how the Bassa was not inform'd of this; for
the

the Rumour of it was presently spread over all the Town. It was first intended to surprize him at the *Bardou*, where it was thought he would Lye; but upon Information of his Return, the Aga of the Dey had Orders to go and invest his Palace, and enter it by Force, and to seize his Person, dead or alive; at the same Time I was sent to the Seraglio, to bring you away. They have miss'd the Bassa, which was very happy for you both, for otherwise neither of you would have been now living. But being escap'd with his Friends, and being Master, as he is, of the Militia, and of the *Moors*, he will make himself formidable to the Dey, and thereby may be able to free you from all Danger.

THE unfortunate *Laura*, who had been too much us'd to the Strokes of Fortune, did nothing but sigh at the new Evils with which she saw herself threaten'd. She knew, better than any one, the little Reason there was to accuse the Bassa of the Flight of the Sultaneſs; and believing that by justifying him, she should make her own Cause the better before the Dey, she told the *Turk*, that her Patron was not perhaps so guilty as they made him. I cannot tell, pursu'd she, what is become of the Sultaneſs, since the Morning she went out of the Seraglio; but the Confidence with which you speak to me, which is agreeable to the generous way in which you treat me, obliges me not to be so reserv'd to you, as I should be to another: Besides, in the Extremity which Things are in, there is nothing now to heed; I must acquaint you therefore, that if the Bassa has sent the Sultaneſs along with that Christian, as is said, she is gone with all her Heart. And because you might perhaps have some Difficulty to give Credit to what I say, if I did not inform your farther, I shall relate to you some part of a History, which will serve at least to excuse the Bassa.

YOU must know then, my Lord, continu'd she, that the Sultaneſs lov'd *Alexander*, and with a Passion exceeding violent, which was caus'd after this manner. The Bassa, who,

who, as every body is sensible, bore a great Affection to that Christian, had a Fancy, either out of Diversion, or in order to unite him the faster to himself, to see him in Love with some Woman, and judg'd me to be a proper Object to produce this, if *Alexander* could see me; but as I did not stir out of the Seraglio, and it would have been scandalous for a Christian to enter a Place where the Men of the Country are not admitted, unless they are Eunuchs, it came into his Head to have him disguise himself in that Habit; in which he brought him to me one Night, after having made me consent to the Visit. The Sultaneſs, who was already prepoſſeſs'd with a thousand Sentiments in favour of this Christian, of whom ſhe had heard the Baſſa ſpeak very often, underſtood with extreme Pleaſure her Husband's Deſign to introduce him even into her Apartment, and deſir'd me very earneſtly to contrive that ſhe might alſo have the Satisfaction of ſeeing him. This was no hard thing for me to do, becauſe the Baſſa, who came ſeldom to the Sultaneſs, ſending him thither almoſt every Day thus disguis'd, there wanted only to find out the Means to keep this Interview of my Miſtreſs and that Christian a Secret. They ſaw one another; and if the Sultaneſs lik'd *Alexander*, who is very graceful, you may eaſily imagine ſo fine a Woman as ſhe is, could not be diſagreeable to *Alexander*: Their Love encreas'd daily. The Baſſa, who began to ſee *Alexander* in Love, and believ'd it was with me, was mightily pleas'd. He had formerly had a Paſſion for me; but my conſtant Denial made him at laſt deſiſt; however, by the repeated Accounts he made *Alexander* give him of the Progreſs of his Amour, he found his former Fire rekindle; and judging by this I was not incapable of Love, he perſecuted me afreſh with his Sollicitations, which were generally mingled with Reproaches for the little Value I had ſet upon his Affection, in preferring a Slave before him. I would not undeceive him, tho' I foreſaw the Danger of it; becauſe the two Lovers would have ſuffer'd by it; and ſacrificing
myſelf

myself to the Pleasure of the Sultaneſs, whom I lov'd extremely, I let him continue in the Opinion that I was not inſenſible to *Alexander's* Merit. This Affair being thus ſet on Foot, there follow'd Intrigues, and ſeveral entertaining Adventures, which I may relate to you at ſome other Opportunity. In the mean time, the Baſſa prefs'd me warmly, and upbraided me every Day with the Diſdain I expreſs'd for his Paſſion, while I ſmil'd on a Chriſtian, who was leſs worthy of my Affection than himſelf. There was no Stratagem which he did not practiſe to ſurprize me, in order to compaſs his amorous Deſigns ; 'till at laſt he found Means to have a Converſation in private with his Wife, whom he took for me, and to whom he offer'd all the Violences imaginable, to revenge himſelf of the Inſenſibility I had ſhewn him. After he had ſucceeded, he left her without diſcovering it was ſhe ; but being touch'd with this Inſult, which he ſuppos'd was offer'd to me, which he knew not how to excuſe to an enrag'd and injur'd Miſtreſs, he thought he cou'd not better atone for his Fault, than by reſtoring Liberty to two Lovers, whoſe innocent Paſſion he had ſo unjuſtly diſturb'd, after having been the Author of it himſelf. He ſent me Notice of his Deſign in a Letter, in which he endeavour'd to juſtify himſelf, by the Exceſs of Paſſion he had for me ; and ſaid, to expiate his Crime, he was going to deprive himſelf for ever of the Sight of me, and ſend me back with my Lover into my own Country, which was all that could be deſir'd from the Generoſity of a Rival ; and that if I knew what Pains and Grief my Abſence wou'd coſt him, I ſhould find his Punishment was greater than his Guilt. My Joy at this News was not more, than was the Trouble of the amorous Sultaneſs, who was afflicted beyond Expreſſion. She cry'd inceſſantly Night and Day, and neglected nothing in her Power to hinder the Execution of a Project which was ſo fatal to herſelf. I ſuffer'd her to do as ſhe pleas'd, chuſing rather to renounce my Liberty, than be the Cauſe of ſo inſupportable a Miſery to her,

as would certainly put an End to her Life. But the Bassa, who is most tenacious of his Resolutions, not seeing what Reason she could have to oppose a Design which she ought rather to wish than hinder, considering the Passion which she knew he had entertain'd for me, and which ought to give her some Uneasiness, was unalterable; and knowing there was a Christian Vessel just ready to sail for *Italy*, he caus'd it to be detain'd for our Imbarkation. How piercing was the poor Sultane's Sorrow, when she saw the Obstinacy of the Bassa, and that we were just upon the point of going! I intended to desire him to put off our Departure to another time, in order to prepare the Sultane's to allow of my Release; but he did not appear at the Seraglio, either out of the Shame he had to see me, or perhaps out of Fear, lest at the Sight of me his Passion should get the better of the Resolution he had taken. The Morning we were to depart, the disconsolate Sultane's resolv'd to die, or follow us. She had long labour'd to find the Means to accomplish her Purpose. We had not slept all the Night. *Laura*, said she to me, after having well consider'd the Case, thou know'st the Affection I have always had for thee; that I have treated thee more like a Sister, than a Slave; Thou know'st my Heart, and I need not tell thee I cannot live without *Alexander*. I do not ask thee, continu'd she, kissing me with her Face bath'd in Tears, to have any Gratitude for what I have done for thee; but if thou art able, out of Pity do not forsake me in the most wretched Condition, to which a Woman, who loves as I do, can possibly be reduced, and contrive to save my Life. Had she demanded my own, I could have yielded it to her. She perceiv'd it by my Tears, which I mingled with hers. She then told me, that she had found out an Invention to embark with us, from whence she hop'd for a good Issue, if *Alexander* had as strong a Passion for her as he had intimated; That she wou'd cause herself to be carry'd to his Lodging, without the Knowledge of any of the Seraglio, and from thence to the Vessel on which we
were

were to embark ; and that the Bassa sending afterwards for me, in order for my Departure, we might all three get on Board, before any Body discover'd her Escape. To satisfy her, I approv'd of whatever she propos'd ; but in reality, I very much fear'd this Contrivance would not succeed ; and had I know not what Surmise, that I should be the Person that would suffer for it. Day-Light beginning to appear, it was requisite to think of preparing to effect our Project. We rose ; she dress'd in one of my Suits, and bid me send for the Eunuch who was *Alexander's* Purveyor, and who was wholly devoted to her Service. She made him fetch the Basket in which he us'd to carry his Provision ; and having placed herself in it, cover'd with my *Barnus*, she bid him carry her to the Christian's Lodgings. I saw her go away in this manner, waiting with Dread and Impatience to be inform'd of the Event, and for the Bassa's summoning me on Board : But at last, finding the Hour elaps'd, and the Sultaneßs not returning, I made Inquiry ; and was told, to my great Surprize and Dissatisfaction, that *Alexander* was sail'd, and that the Bassa, having accompany'd him to the Port, was come back and gone to the *Bardou*. It was then, my Lord, that I felt the Severity of my ill Fortune, in losing not only all Hopes of ever returning to my own Country, (which was what I might perhaps have reconcil'd myself to ;) but of ever seeing the Sultaneßs, who was so dear to me, and who render'd my Captivity easie. I did not doubt her Escape would be imputed to me ; but I had so arm'd myself for Death, by a serious Consideration of the Unhappiness of my Life, that when you came to me, you may remember I express'd no Concern in my Looks. And to speak the Truth, the Loss of my dear Sultaneßs afflicted me to that degree, that I cannot tell whether the View of Death itself could have struck me more. I was ask'd several Times what was become of her : I always answer'd, I did not know ; but as I was esteem'd her only Confident, this occasion'd the greater Jealousie ; and I perceiv'd the Minds of

all those who serv'd her, were in great Perplexity, and very much alarm'd.

THIS, my Lotd, continu'd *Laura*, is what I had to tell you concerning the Sultaneſs. If you think this History can be any ways ſerviceable to the Affairs of the Baſſa, and to the procuring a Peace, I ſhall be glad you would relate it to the Dey, tho' it ſeems to make me a little guilty towards both; but they know well enough what the Condition of a Slave is, whoſe whole Happineſs conſiſts in an abſolute Complaiſance for one's Miſtreſs, when ſhe condeſcends to reſoſe a Confidence in one. The *Turk* told her, that as the Baſſa had a Tenderneſs for her, and by Conſequence no mighty Paſſion for his Wife, he wou'd have no great Difficulty to forgive her this Treachery; and the Dey would not be much concern'd at her having been ſerviceable to his Daughter in committing an Infidelity to a Husband, who, he knows, did not love her; but it wou'd be neceſſary to make uſe of the Particulars of this History to bring them to a Reconcilliation: That he wou'd manage the Matter with ſome Friends, who were of the Divan, and eſpecially with the Aga who was the Dey's Favourite, and had a great Influence over him; and who, tho' he was a Renegade, ſtill retain'd a Kindneſs for the Chriſtians, and wou'd be able to do herſelf Service. He added a thouſand Proteſtations on his own Part, and many Civilities, which put her very much in Heart. After this he withdrew, fearing perhaps (it being very late) a longer Converſation ſhould become ſuſpected by his Guards. He promis'd to ſee her again the next Day, and to bring her an Account of all Proceedings.

THE Baſſa being at the Head of ſo many *Moors*, thought himſelf able to take the Field; and march'd down, as ſoon as it was Day, towards the Town, in order to favour the Retreat of his Friends, and of the Militia, who repair'd to him in Bands; ſo that before it was Noon, his Army conſiſted of above ten thouſand Men, *Moors* and *Turks*.

THE Dey also us'd the utmost Diligence to get a Body together ; but he did not find himself strong enough to go out and meet the Bassa, whose Arms already struck a Terror into his Enemies ; who were in Dread lest he should besiege them : But as the Dey was the chief Object of his Anger, and he could not be attack'd in the Castle where he was, without Cannon, he was oblig'd to wait for some he had sent for from *Port-Farino*, of which he had taken Possession.

WHILE Affairs were in this Posture, the Bassa assembled the Chiefs of his Friends, to complain to them of the unjust Procedure of the Dey, and to ask their Advice. He was surpriz'd, that all affirm'd, with the General of the Galleys, that it was his Wife who was gone away with the Christian, and that *Laura* had remain'd in the Seraglio ; and that therefore the Dey had Cause sufficient to act as he had done, believing it was his Device to get rid of his Daughter. The Bassa, who still imagin'd they were impos'd on, did not vouchsafe to contradict them ; but sent for the Captain of his Guards, and ask'd him before them, if he had not seen and spoken to the Sultaneß the preceding Day ? Poor *Aly*, trembling for Fear, flung himself at his Feet with his Face to the Ground, and own'd to him, that he had thought it was out of Policy he had sent him to the Seraglio, being willing he should seem before the General of the Galleys to have seen the Sultaneß ; but that the Truth of the Matter was, she was not there, and that he had only found *Laura*, who lamented the Departure of her Mistress.

THE Bassa could not yet be convinced, and said, it would be requisite he should see that Slave, to give Credit to their Report, because he had a thousand Reasons to believe the contrary ; when he receiv'd a Letter from the Dey's Secretary, who wrote to him in these Terms.

I Cannot determine, my Lord Mehemet Bassa, whether it was thro' thy good Fortune, or mine, that I was appointed to carry off, and have in Custody, thy beautiful Slave; but thou ought'st to be persuaded, that she could not fall into better Hands. She wants for nothing; and if I can do thee any Service, as well as her, depend upon it, I shall neither spare my Wealth nor my Life. Nevertheless, if I might be so bold as to advise thee, I wou'd tell thee, that thou ought'st to seek the Welfare and Peace of thy Country, rather than its Ruin, which is inevitable, if thou dost not moderate thy Passion. I know, better than any Body, that thou hast Wrong done thee, and hast Reason to complain; but I know likewise, that the Appearances of Things, which were against thee, impos'd upon the Dey, and that no Body is guilty of thy Wife's making her Escape, but thy Wife herself. The too precipitate Counsel of ill-meaning Persons, which the Dey follow'd, were the Occasion of his committing this Fault, and flung you both into the Disorder in which you now are. May it please Alla not to suffer it to go farther, and that we may not, to the great Scandal of all other Nations, see the Destruction of our Country by those very Persons who are constituted to maintain its Safety and Honour! I hope you will both be better advis'd; and so, in Expectation of hearing from thee, I wish thee all Kinds of Happiness and Tranquility. Adieu.

Assen, Secretary.

THE Bassa having read this Letter, could no longer doubt the Truth of the Matter, knowing Assen to be a Man of Sincerity, and his true Friend. He was already comforted for the Loss of the Sultaneß; he laugh'd at the Adventure, and did not believe she would have follow'd this Christian, if he himself had not order'd her to be carry'd to the Vessel in the Basket. He was not much griev'd at the Mistake he had made, thinking a Mistress well worth a Wife. He did not suspect her of Perfidiousness, yet he would gladly have known for what Reason

son she had put on that Disguise, and caus'd herself to be carry'd to *Alexander's* Lodgings. He judg'd rightly, that *Laura* must have acted in Concert in all this Affair; but he thought her sufficiently punish'd, by losing her Lover, and the Opportunity of having her Liberty, for the sake of a Mistress, who might become her Rival; and for his own Part, he thought himself well reveng'd. He perfectly long'd to see *Laura*, to learn the whole Series of this Story; and his Love adding fresh Desires to all these Motions of Curiosity, gave him such an Impatience, that how dangerous soever the Enterprize was, he would willingly have gone that Day to *Tunis*, if his Presence had not been absolutely necessary in the Army, to receive those who were continually coming to embrace his Party. He contented himself therefore with sending back this Answer to his Friend.

ASSEN, Secretary.

THOU hast in thy keeping a Creature, whom if the Dey knew how dear she is to me, he would intrust with no Person whatsoever; being well assur'd, by the Means thereof, to make a Peace when he has a Mind to it, and on the most advantageous Conditions. Have the same Care of her, I conjure thee, as thou wou'dst have of my own Person, and be persuaded that I shall never forget a Service of that Importance. Send me back thy Moor to-morrow at the fourth Watch. I have Occasion for him in an Affair which I cannot communicate to thee in Writing nor in trust to him.

Mehemet, Bassa-Bey.

NIGHT was already far advanced when he finish'd his Letter; yet for the greater Security, he would not let the Moor go back till two or three in the Morning. The Walls of *Tunis* are very low, and in some Places very ruinous, so that it is no difficult Matter to enter the Town at any Hour. It is true, that in this Conjunction they

were strictly guarded ; but the Bearer being known to belong to the Dey's Secretary, there was no Danger of his being stopp'd, and he pass'd without meeting any Body.

THE courteous *Assen* had been that Night to visit his Beautiful Prisoner, as he had promis'd her ; and had represented to her the present State of Affairs, giving her some Hopes of an Accommodation between the two Parties, because the Dey was already persuaded, by the Confession of the Eunuch who had carry'd the Sultaneſs in the Basket, and who having been secur'd, had confess'd the whole Matter, that if the Bassa had any Hand in the sending away the Sultaneſs, she had herself very much contributed to it by her criminal Love for the Christian. *Laura*, who was pleas'd with this News, could not sufficiently thank *Assen*, for the obliging Care he took of her. He had sent her so many sorts of Refreshments, that she was better treated in this Prison, than she had been even in the Bassa's Seraglio. She knew not what to impute so much Bounty and so much Complaisance to ; this perplex'd her a little, lest Love might be somewhat concern'd : For the *Turk* shew'd himself so civil, so courteous, and so full of Humanity, contrary to the common Disposition of the People of the Country, that so generous a Procedure seem'd to partake more of a Lover, than of a Friend to the Bassa. However he had not hitherto been wanting in Respect: But she trembled every Moment lest she should have Cause to be angry with a Man, who had already done her such good Offices. The Truth was, this *Turk* was acted only by a pure Motive of Generosity. He had been five or six Years a Slave in *Italy*, to a Patron who had us'd him very well ; and he thought himself oblig'd on that Account, besides his being a very honest Man, to do Services to the Christians.

AS *Laura* was complaining of her ill Fortune, which toss'd her from one Evil to another, he pray'd her to relate to him, how she became a Slave. As she was so indebted to him, she did not think, how disagreeable soever it might be

be to her; to revive in her Mind the Memory of her past Afflictions, that she could refuse him so small a Satisfaction, in Return for the Kindnesses he did her; and thus began.

MY Lord, I am of *Genoa*, and one of the chief Families of that Republick: But you will excuse me if I don't acquaint you with the Name of it. I am willing to spare that Shame to a House, to which the sad Adventures of my Life can do but little Honour. I was born in Prosperity; and my Parents, having no other Child than myself, educated me with a Care and Expence, which had in it more of Profusion, than of Grandeur. It was my Misfortune that my Mother dy'd before I was twelve Years of Age; and my Father, tho' already advanced in Years, marry'd a young Wife, more considerable for her Birth, than her Wealth. But of this there was enough in the Family, if Ambition or Splendor, which is generally the weak Side of Women of Quality, had been her Infirmary; but it happen'd to be Love. My Father being old, and she young and very beautiful, he had Reason to be jealous of her. He let her go but seldom abroad, and then always with himself, either to Church, or to see some Relation. My Mother-in-Law, disturb'd at the severe Conduct of her Husband, felt the Inclination she had not to be altogether faithful to him, grow stronger; for nothing provokes Desire more than Constraint, and Difficulty is the Mother of Inventions. She had recourse to several, to bring about some small Intrigues in the Town, but to no Purpose; not one of them had the least Effect: Nothing escap'd my Father's Distrust, who being a Veteran Practitioner in Gallantries, took Umbrage at every Thing: Insomuch that the willing Lady, despairing of Succour from abroad, was for casting her Eye about the House, to see whether she might not accommodate herself at home. She fix'd at last upon a Man of a Condition which I dare not, for Honour's sake, tell you; but who otherwise was handsome enough, of a good Behaviour,

and till then very faithful to my Father, who repos'd a greater Confidence in him, than in any other of his Domesticks. This Intrigue, so reproachful to a Woman of that Quality, continu'd some Time without being discover'd, till at last their ill Luck and mine wou'd have it, that one Day as I was laid down to sleep, on a Bed of Repose in my Mother's Chamber, I was a Witness of her Infamy. Neither she nor her Companion had perceiv'd me at first; because the Maids who waited on me, had cover'd me over with a Quilt which belong'd to that Bed. I saw them, and they saw me, to our mutual Amazement. I was then between fourteen and fifteen Years old....

WAS it not a Slave, said the *Turk* interrupting her, with a Tone of Voice, and an Action which sufficiently shew'd both his Joy, and Surprize? Yes, my Lord, answer'd *Laura*, somewhat startled at the Question, and looking at him earnestly, It was a Slave, and a *Turkish* Slave. Ah, Madam! cry'd the other immediately, Is it possible that you should not remember *Assen*; and that you shou'd be Madam *Eleonora*? At these Words *Laura* was struck dumb for some Moments, then recovering her Spirits on the sudden: O Heaven! cry'd she in her turn, can it be you, poor *Assen*? By what good Fortune do I meet you here, and am I committed to your Custody? By the best in the World for yourself and for me, Madam, said he, quite transported with Joy to find himself in a Condition to serve her. After the Obligations I have to your Family, I shou'd be the most ungrateful of all Mankind, if I did not employ even my Life itself to assist you. I am sensible, you might justly censure me in Reference to your Mother-in-Law: But what cou'd a miserable Slave do, when sollicitated by the Charms of a beautiful Woman, who offer'd him Money, and his Liberty whenever he pleas'd? I hope I have in some measure aton'd for my Fault, by saving both your Father's Life and yours; for she was a thousand times for killing you both, by the Sword, and by Poison; but I had

had Influence enough over her Fury to prevent her. She left no Promises unessay'd to prevail with me to execute so horrible a Design; and as you are ignorant of what happen'd after this Adventure, I will tell it you in few Words.

THE Sight of you, as you well observ'd, was a terrible Surprize to us both; and in the Despair it put your Mother-in-Law into, I know not what she wou'd not have done, to rid herself of you. But I oppos'd it strongly, and remonstrated to her, that for an Evil which might still be avoided, it wou'd bring one upon us which wou'd be without Remedy, and wou'd undoubtedly cost us our Lives: That it was much better to make a Friend of you, judging, that as you were a Girl who had already a good Share of Reason, you wou'd be loath to ruin her, and cause your Father an Uneasiness, which in all Likelihood wou'd put a Period to his Days. You may remember, that I went out of the Room with you, to try to persuade you to be secret; and urg'd to you, that the Honour of your Family requir'd such an Affair shou'd not come to Light; and several other Reasons, of which you seem'd to be convinced. You promis'd me at last not to make a Noise of it, provided your Mother-in-Law wou'd for the future keep within the Bounds of her Duty. I made a Report to her of all these Things; and your Discretion, which was enough known thro' the Family, ought to have been a sufficient Security for your keeping your Promise. However, this did not hinder her from being very restless in her Mind; and not being able to see you without Shame, nor come near your Father without trembling, she wou'd be continually saying to me, it was necessary she shou'd Sacrifice you both to her Tranquility; and that till then there wou'd be no Pleasure for her in Life: That she requir'd I shou'd do her that Piece of Service, or else I shou'd be the first to experience her Rage. I excus'd myself as well as I cou'd, endeavouring to bring her to right Reason; but for some Time she wou'd hearken to none. At last all her Bitterness terminated in a Resolution

to

to remove you out of the House, and she contented herself with asking your Father, under divers Pretences, to put you into a Monastery, or at least to send you somewhere from home. She had much Difficulty to obtain it, notwithstanding the blind Complaisance he had for all her Desires. But the common Quiet of the Family made it necessary to gratify her, and to place you a Pensioner among the Nuns, with whom you were some Time. A little while after, whether you had said any Thing, or that she was seiz'd with a groundless Fear, or rather wanted to rid herself of me by that Stratagem, she came into my Chamber one Night while your Father was asleep; and in terrible Consternation told me, I was a lost Man, that the whole had been discover'd to my Master, and I had only that Night to save myself. She gave me some Money; and seeing me resolv'd to pursue her Advice, she bid me Farewel. As I kept the Keys of the House, I cou'd easily let myself out. I took a black Suit of your Father's to disguise me; and as soon as it was Day, and the Gate of the Port was open, I hir'd a Felucca, which carried me as far as *Leghorn*, where I lay conceal'd for three Days, waiting for a Vessel of the great Duke's, which was to come hither with a Present for *Mehemet Bassa*, my old Friend, who us'd his Interest with the Dey in my Favour, to get me restor'd to my Estate, which had been confiscated while I was a Slave, upon a Presumption that I was dead; but not being able to obtain that Favour, he procur'd me, by way of Compensation, the Place of Secretary, which is no extraordinary Post in this Country. Thus, Madam, you have my History, since I left *Italy*. You will now oblige me with the Remainder of yours, to which I am a Stranger, not having heard from *Genoa* since my Return.

WHAT I have to tell you, pursu'd *Eleonora* (whom we shall still call by the Name of *Laura*) is only a Scene of Troubles and Misfortunes, by so much the harder for me to repeat to you, as they are opprobrious to a Damsel of

of Quality; but with you, I shall pass over all those Difficulties.

AFTER I had been two Years in that Monastery, without going out, my Father, mov'd with my Tears, took me home, where I was continually persecuted by my Mother-in-Law; who gaining more and more the Ascendant of my Father's Mind, made him believe whatever she pleas'd. She had engag'd in new Intrigues; which was the chief Reason of her putting you in such an Alarm: For my Father never had the least Knowledge of your Familiarity with her, and was very sorry you were fled, believing he had lost in you, the best of all his Servants. He design'd to have given you your Liberty; and therefore did not send after you, as he might have done. I was now become a little clearer-sighted; and what I already knew of my Mother-in-Law, made me suspect all her Actions. I watch'd her more narrowly, and in a few Days I discover'd a new Gallant. You may easily believe, that after what she had acted against me, I did not fail to do her all the bad Offices I cou'd by way of return: Women forgive nothing to one another: But besides Revenge, I was oblig'd to it in Honour. All this inflam'd the War between us, more than ever; and my Father was hard enough put to it, to content us both. She thought at first, that having driven you out of the House, she shou'd be strong enough to carry it with a high Hand against me, without fearing any Thing. But finding, by the Obstacles I flung in her Way, by the sharp Ralleries with which I stung her upon all Occasions, and by the other Effects of my Resentment, that I had penetrated into her Secret, there was nothing that Rage cou'd dictate but she put in Practice; she even threaten'd my Father, to leave the House, if I was not dismiss'd. She prevail'd over me with him, and compell'd him, since I wou'd not return to the Monastery, to place me with some Relations, where I pass'd six Months with one, and six Months with another, to the Dissatisfaction of all the Family; till at last a Grandee
of

of *Spain*, an old Friend of my Father's, happening to pass by *Genoa*, in order to go to the Kingdom of *Naples*, of which he was made Vice-Roy, my Father desir'd him to take me into his Charge, which he did with a great deal of Joy; and I was received by him, and by the Vice-Queen his Wife, not as the Daughter of one of their Intimate Friends, but as their own Child, both of them giving me so many Tokens of their Kindness, that I thought myself happy in being with them.

I was not mistaken in these Beginnings of Affection, which increas'd from Day to Day; especially on the Part of the Vice-Queen, who seem'd not to be able to live a Moment without me. She had been very Beautiful, and was not yet disagreeable, tho' she was not young. She had no Secret to me; she communicated to me even her most minute Thoughts; and I did not only make one in all her Diversions, but was also the Confident of her Heart. But between Woman and Woman, and especially in the Point of Love, a Friendship is soon dissolv'd. I was not thought homely; and having wherewith to be Expensive, I liv'd in that Court with great Splendor, and was much talk'd of. It was presently known that I was not one of the least Fortunes in *Genoa*; and this Advantage, join'd with a little Beauty, drawing about me a Train of Addressers, I saw nothing every Day but Entertainments on my Account.

THE Court of *Naples* has always pass'd for one of the Politest of *Italy*, because of the great Number of Persons of Quality there is in that Kingdom: But it never made so bright a Figure as at this Time. As for me, who knew not as yet what Love was, and who was young enough not to be in haste to learn it, I diverted myself with the Pains and Sighs of my Lovers. I had not yet found a Man, who had the Secret of touching my Heart, or was even capable of pleasing me, tho' there was Variety of graceful Gentlemen in the Court. The Vice-Roy's Son, a finish'd young Nobleman, who express'd Abundance of Zeal for me, was only a Fatigue to me. But I pay'd dear

at last for the Disdain and Indifference, in which I prided myself so much.

FIVE or six Months after our Arrival at *Naples*, there appear'd at Court a young Cavalier, who seem'd to have been fram'd on purpose for my Ruin. It was the Marquis *Hippolito*, of the House of *Avelin*, as considerable for the fine Qualities of his Person, as for his Birth; but in his Soul as false, and wicked, as he was otherwise the most accomplish'd of all Men. One can never thoroughly hate what one has once perfectly lov'd. I even feel, notwithstanding the barbarous Outrage I receiv'd from him, and which can never be forgiven, that if I saw him, and had it in my Power to revenge myself by his Death, which he highly deserves, my Weakness wou'd get the better of my Resentment. He was fresh come from *France*, and had taken that Courtly Air, which is so particular, and so natural to the Persons of Quality of that Nation. I pleas'd myself extremely with looking at him, the first Time he appear'd at *Naples*, and perceiv'd it with some Shame and Vexation. He incessantly came into my Mind, even to the causing me some Uneasiness. I was heartily troubled at it, and endeavour'd to drive the Idea of him out of my Imagination, at any rate; but the more I labour'd to do it, the more I found he establish'd himself there. I saw him again several Times; and what contributed most to my Ruin was, that by his Looks, and by his Actions, he seem'd to prefer me to all the other Ladies of the Court; and tho' he did not declare himself openly, I cou'd discern that I was not indifferent to him, and wou'd plead with myself in his Behalf. At last I became of his Side; and blaming myself for being too delicate, I began to imagine it was warrantable, and even a Point of Justice, to have an Esteem for a Man, who deserv'd it of all the World. Being perswaded of this Sentiment, Tenderness and Love soon follow'd, and took Possession of my Heart.

THE Vice-Queen, who us'd to converse with me on all the Intrigues of the Court, having one Day talk'd a
great

great deal on one and another, ask'd me if I knew who was the Marquis *Hippolito's* Mistress; because she had observ'd within a few Days, that he was become very pensive, which cou'd only be the Effect of some Inclination. If the Vice-Queen had look'd on me at the Time she ask'd me this Question, she might have discover'd in my Face the Concern I had therein; for I chang'd Colour several times; but as we were upon the Terras of the Palace, the Vice-Queen had fix'd her Eyes on the Fields, so that she took no Notice of me; and giving me Time thereby to recover myself, I answer'd her with an affected Coolness, that he was a giddy young Fellow, whom I did not think capable of loving; and out of a certain Jealousy which seiz'd me that Moment, for what she had just said to me, I drew his Picture, by so much the less like him, as it was quite contrary to that which was in my Heart. The Vice-Queen having look'd at me in such a Manner as had like to have put me out of Countenance, fell into a Laugh: Is it possible, said she, you shou'd have those Sentiments of a Man, who in the Judgment of all the Ladies is the Handsomest of the whole Court? If I did not know you very well, continu'd she, and was not thoroughly perswaded of the great Indifference you have for all Men, I shou'd be apt to believe the Reverse of what you say: But take heed; for sooner or later those insensible Hearts have their Hours of Softness like the rest. For my own Part, I must confess, this young Cavalier wou'd please me, if I were in your Place; and I don't think you ought to disdain him; think of it, he is a Man of Merit, and has all the Perfections necessary to inspire a Woman young and beautiful as you are, with Love.

WHO wou'd not have thought the Vice-Queen spoke seriously? And who wou'd have distrusted her, after the Friendship she express'd to me every Day? I know not whether I was to blame or no, but I suffer'd myself to be overcome, and was even on the Point of unsaying before her, what I had told her concerning the Marquis, and to

own to her that I was before-hand with her in the Sentiments she wou'd teach me, in his Favour; but Shame restrain'd me; and I thought it concern'd my Honour, to wait at least till this Lover spoke to me, before I confess'd my Weakness. I cannot inform you exactly, what the Design of this Lady was, because I never was in a Condition to unravel it; but as far as I can judge by what follow'd, it was out of a mere Motion of Jealousy that she said this, to discover if there was not in my Heart some Beginnings of Tenderness for the Marquis. She had seen us several Times talking together; and concluding by her own Sentiments, that it was difficult enough for a Woman to be acquainted with a Cavalier who had so many alluring Qualities without loving him, she was certainly suspicious of my having receiv'd some Impression towards him: But observing by my Answers, that I persisted in the same Indifference to him, as to all other Men, her Jealousy gave Place to the Policy of Love, and she was for having me contract a kind of Intimacy with him, which might serve her for a Pretence to see him as often as she pleas'd. At least, these were the Reasons, I believe, which mov'd her to act thus, and to tell me, it was the best Choice I cou'd make, if I ever had an Intention to love. I did not oppose her, and only reply'd, that the Liberty of my Heart was so valuable to me, that if the keeping of it depended on myself, I wou'd not resign it on any Consideration; but since such young Girls as I was, were not born to enjoy that Freedom all their Life, whatever Difficulty I found in it, I shou'd alway be govern'd by the Counsel of my Friends, and be guided by the Will of those who had the Direction of my Conduct. At this she embraced me, and said, it wou'd be well if all young Women were as prudent, and wou'd follow my Example: Since I was willing not to slight my Friend's Advice, she wou'd persuade me to permit the Marquis *Hippolito* to see me sometimes. But Madam, said I, interrupting her, has he ask'd your Leave to do so? And do you mention this from him? She smil'd, and told me, I needed not be uneasy

easy about that; and might well believe it was not from herself she made these Proposals, and that the Marquis had a Share therein. You may imagine how agreeable these Words were to me, who desir'd nothing so much as to be lov'd by that Cavalier.

OUR Conversation being thus ended we parted, each of us with Sentiments very different from the Truth: She supposing I was still the same, and shou'd never love; and I flattering myself that she had spoken sincerely and like a Friend.

THIS young Lord began to be more assiduous in his Attendance. The particular Friendship which was between him and *Don Alphonso*, the Vice-Roy's Son, gave him an easie Admittance; and the Vice-Roy himself, having a great Esteem for the Marquis, not only allow'd him to frequent his Palace, but encourag'd him by his Civilities to come thither often. I shall not say what the Vice-Queen contributed on her Part; but in all probability she omitted nothing to draw on these Visits. The first were wholly mine, at least they seem'd so. There was not any Care, or Complaisance, which he did not affect, to please me; he wou'd be where-ever I was; he applauded every thing I said: He took my Part on all Occasions: In fine, whatever Zeal can be shewn for a Mistress, I may safely say he express'd to me. He immediately pass'd in the Opinion of the whole Court for one of my new Lovers. Several of my Friends joy'd me upon it; I only answer'd them by laughing; not that I did not believe it, but I was not willing to own it, to avoid the Shame of having been mistaken. He had said nothing to me yet, and it was reasonable I shou'd stay till he declar'd himself. Whatever was the Cause, he never spoke to me of his Passion; and I learn'd it only from his Looks and his Sighs, which my Heart interpreted favourably.

THESE Beginnings of so fine a Flame vanish'd at once, and I perceiv'd it with all the Astonishment imaginable, when I least expected it, and was even preparing to give him

him an Opportunity to reveal to me the Sentiments of his Heart, as apprehending he might be under a Constraint by Respect, or by fear of displeasing me. I cou'd not divine the Springs of so sudden a Change. He was three Days without appearing at Court; and when he came he was grown cold and alter'd, and hardly vouchsafed to look at me. I was going to ask him the Reason of it, but a certain Pride of Temper prevented me, which making me consider the Procedure of this inconstant Man as the Effect of a manifest Perfidy, inspir'd me that Moment with a Disdain and Aversion for him, which soon gave me excessive Pain. For two Days together I was in Tears, complaining of my Love and my Weakness. The Vice-Queen, who perceiv'd me Melancholic, notwithstanding I did all I cou'd to hide my Grief, ask'd me what afflicted me. She suspected the Cause perhaps too well, but she was willing to have the Satisfaction of making me declare it. As I had hitherto had no Occasion to distrust her, I wou'd not disguise to her the Subject of my Uneasiness, and told her that she had contributed more than any body to the Sadness in which she saw me. At this she blush'd, not understanding at first what I meant. She believ'd undoubtedly that I had penetrated into her Secret; but I unhappily explain'd myself, and confess'd to her freely, that what she had said to me of the Marquis *Hippolito*, had produced in me a Disposition towards him which cost me dear, for I cou'd not suppose she did it to impose on me; but that he had deceiv'd us both. I shall not dissemble with you, said this Traytress; I was willing to have conceal'd from you the Change of a giddy young Man, and determin'd to speak no more to you about him: But since you have perceiv'd his Inconstancy, and it touches you, I must tell you that I have been inform'd, which affects me more than you, that he has another Inclination.

AT these Words I blush'd extremely, and in reality the Disorder of my Soul was such, that it was not possible for me to hide my Despair from her. Another Inclination

clination, Madam! said I, sighing. Yes, said she; another Mistress, whom he has lately chosen. Judge you, continu'd she, what I said to him upon it, and whether it did not deserve the utmost Reproaches, after the Passion he had assur'd me he had for you! Heavens! cry'd she, how deceitful are Men! He excus'd himself on the Friendship he had for my Son; that it was betraying him to become his Rival, and that the Confidence he had reposed in him, by imparting to him, at his first Arrival, the Inclination he had for you, requir'd that Sacrifice of his Affections. These are bad Excuses, as you see, added she; but what can be done? It is still a Happiness for you, that he does not know the favourable Disposition you had for him, and for which he was unfortunately oblig'd to me. He shou'd never have known it, reply'd I. You are the only Person, Madam, to whom I wou'd reveal it; but I hope you will never give him the least Intimation of it. Don't fear, reply'd she, I shou'd forget myself to such a Degree. If I were not so much your Friend as I am, I understand how to manage the Interest of those who confide in me too well, to do any such Thing. I then ask'd her trembling, whether she had found out who this fine Lady was, who had robb'd us of his Heart? That, answer'd she, is what I have not yet been able to discover by himself; but I shall endeavour to learn it by my Son, who is undoubtedly in the Secret. Leave this Care to me, and I shall not fail to inform you as soon as I am able.

YOU see how my Rival triumph'd over me, and made me her Diversion. I must confess, I was very innocent, to be the Bubble of a Woman, when my past Experience ought to have forewarn'd me against trusting any. The Confidence I had in this Lady blinded me strangely; and when I reflect on a thousand Passages and Sayings, I cannot comprehend how I, who had seen enough of the World, did not discern the Treachery that was done me. I tormented myself Night and Day, avoiding all Opportunities

Opportunities of being with the Marquis, for fear my Weakness shou'd subvert my Resolutions. I saw he convers'd frequently with the Vice-Queen; and having ask'd her about the Subject of their Discourse, and whether she had made the Discovery I wanted, she answer'd No; but that I needed not be uneasy; for the Marquis wou'd renew his Addresses, which was what she was contriving. I was fir'd at this, and signify'd to her, that I did not care for him any longer: That she might do as she pleas'd, but I pray'd her at least to make no Engagement for me. And to speak the Truth, I believe that by Continuance of Suffering, I became every Day less sensible of my Pain. I had almost comforted myself for my Misfortunes; when the Vice-Roy giving an Entertainment one Day in the Garden, I withdrew from the Company, to go and muse alone in a retir'd Walk. I perceiv'd the Marquis making towards me, and thought it to be the Effect of the Vice-Queen's Care, and that he sought an Opportunity of being reconcil'd to me. I know not whether the disdainful and serious Air with which I receiv'd him, was an ill Omen to him; but he accosted me trembling, and said with a Fearfulness, it was surprizing to see a Person of my Temper seek out Solitude, when there was such a fine Company in the Garden. It might be excusable, pursu'd he, in any other, and might be suppos'd to arise from some amorous Thoughts; but for you, Madam-----For me, said I, interrupting him? Pray, who has told you it is not Love that carry'd me into this lonely Place? Ah, Madam, answer'd he, you are too well known to fall under such a Suspicion; and I am satisfy'd if you can love any thing, it can be only yourself. If what you say is true, answer'd I, that I am void of Love, it is very fine you shou'd be the Person to reproach me with it. But, added I, as if after some Reflection, it is said you are not so. True, Madam, answer'd he, that is a Quality I never pretended to; and less in reference to yourself, than to any Person in the World.

To

To me? reply'd I again, you knew I shou'd be insensible. I was told so, Madam, said he; but I follow'd my Destiny, in making one of the great Number you have render'd unhappy at this Court. In the Point of Inclination, said I, no regard ought to be had to the Examples of others. One may be insensible to some Persons, and not to others. A certain Man shall please, without one's knowing why, amongst a Multitude of others, who shall be equally handsome, and yet shall not have the same Advantage. In fine, I know not how it is, but there are Critical Hours and Minutes, all the World over.

I cou'd not say all this to him, without Colouring. He listen'd to me with Attention, which sufficiently shew'd his great Surprise; and was going to reply, when the Vice-Queen, who lost Sight of us as little as she cou'd, came and interrupted us unseasonably. I will lay a Wager, said she, surprizing us on a sudden, you are talking of Love. It is true, answer'd I laughing; the Marquis has been reproaching me with my Insensibility. He has Reason, reply'd the Vice-Queen, to reproach you with it, for he is prodigiously in Love. If you don't know it, pursu'd she, I'll tell it you; and whenever you please, I will give you his History. I thought my self, answer'd I, well enough acquainted with him, not to be oblig'd to learn it from any but himself; and when we are by ourselves, I shall reprimand him very roundly on that Subject. All this was spoken with an Air of Rallery, but that did not hinder it from taking Effect. I apply'd to myself, the Love of the Marquis, which the Vice-Queen mention'd, and believ'd this was only design'd to do me the Honour of it, and engage me to answer it by some obliging Expressions. She then turn'd the Discourse, and brought us back to the rest of the Company.

THE next Day the Marquis finding me alone again, as I was looking out at one of the Windows of the Palace, to see a Tiyal that was making of some Horses, drew near to me, and entring insensibly into the Discourse
of

of the preceding Day, he ask'd me, whether, notwithstanding the little Inclination I had to love, I shou'd take it ill to be lov'd with the highest Passion? I reply'd, there were few Persons from whom I wou'd suffer it; and that in the whole Kingdom, there was but one Man to whom I cou'd forgive it. This, I think, was telling him enough; and the Looks with which I cou'd not forbear accompanying these Words, confirm'd him too well, that it was of him I spoke. He observ'd it, but wou'd not presume upon it. I know, Madam, said he, that without an Equality of Birth, without a great deal of Merit, and Qualities worthy your Esteem, it wou'd be an Imprudence, and even a Temerity in me to pretend to you: But the Person I mean, has all this in Perfection. Upon his taking that Turn, so contrary to what I expected, I had not the Patience to let him proceed, since I perceiv'd it was not for himself that he made this Declaration: and interrupting him suddenly; The Lover, said I blushing with Indignation, and Shame, who shou'd be like the Marquis *Hippolito*, perhaps might not displease me; but all others wou'd come a little too late. I had no sooner let slip those Words, but I repented it; and not being willing to hearken to him any longer, in my present Confusion, I retir'd. O Heaven, cry'd he, following to stop me, how unhappy am I! Unhappy? said I, turning towards him, Can my Esteem make you wretched? Yes, Madam, reply'd he sighing; that invaluable Esteem, which I was made to believe it was impossible to acquire, and for which I wou'd have given whatever I have most dear in the World ----- Here he paus'd. Well then, that Esteem? said I to him, to oblige him to go on. Ah, Madam! answer'd he, I have been unfortunately engaged to renounce it. At those Words I walk'd away, having sufficiently signify'd my Indignation by my Looks. But he continuing to follow me, I made a Sign to him with my Hand to withdraw, not being able to speak thro' Excess of Grief. What a Despair was I in! What a dreadful Night I had of it!

it! Rage, Shame, Spite, and Repentance, all seiz'd my Soul at once. I saw I was betray'd, and mock'd; and was so ill for several Days, that I kept my Bed. I resolv'd however to see him once more, to learn from him, who it was had made him renounce my Favour. I immediately imagin'd it was *Don Alphonso*; but I had a Mind to be inform'd how it had been contriv'd, and expected every day to see him with his Friend, or with the Vice-Queen. But he did not appear in my Chamber, tho' all the Court did me that Honour, during the Time of my Indisposition.

THIS mightily surpriz'd me; and hearing one Day, that he was in my Antichamber, I sent *Claricia* (a young Damsel who waited on me) to him, to desire him to come and see me. He was for coming that Moment, as the Servant told me; but the Vice-Queen, with whom he was conversing, wou'd not let him; at which I was not a little astonish'd; but I was much more so, when some time after I saw him come into the Chamber with the same Lady. He was very pale and much alter'd, which contributed to moderate the Resentment I had against him. You see, Madam, said I to the Vice-Queen, that one must send for this Cavalier, if one will have the Satisfaction of conversing with him. It is a Favour I am not us'd to do to any, and which I shou'd not have done, at a time when I cou'd have had an Esteem for him; but since I understand from his own Mouth, he has been made to renounce my Esteem, you may believe, Madam, I am not very much inclin'd to hinder him. It is true, said the Vice-Queen, he does not deserve your Esteem; but he is young, and you must pardon him. I do pardon him, reply'd I, but on Condition that he shall tell me the Person who has had such an absolute Power over his Heart, as to make him slight my Favour; and it is for this I have sent for him. He stood quite speechless; and turning my Eyes towards the Vice-Queen, to ask her the Reason of this Silence, I found she was much more at a Loss than he. I was just going to
speak,

ſpeak, when he roſe up. I will ſatisfy you in that Point one Day, Madam, ſaid he with a very perplex'd Air, but permit me to chuſe a more proper time. How, one Day? ſaid I preſently, and why not now? Is it this Lady who hinders you? You know I hide nothing from her. If it is I, reply'd the Vice-Queen, I leave you to your full Liberty; and with theſe Words ſhe withdrew to a Window, in a greater Diſorder and Emotion than if ſhe had been angry, which gave me more Curioſity than ever, to hear what the Marquis had to ſay to me; for which Reason I was not over-ſtaying with her, to ſtay by me. However the Cavalier did not explain himſelf any farther; but held out a Letter to me in his Hand, which, in this Conjunction, I made no Scruple to take of him, expecting to find in it the Secret I wanted to know.

AFTER this he retir'd, without ſaying any thing to me; and the Vice-Queen returning, Well, Madam, ſaid ſhe, what makes the Marquis go away, without diſcovering the Perſon you have ſo much Reason to hate? But I will tell you, continu'd ſhe, it is myſelf. I let her go on; for in the Amazement into which this Confeſſion put me, I cou'd not give her an Answer. You muſt know, purſu'd ſhe, that after he had told me the Regard he had for my Son, had oblig'd him to ſuppreſs the Inclination he had for you, and fix upon ſome other Beauty, I preſs'd him, for your ſake, to declare who it was, and he had the Insolence one Day to tell me, it was myſelf. I treated him, as you may imagine. I judg'd that the too great Complaiſance I had ſhewn him, had embolden'd him to aſſume this Freedom; but upon his returning to a Senſe of Duty, I became a little gentler, and endeavour'd to convince him of his ſhameful Miſtake, in deſerting the Lady who beſt deſerv'd his Love and Eſteem; and addreſſing himſelf to me, who wou'd never admit any thing of this Nature.

I knew the Vice-Queen's Character and Temper; and having had Time enough to recover myſelf from my Sur-
VOL. IV. F prize,

prize, and observe the Motions of her Countenance, I no longer doubted of her Treachery. Madam, said I with a serious Air, it is espousing my Interest a little more than I deserv'd, and even more than I desire. You had told me, this young Cavalier wou'd please you, if you were in my Place; and it is somewhat extraordinary to sacrifice him to me, when you are the Person he prefers. I did, said she again, what I ought to do in Reference to us both. This, reply'd I, surpasses the Conduct of common Souls; and I can't tell, whether among the strictest Friends, Friendship itself wou'd not yield to the Pleasure of being lov'd by a Man, who in the Judgment of all our Ladies is the most graceful of the whole Court: For Women seldom scruple being perfidious to one another. But what you have now said, Madam, seems a little inconsistent with what you formerly told me, of the Love the Marquis had for me. I believ'd it, answer'd she, but I was mistaken. And might you not, Madam, reply'd I, be mistaken again? For I have some Reason to suspect it. You are entirely in the Wrong, said she. Well then, Madam, reply'd I with a little Warmth, let us see which of us two is in the Error; we may discover it perhaps by this Letter, which I just now receiv'd; and open'd it immediately. The Vice-Queen ask'd me, in a Surprize, if it came from the Marquis? I answer'd her, Yes: and that the Curiosity I had to penetrate into the Mystery of this Affair, was the only Reason why I took it of him. Alas! what Security, said she, can you have of the Affections of a Man, who changes every Moment, and who may perhaps say to you, the same things he has said to me before? I was so eager to read the Letter, that I made no Reply; the Contents of it were to this Purpose.

HOW miserable is it, Madam, when in the great Perplexity of one's Heart, a Man follows other Dictates than those of his Passion! Never did any one love, as I lov'd you, the very first Day I had the Happiness to see you; and

I can assure you, I have never ceas'd to love you since, notwithstanding the Oaths I have been forced to take to the contrary. But the terrible Description which some, whom I cou'd not suspect of a Design on myself, made me of your disdainful and insensible Temper, having banish'd all Hopes of my being able to acquire your Esteem, oblig'd me to apply myself to some more indulgent Beauty; not out of any Inconstancy of Heart, but to cure me of a Passion, the Consequences of which I dreaded. Those who advis'd me to it, offer'd me at the same time their Service; Complaisance was such, considering their Rank, that I cou'd not however refuse their Assistance, if I wou'd. But, Madam, there are some Evils where Remedies are ineffectual, and that which your Eyes have done me, is of this Nature. If I have committed a Fault, in entertaining a Thought of breaking from my Chain, I suffer more cruelly for it, than you can desire I shou'd. And I cannot tell what my Regret for what is pass'd, might produce, if I had not some Hopes of repairing it. Permit me, if you please, Madam, to return to you, more in Love than ever; and let a thousand Repentances blot out the ill Impressions, my Error may have given you of the Constancy of my Heart. For how Disdainful, and Insensible soever you may prove, I am resolv'd to die entirely Yours,

The Marquis Hippolito.

AH, the Traytor! cry'd the Vice-Queen as soon as I had read the Letter. Is it possible he shou'd thus dare to vindicate himself from the most manifest Inconstancy that was ever known, and accuse others rather than acknowledge his Crime? Madam, said I very coolly, we must allow him a Hearing, and if you please to be present, we will send for him, to see how he will make his Defence before you. I, answer'd she, be present? What Interest have I in it, besides your own? I have told you how Things are; it is your Business now to do as you think fit; But if you wou'd hearken to me, you shou'd see him no more. That cannot be, Madam, reply'd I; if it were only

to know, who those Persons are, he mentions in his Letter, I must see him again; and then I shall understand what Measures I ought to pursue. I had hardly said this, when the Marquis came into my Chamber. He imagin'd, without doubt, that the Vice-Queen wou'd not stay long with me, after he was gone; and his Impatience to see how I had receiv'd his Letter, or perhaps to reveal to me what I so much long'd to know, made him return immediately. He was astonish'd to find us still together, and was going away again; but I desir'd him to stay. The Vice-Queen, who was perplex'd at his Arrival, as fearing I shou'd put him upon clearing up Matters, rose presently; and taking him by the Hand, I have something, said she, turning towards me, to mention to the Marquis; after which, you may satisfy yourself from him in your Doubts. This Action of the Vice Queen's made me pity her, notwithstanding the Grounds of Jealousy and Indignation I had against her. I said nothing, and suffer'd them to withdraw, expecting the Marquis wou'd come back to me in a few Moments; but he did not return all the Day. The next Day, I was perfectly well. As my Illness proceeded from Vexation and Jealousy, I found myself cur'd by the Insight I had gain'd into Things the Day before. I had Reason indeed to fear the Vice-Queen; but the base Measures she took in this Affair, taught me Courage, and made me disregard all the Mischief she could do me. I was well enough that Day to have appear'd at Court; but as I understood there was to be a Ball there at Night, I pretended to be still indispos'd, and went thither in Masquerade, that I might have an Opportunity of speaking to the Marquis. I fail'd in my Design; for he did not appear all the Time I staid there. And by my frequent going and coming, to look for him, I was discover'd by the Vice-Queen, who was alarm'd at my being thus disguis'd, and follow'd me, when I left the Ball, into my Chamber. Well, said she, what News, Madam, from the Marquis? I ought to make that Enquiry, Madam, answer'd I, of you; for I have

have not seen him since Yesterday, when you wou'd not suffer me to discourse with him one Moment, on a Subject in which I thought both you and I were concern'd enough, to desire an Explanation. I believe, reply'd she, you are sufficiently inform'd. Inform'd! cry'd I interrupting her, when I never had it in my Power to speak to him? It is reported, said she, that you put on your Masking Habits together. They who say so, answer'd I, are very much mistaken. I know my Duty, and there are very few that doubt it. The Vice Queen, who had a Mind to vex me, and come to a Rupture, went on to urge me; and oblig'd me to utter some Things which I had long had at my Heart, in order to convince her I was no Fool, nor fit to be made her Bubble. Being stung with these Truths, she said such bitter Things to me, that I cou'd not bear them, without crying; and not being willing to give her the Satisfaction of seeing my Weakness; I got up to withdraw into my Closet. I fear I hinder you, said she, from musing on the Marquis's Charms, that you are forced to retire? Or perhaps he waits for you in the Closet by Appointment? What you say, Madam, answer'd I, is so unworthy of you and me, that nothing but the utmost Madness can be capable of inspiring you with such a Thought. How do I know? reply'd she; ought I to trust those who will not trust me? Upon this, she took up a Candle, and walk'd towards the Closet. I look'd at her all the while, with a Disdain and Indifference, which provok'd her more than all that I cou'd have said. She did this only to push me to an Extremity; for she knew me too well, to hope to find what she pretended to seek for. However, by the greatest ill Luck in the World, the Marquis happen'd to be then in the Closet. She spied him first, as she open'd the Door; and casting my Eyes that way at the Outcry she made, I was so astonish'd at the Sight, that I fainted away. The Marquis, seiz'd with Grief, counterfeited or real, to be the Cause of such an Accident, flung himself at my Feet, and cou'd not forbear shedding Tears. I know not what

the Vice-Queen said to him; but one of my Women, who came to my Assistance, inform'd me that she went away in a violent Passion. When I came to myself, I saw the Marquis at my Feet, with so afflicted a Countenance, that my Anger was almost vanish'd. What have you done? said I to him. You have ruin'd me. Be gone, and never let me see you more, 'till you have justify'd me to the Vice-Queen. He assur'd me, I had nothing to fear, for he had done that already, and the Vice-Queen was convinced I had no way contributed to this Adventure. He told me, she had caus'd me to be so narrowly observ'd, since Yesterday, that no body stirr'd in or out of my Chamber, but she had an account of them; and this was the Reason he had not visited me; but towards Night, perceiving the Watch was withdrawn, he stole into my Chamber, and for fear any one should see him and acquaint the Vice-Queen, he had hid himself in my Closet, which he found open. This History, which was related to me with an Air of Ingenuity, having a little appeas'd me, I was not now so urgent with him to go to my Rival on that account, but I forbid him ever playing such a Trick for the future; and notwithstanding the Satisfaction I had in conversing with him, I press'd him to be gone.

I dwell perhaps too long, *Assen*, continu'd *Laura*, on Particulars which little deserve it; and it is abusing your Patience, to entertain you with Trifles: But as these were the best Days I had in that Court, and this is the noblest Part of my History, you will pardon the Reluctance I feel to proceed to the Incidents which follow'd, and which are so ignominious to me, that the bare Remembrance of them is more bitter than Death. *Assen* assur'd her, all she had mention'd was important, and that he had an equal Interest in the most minute Circumstances of her Life, as in the greatest: upon which she thus pursu'd.

THE Vice-Queen having fall'n out with me, and having a thousand Reasons not to be pleas'd with the Marquis, who visited me against her Will; you may very well

ima-

imagine she was extremely dejected. I gave the Marquis to understand, that if he design'd to please me, he must inform me of his Intrigues with the Vice-Queen; but he intreated me, in so graceful and so engaging a manner, to excuse him, that his Discretion subdu'd my Curiosity; and I even esteem'd him the more for refusing it. However, he said enough to inform me it was herself he spoke of in his Letter, as I had suppos'd. This wretched Woman not being able to live without us, was seeking how to come to a Reconciliation; and having found a handsome Pretence, she sent me Word by one of her Women, that I shou'd oblige her if I wou'd come and see her. I went accordingly, and she receiv'd me with a cheerful Countenance, for she was able to dissemble inimitably. After some kind Expressions, she led me into her Closet; where beginning her Discourse with a deep Sigh: Well then, my dear *Eleonora*, said she, you are still angry with me? I am griev'd to the last degree, Madam, answer'd I, that you shou'd have given me Occasion. Are you willing, said she interrupting me, to bury what is past in Oblivion, and that I shou'd convince you I am truly your Friend? It is what I cou'd wish, Madam, reply'd I; for honouring you as I have always done, you ought not to doubt that your Friendship is very dear to me. I ask no more, continu'd she. But tell me now; if it were propos'd to you to marry the Marquis *Hippolito*, do you love him enough not to refuse it? Such a Question from her seem'd suspicious to me; and seeing, by the manner in which I receiv'd what she said, that I shou'd not fall into that Snare: I don't speak to you, continu'd she, as a Rival, as you have thought me, and as, perhaps, said she smiling, I once was; but I speak as a sincere Friend, and if you will marry the Marquis, you shall have it in your Power. There is a Letter, pursu'd she, shewing it to me, which the Vice-Roy has wrote about it to your Father, at the Marquis's Request; and as your Father has a great Deference to the Sentiments of my Husband, I make no doubt but this Affair may be compleated.

THE Marquis had ask'd my Leave to mention it to the Vice-Roy; and perceiving by this Letter, that they were seriously endeavouring to join me to a Man, who for Fortune as well as for Affection, had all I cou'd desire, I resign'd myself to Joy and Gladness; but shew'd it outwardly as little as I could, still distrusting my Happiness, as coming from a Person to whom it cost too much, for her not to repent it: I thank'd her however, in the tenderest and most grateful Terms; and at parting we express'd so much Kindness, that it seem'd as if we lov'd now more than ever. At my Return, I found the Marquis waiting for me in my Chamber, who with a Countenance of Transport told me the News of our approaching Marriage, and of the Permission he had receiv'd from the Vice-Roy to visit me freely. I answer'd that I had been inform'd of all this, by a Person whom he wou'd not easily guess; and in reality, it was not credible that it shou'd be the Vice-Queen. I told him, that it was by her; and related to him the Conversation we had together.

THIS Liberty which was allow'd the Marquis to visit me, having encreas'd the Love we had each for the other, degenerated at last into a Familiarity of Tendernefs. We waited both with equal Impatience for my Father's Answer, and had already mutually given each other our Vow of Fidelity; so that if my Father had not agreed to our Marriage, we shou'd still have consider'd ourselves as authoris'd to live in a Conjugal Freedom. Such a Contract, which seems to secure the Honour of a Maiden, is the great Snare which Love lays for Virtue. The Marquis, who was desirous to see himself in full Possession of my Person, as he was of my Heart, dreading some cross Accident, press'd me to it earnestly. I wou'd not understand him at first; but upon his expressing himself more clearly, I gave all the Reasons against it I was able, for to be angry with the Man I lov'd, was not in my Power: But alas, in Love, a Maiden who reasons is in Danger of being lost. At last I suffer'd myself to consent. He was to come
to

to my Chamber in the Night, an Hour after every Body was gone to Bed ; and because my Chamber was next to the Vice-Queen's, which I could go into when I would, I told him I would leave the Door open, and desir'd him to make no Noise, and not to speak for fear we should be heard. You see, *Assen*, said she, that I conceal nothing from you. Tho' I could urge a great deal to justify my Fault, yet I cannot tell you this without blushing ; for I must confess that if I had been more upon my Guard, or at least more prudent, I had not been so miserable as I am.

THE Vice-Roy went that Day out of Town, and it seem'd to me, as if every thing favour'd us ; but what I esteem'd a Happiness, turn'd to my Ruin. The Hour came : I heard a Man enter softly into my Chamber ; I believ'd it was my Lover, and receiv'd him like a Mistress. I was far from doubting it was the Marquis ; for he had the same embroider'd Suit I had seen him in that very Day. Having pass'd some part of the Night in an amorous Silence, he happen'd to fall asleep, and as I found my self somewhat indispos'd, I was for having a Candle in the Room ; and to light it I ventur'd into the Chamber of the Vice-Queen, where there was a Taper burning all the Night. I open'd the Door, which had a Communication with the two Chambers, and was strangely surpriz'd, when drawing near the Toilet, where the Taper stood, and casting my Eye towards her Bed, the Curtains of which were drawn back on account of the Heat, I perceiv'd a Man sleeping by her in his Cloaths. I was doubting whether I should not immediately go back ; but Necessity obliging, I went on, and lighted the Candle I had in my Hand ; and having a Curiosity to know, since I had seen so much, who this happy Lover was, I view'd him, and observ'd he had the Dress of the Marquis *Hippolito*. This Adventure stunn'd me, and had I not been certain that I had left him that very Instant in my Chamber, I know not what I should have done. This amaz-

ing Circumstance awaken'd my Curiosity more than ever. I examin'd this Man with Attention, and found he had the Stature and the Hair of the Marquis. As for his Face I could not see it, because the Vice-Queen hid it with her Arm. I trembled all over. Can it be he, said I to myself? Can he have deserted me this Night, to throw himself into the Embraces of the Vice-Queen? Perhaps there is an Understanding between them, and she knew he was to pass this Night with me, and has thus perfidiously deceiv'd me? Having made these Reflections, I return'd to my Chamber, to be better inform'd; but how was I astonish'd, when I found, as I thought, the Marquis there! But having view'd him nearer, I discover'd the cruel Error, and that it was *Don Alphonso*. How great was then my Despair; I snatch'd up his Sword, which he had left upon my Table, and pausing with which of the Traytors I should begin, I concluded at last that the Marquis was the most Criminal, and that I ought to make him the first Sacrifice to my Vengeance. I immediately went back into the other Chamber; but the Noise I made having waken'd *Don Alphonso*, who saw me go with a Sword in my Hand into his Mother's Room, he started up; and running after me, held my Arm at the Moment I was going to plunge it in the Bowels of my Traytor; but was himself surpriz'd to see the Marquis lying by his Mother. Rage seiz'd him; and he was going to execute what he had just before hinder'd me from doing. I stopp'd him in my Turn; and flinging myself upon him: It is not to you, Traytor, said I, that this Stroke is reserv'd; thou shalt not have the Satisfaction to have the first Revenge. At these Words, and the Bustle we made, the Marquis and the Vice-Queen waken'd. The Marquis judging that *Don Alphonso* had a Design upon his Life, put himself in a Posture of Defence. In this furious Disorder I left them, hoping they would mutually revenge me of their Treachery; and retiring into my Room I fasten'd the Door, and taking what I had most valuable in Money and

and Jewels, I stole out, and ran thro' the Streets like a mad Woman, in order to go to the Port, to see for a Felucca, to carry me whither my Despair would lead me. I was unfortunate enough not to find a Vessel ready. My Impatience would not permit me to wait 'till one could be fitted out, being in a Terror lest I should not be able to conceal my Retreat long enough, and that I should be pursu'd and carry'd back to a Court, the Sight of which would have been more terrible than Death. At last I found a Ship ready to set Sail for *Barcelona*. I was indifferent to what Place soever it went, provided it was remote from *Italy*, and that I could conceal my Name and Birth: So that I embark'd in it without the least Hesitation. A single Misfortune does not come alone. Hitherto my Soul had been wholly possess'd with Rage; but finding myself at a distance from the Shore, without other Company than that of five or six Mariners, who knew not what to think of me, I was suddenly seiz'd with a Horror, which drew Floods of Tears from my Eyes. I shall not repeat the sad Thoughts which overwhelm'd me for two or three Days; but on the fourth I was interrupted by a new Subject of Affliction. At Break of Day I heard the Mariners making terrible Lamentations; I thought we were Shipwreck'd; and ask'd what was the Matter, more out of Curiosity than fear of Death, which I should have wish'd for heartily. I was inform'd that we were chac'd by some Galleys of *Biserty*, which about an Hour after made us Prisoners. I receiv'd this last Calamity with a Sedateness which even surpriz'd all that saw me. I was only afraid of my Person, being fall'n into the Hands of the most inhumane Wretches in the World, and who have very little Respect for the Sex. However, whether I was more happy than others, or they had some Regard to a Woman who did not seem to be of a mean Condition, excepting their first Approach, which was somewhat Rude, I was treated better than I could expect. They broke open my Cabbin-Door, but as soon as the

Soldiers

Soldiers saw me, not one of them offer'd to enter. The Captain alone of the Galley, which had taken us, gave himself that Liberty; he ask'd me civilly enough, and in the *Italian* Language, which they almost all know, who I was, and whither I was going? I conceal'd my Name, and Quality; and told him my Name was *Laura*, and that I was going to my Father at *Barcelona*, who was there in the Service of the King of *Spain*. I also deliver'd him a little Box, which contain'd my Money and Jewels; and to engage him to be favourable to me, I inform'd him, that Box had in it to the Value of twenty thousand Crowns: That I could have cast it into the Sea, after the Example of the Mariners, who had flung their Goods and Merchandise over-board, but that I rather chose to present it to him. I only desir'd him, by way of Acknowledgment, to put me in the Custody of Persons that would not use me ill. He promis'd me he would, and bad me at the same Time say nothing of the Box, assuring me that I should have a Share of it when we came to *Tunis*. I was overjoy'd at this, not from the Hopes he gave me of having Part of my Jewels restor'd, but because this Secret rendering me serviceable to the Captain, he would take the greater Care of me; and indeed I had no Reason to complain. He put me on Board his Galley, where he gave me up his own Room; and never came into it himself till we arriv'd at *Biserty*. On the third Day we made the Cape of *Carthage*, and on the fourth we enter'd the Port of *Biserty*; where being set on Shore, I was put into a kind of Litter carry'd by a Camel, and was brought after that Manner to *Tunis*, guarded by five or six Horsemen. I fell to the Lot of the Bassa, who lik'd me wonderfully, and gave me to his Wife. This, *Affen*, said *Laura*, has been the miserable Fortune of a Damsel, who was born in the Wealth and Splendor, of which you have been a Witness.

THE *Turk*, who knew the Condition of her Family perfectly, could not sufficiently wonder at her Adventures; and

and assur'd her, it shou'd not be his Fault if she was not more happy for the Time to come, and did not see her own Country again, to which she ought to make no Scruple to return: That what had happen'd to her at *Naples*, might be repair'd by the Vice-Roy's Son's marrying her, who would undoubtedly be glad to make her his Wife; and if he refus'd it, she wou'd still have Wealth enough to make her easy; that the Dishonour she had suffer'd from him, wou'd never be imputed to her, but to the infamous Treachery of a Man, who sooner or later wou'd be punish'd for his Crime. After this he repeated his Protestations to serve her, and to spare no Pains to deliver her from the Distress she was in; that he had good Friends about the Dey, and was well assur'd no fatal Resolutions wou'd be taken against her, but he shou'd hear of them Time enough to prevent or disappoint them. *Laura* thank'd him very humbly, and dutifully acknowledg'd the Mercy of Heaven, that in the midst of her Disasters she had met with a Man truly dispos'd to help her, and of whose Fidelity she cou'd not doubt.

ASSEN left her something comforted, and promis'd her to come and pass with her some Part of the following Night, because in the Day-time he was oblig'd to attend the Dey, to observe what was doing.

End of the Second Part.





THE
HAPPY SLAVE.

PART III.



ASSEN was mightily surpriz'd when he came home, to find his Moor was not yet return'd. He went to Bed full of Concern, lest some unhappy Accident shou'd have befallen him; and as in the present Conjunction of Affairs, it wou'd have been dangerous for him to be suspected of a Correspondence with the Bassa, he repented that he had expos'd himself to the Hazard of being discover'd. But the Moor's arrival set his Mind at Ease.

ASSEN read the Letter; and tho' it was not yet near Day-break, he dispatched away his Moor immediately, because this was a more convenient Hour than the fourth Watch, which the Bassa had appointed in his Letter.

THE Bassa wonder'd at the quick Return of the *Moor*, but being inform'd of the Reason of it, he was not displeas'd.

pleas'd. He caus'd him to be hid in his Tent; and as soon as it was Night he sent for the General of the Gallies, his Confident and Friend. *Romadan*, said he to him with an Air of Perplexity, what will you say of me, if I acquaint you that I design to lie at *Tunis* to-night? I shall say, my Lord, answer'd he, that you are too prudent to hazard such a Stroke, unless our Friends there have promis'd you to open the Gates, and you desire the Satisfaction to lay your Country in Blood. You do not understand me, reply'd the Bassa: When I tell you, that I design to go and lye to-night at *Tunis*, it is not to commit there all the Disorders which a just Vengeance wou'd exact. No; I will save the Blood of my Friends, whom in the Obscurity of the Night I might be liable to confound with my Enemies. I intend to go thither alone with a *Moor* I have here, and to repair to *Assen's* House, in order to learn what passes in the Divan, and after that to visit *Laura* in the Castle, and then return. The General listen'd to him with a Silence which sufficiently shew'd his Amazement. He did not think it was necessary to oppose, by Arguments, a Design so full of Extravagance and Temerity. The Bassa read his Thoughts in his Looks; I must own, pursu'd he, that I am a little over-hasty, and that there is Imprudence in this Enterprize, and, if you please, some Folly: But no Matter: And to save you the Labour of telling me what you think of it, I must declare to you, that I did not send for you to have your Opinion, whether I shou'd execute or not; for my Resolution is fix'd. What I have heard of my Wife, that she is gone away with the Christian; and that *Laura* is with the Dey, is what I cannot comprehend. I must see it with my own Eyes, before I can be convinced. I will know how all this Affair has been transacted, which I can learn only from *Laura*. And not to dissemble with you in any Respect, I must obey the Dictates of the strongest Passion Love ever inspir'd, and which I am no longer able to resist.

AFTER

AFTER these Words the Bassa remain'd silent, to give *Romadan* the Leisure to answer; who having cast his Eyes down for some Time, rais'd them on a sudden to Heaven, *Alla* preserve you, Lord *Mehemet*, cry'd he, from the Misfortune you seem to invite! But if it be so written, you cannot decline your Destiny. Then he represented to him, the many Obstacles and Dangers he must encounter, even before he cou'd get to *Assen*; that his Design was impracticable in every Particular; that it was impossible for him to get into the Castle without being known; and that for an Interview with a Christian, it was risking a great deal, to be willing to ruin himself and all his Friends, who were engag'd in his Party: Whereas he might compass every Thing without Trouble or Danger, if he wou'd have a little Patience. All these Reasons were ineffectual, the Bassa scarcely heard them, but, as the Night was something advanced, disguis'd himself as well as he cou'd; and having given the necessary Orders to the General, that his Absence might not be discover'd, he set out with the *Moor*, who conducted him by the same Way he had taken the Night before. They enter'd the Town without any Accident, excepting that when they drew near to *Assen's* House, they fell in with some Persons belonging to the Divan, who were all sworn Enemies to the Bassa, and who, by the greatest good Luck in the World, did not know him. He was oblig'd for this to the Dexterity of the *Moor*, who boldly told those who were accosting him, that he was a sick Person, and was infected with the Plague, and that he was going with him to a Physician; at which they presently retir'd, and left the *Moor*, and his pretended sick Man, free to pursue their Way.

THE Bassa thank'd Heaven for delivering him so well out of so untoward a Rencontre; and being arriv'd at *Assen's*, he rewarded the *Moor* as he deserv'd.

ASSEN was amaz'd at his coming. Ah! my Lord, said he embracing him, is it possible you should expose your-

yourself after this Manner? I should excuse it in a giddy young Man, who had only a Life to lose; But for a Man of your Conduct and Wisdom, and who are the second Person of the Kingdom, to throw himself without any Necessity into the Hands of his Enemies, and to run a thousand Risques of his Life; this, my Lord, if you resent it ever so highly, is what I cannot pardon you. The Bassa fell a laughing; and taking all in good Part that *Assen* said, whose Heart he knew was entirely his, he ask'd him, if he had never been in Love, and whether he did not know, that Love made the greatest Men commit Faults, which were always excus'd? But, my Lord, reply'd *Assen*, what Success can you propose to your Love? Is not *Laura* the Person you love, and is she not in the Castle? Yes, answer'd the Bassa; but since she is in your Custody, it is not impossible for me to see her. *Assen* wou'd fain have dissuaded him from this mad Design, but he prevail'd no more by his Arguments than the General of the Gallies had done before. It was impossible to see *Laura* without going into the Castle, and that could not be done in the Night, because the Gate was then open'd to none but the principal Officers of the Dey, such as *Assen*; so that this could only be accomplish'd in the Day-time, from Nine in the Morning till Six at Night; and the Diligence with which *Assen* said, whatever enter'd was examin'd, wou'd have deterr'd any other Man than the Bassa from so perilous an Enterprize. *Assen* told him, the best Method he could think on was to put him into a Sack of Meal, of which he had Orders to send in a Load to the Castle the next Day. The Bassa approv'd the Invention, without the least Hesitation; and while they waited for Day, they convers'd on the Subject of the present State of Things. *Assen* inform'd him of what had pass'd in the Divan; of the Affairs of the Dey, of the Number of the Troops, and of a thousand other Particulars which concern'd the Bassa. After which he withdrew to rest for a few Hours; but the Bassa cou'd not sleep,
being

being so near the Moment of seeing and conversing with his beautiful *Laura*:

THE Day came on, the Sacks of Meal were put into a Waggon, without forgetting the Bassa, who was inclos'd in one of them, and was plac'd so, as not to be incommoded. The Moor drove the Waggon, and *Assen* march'd at the Head of it. The Gate of the Castle was open'd at his Approach. The Guards were far from searching the Provisions which the Secretary of the Dey brought thither in Person; and the Waggon drove as far as the Magazine of Meal, where several Moors presented themselves to unload it; but *Assen* got rid of them cunningly enough, giving them several Employments to remove them out of the Way. This was very happily manag'd, for the Bassa, notwithstanding the Precautions which had been taken, found himself in a very uneasy Situation, and had lik'd to have been stifled in the Sack, which he had therefore untty'd to give himself Air. *Assen* and the Moor help'd him to get out; and not judging it proper to conduct him to *Laura* till it was Night, they left him for the Remainder of the Day in the Magazine, the Key of which *Assen* took along with him, and repair'd to the Dey, with a Design to get Information of what had happen'd since he was there last.

POOR *Laura*, who spoke to no Body all the Day long, impatiently expected the Night, because *Assen* us'd then to come and give her what Consolation he could. The Hour of his Visiting being elaps'd, she began to be uneasy; when at last she heard the Door of her Chamber open; and rising in order to meet *Assen*, If you knew, said she to him, what one suffers in my present Condition, not having any other Friend than your self, you would not make me wait so long for you as you do. *Assen* laughing, and turning toward the Bassa who follow'd him, Here is a Person, said he, who will find out the Secret how to comfort you, and for the Love of whom I hope you will pardon my Delay. *Assen* had said nothing to the
Bassa

Bassa of the Acquaintance there was between *Laura* and him ; thinking it more advisable to conceal it. For which Reason he broke in upon *Laura*, as she spoke, and shew'd her the Bassa behind him : But he was so disguis'd by the Meal that hung about him, that *Laura* at first took him for one of *Assen's* Servants. However viewing him a little nearer, and seeing him laugh, she knew him. O Heaven! cry'd she, is it you, my Lord ! Alas ! where are you come to seek an unhappy Creature, who has caus'd you but too much Perplexity already, and of whom you have so much Reason to complain ? It is very easy, answer'd the Bassa, to pardon what one loves : But is it possible that you should be here, and that you should yield up your Place to the Sultaneß ? Tell me whether it was she that betray'd you, or whether it was *Alexander* who was the Traytor. As for my Part, when I call to mind the Circumstances of his Departure, and that it was not his Fault the Sultaneß did not shew herself, since I hinder'd him myself, when he was going to take off her *Barnus*, I cannot suspect him of Treachery : Be it as it will, if he was faithful to you, I am sufficiently reveng'd of you, for you lose more than I do ; and if he is a Traytor, you have an Opportunity of comforting yourself in the Love of a Man more deserving than he was, of your Favour. *Alexander*, my Lord, said *Laura*, went away neither as a Lover, nor as a Traytor, at least with Respect to me ; and I have nothing to complain of, but my ill Fortune. This surprizes me, reply'd the Bassa ; and you must either understand the Art of dissembling perfectly well, or else I have been the most abus'd Man in the World. Recall to your Mind, my Lord, answer'd *Laura*, what I told you so often, that the Sentiments I had for *Alexander*, were of such a Nature, that I could quit them when I pleas'd, without any Uneasiness. The Ladies of this Country and the Christian Ladies are very different in their Manner of Loving : The first are very susceptible of Love, but they are also very inconstant ; whereas the others are somewhat

what more difficult to obtain, but they love longer. You did me the Honour of many Things, which you ow'd intirely to the Sultaneſs, whom you have often taken for me. The Sultaneſs! ſaid the Baſſa, alarm'd at the News: Yes, my Lord, the Sultaneſs herſelf, continu'd *Laura*; for it is time I ſhould undeceive you; and ſince my Honour, which I ſacrific'd to her, is concern'd, it is juſt I ſhould reſume it, when there is no longer any Thing for her to fear. The Sultaneſs, my Lord, purſu'd ſhe, who was more ſenſible than I was, of the fine Qualities of that Chriſtian, had a Mind to make a Gallant of him; but you ought in my Opinion to blame only yourſelf for it, who furniſh'd her with the Means to do it. That was not my Deſign, ſaid the Baſſa; yet I forgive it to a Woman whom I did not love; but the Treachery is too baſe on the Part of *Alexander*, who, not to mention the Kindneſſes I ſhew'd him every Day, ought at leaſt to have obſerv'd the Laws of Hoſpitality. The Sultaneſs, my Lord, reply'd *Laura*, waſt too fine a Woman, not to corrupt a Man of the nicest Honour; and I don't know what you would not have done yourſelf, had ſhe been the Wife of another. She had wiſh'd to ſee that Chriſtian; you brought him into the Seraglio, and ſhe ſaw him. He was handſome, ſhe lov'd him, and told him ſo; what could he do?

THE *Turks* never diſturb themſelves about the Falſeneſs of their Wives, eſpecially when they do not love them; becauſe they can change them when they pleaſe, and have always Variety of Women in their Seraglio. The Baſſa was comforted for the Loſs of the Sultaneſs, and told *Laura*, it lay only with her to make him a thouſand times more happy. As in the preſent Conjuñcture of Affairs, ſhe thought ſhe ſtood in need of him, ſhe was for managing his Favour; and without diſheartning him, as ſhe had formerly done, ſhe only answer'd, this was not a Time to hear ſoft Things. You ſee, ſaid ſhe, that I am in a Priſon, from which I know not when I ſhall be deliver'd. But I know it, reply'd the Baſſa; and if in three
Days

Days you are not out of it, Streams of Blood shall overflow this Town. Ah! my Lord, answered she, that would be the Way to hasten my Death, instead of saving me; and it being known that I am the Cause of those Evils, judge you, whether I should be spar'd. My Lord, if my Life be dear to you, continu'd she, since you have it in your Power, without spilling so much Blood, and Things are already in a fair Way of Accomodation, do not, I beg you, proceed to such horrible Extremities. I understand their Views better than you do, said the Bassa; they are for amusing me till the Troops that are expected from *Tripolis* are arriv'd; but I shall take Care of that; and if you will prevent all this, you must resolve to go out with me this Night, and follow me. Go out! reply'd *Laura*, where are the Means, while I am guarded thus in a Castle where there are so many Gates to pass? Since I am come into it, said the Bassa, notwithstanding all those Gates, and the Guard, and undertake to go out of it again, you may do the same. But my Lord, said *Laura*, you must consider that I am a Woman; and that besides the Facility with which I might be known, whatever Disguise I put on, either by my Shape, or by my Walk; the least Obstacle we should meet with, would discover me, and make me infallibly ruin you. *Assen* back'd these Reasons with his own, and entirely condemn'd such an Enterprize. You will see, added he, my Lord, by the Difficulty you and I shall have to get out, how we should be embarrass'd with a Woman. My Opinion is, as all your Friends counsel you, to come to an Accommodation. The Troops from *Tripolis* will be long a coming; and if you keep the Town block'd up some Days longer, you will oblige the People, whom we will procure to act on your Side, to ask Peace of the Dey, who being of a timorous Spirit, and without Resolution, will require no more than an honourable Composition. The Bassa, tho' of a Humour inclin'd to violent Actions, suffer'd himself to be persuaded by the two Persons he most lov'd, and whose Interest it was, he

knew,

knew, to advise him for the best. He promis'd to wait eight Days longer, after which, if Threats, or the Interposition of his Friends did not procure a Reconciliation, he would employ the utmost Force to bring the Dey to Reason.

ASSEN consented to this the more willingly, because he knew the State and Condition of the Town, and that as there was Corn in it only for a few Days, the People began already to murmur.

THE Conversation which had for a while run upon the General Affairs in hand, having now turn'd upon those particularly relating to the Bassa, he ask'd *Laura*, to give him the History of the Sultaness's Love with *Alexander*; which she related to him as decently as she could, not forgetting the Adventure of the Chamber of Repose, where he had taken his Wife for her; which the Bassa had some Difficulty to believe, and which gave him more Uneasiness than all the rest. She then told him the Design they had both form'd to get on board the Ship; and the Reason for which the Sultaness had put herself into the Basket, of which *Alexander* had not the least Knowledge. I believe it, said the Bassa; for I was in his Chamber, when the Basket was brought in. I imagin'd that it was you, and would not suffer him to offer the least Violence to you. I gave the Orders myself, for its being carry'd on board, and accompany'd it with *Alexander* to the Port. *Assen* and *Laura* could not forbear laughing; and the Bassa confess'd to them, that he should be dispos'd to laugh as well as they, if *Laura* had not been of the Party in deceiving him. That as for his Wife, the Hatred he had for the Father, and the little Inclination he had for the Daughter, were good Vouchers that he was not griev'd at his Loss; but that *Laura* must make him Satisfaction for all the Abuses he had suffer'd; since she had the chief Share of Guilt in his Wife's Treachery. The rest of the Conversation pass'd in Rallery; but as the Night was above half spent, *Assen*, who was not prepossess'd as the Bassa was
with

with the Charms of *Laura*, told him it was time to retire. The Bassa begg'd him to stay a little longer: for while the Night lasted there cou'd be nothing to fear; that he had not taken all those Pains to enjoy the Sight of *Laura* only for a Moment. But at last *Laura* signify'd to him the Fright she had been in from the Instant she knew him, and which increas'd in Proportion to the Danger, and that she was apprehensive he shou'd give a Suspicion to her Guards, by so long an Interview, or not be able to get out if he made a longer Stay. The Bassa, to satisfy her, retir'd, making her fresh Protestations of the Fervor of his Love, and that he wou'd perish rather than not deliver her out of the Hands of his Enemies by a good Peace, or a bloody War.

SOME new Invention was necessary to pass him out of the Castle; for the Guards examin'd almost with the same Severity those who went out, as those who came in. *Assen* led him back into the Magazine, where having dawb'd his Face over with Meal, he loaded him with empty Sacks, and in that Disguise conducted him safely thro' the Guards, as one of his People.

DAY-LIGHT not yet appearing, the Bassa judg'd it convenient to take Advantage of the Darkeness of the Night, to repair to his Camp, where his Presence was necessary. *Assen* accompany'd him to the Walls of the Town, over which he saw him safe, and then took his Leave.

IN the mean Time *Laura* was in the utmost Impatience to hear Tidings of the Bassa, and had no Rest 'till the faithful *Assen* return'd to her. Comfort yourself, Madam, said he entring into her Room; the Bassa is out of Danger, and all things will do well. Alas! *Assen*, answer'd she, they may do well perhaps, but not for me. You shall certainly get out of Prison, reply'd the *Turk*, and that in a few Days. I shall get out of the Dey's Prison, reply'd she, to return to that of the Bassa, which his Love will render a thousand Times more terrible than this. Did you not hear, pursu'd she, what he said to me? and what will become of

of me when I shall be in his Power! Ah! my dear *Assen*, added she with Tears in her Eyes, I foresee but too well the Misfortunes which threaten me, unless Heav'n takes Pity of me. It wou'd be much better for a Damself of my Quality to die in a Prison, than to get out of it at such a Price. *Assen* sigh'd out of Compassion, and told her, he had already reflected on all she said, and that it was not without good Reason, he had so strongly oppos'd the Design the Bassa had to carry her off: That he cou'd have found Means to have effected it, if he had judg'd it to be for her Advantage; but he agreed with her, that she would find it more difficult to get out of the Bassa's Hands, than out of the Dey's: That he wou'd keep the Word he had given her, to use his utmost Power to send her back to her own Country: That he saw very plainly he shou'd risque his Fortune, and perhaps his Life too, in the Attempt; but he wou'd not recede in the least, even tho' he were sure it wou'd cost him both; and that he shou'd be glad himself to return among the Christians, whose Religion and Manners he lov'd better than those of his own Country.

THIS Discourse was follow'd by a long Conversation, the Conclusion of which was, That *Assen* shou'd employ his Friends to persuade the Dey to give *Laura* her Liberty, and send her into her own Country, to decline the Shame he wou'd incur, if he were oblig'd to restore her to the Bassa, and see her possess the Place of his Daughter; and in case this did not take Effect, he wou'd try the last Extremities to help her to escape in a Brigantine of his own, which he wou'd cause to be kept in a Readiness for this Occasion. *Laura* was extremely sensible of the Obligations she ow'd him, and told him more than once, that he might be assur'd she wou'd not be ungrateful, and that he shou'd find in her Family a Support which shou'd never fail him, and Wealth more than he cou'd desire. *Assen*, who did not stand in need of these Promises to encourage him, took his Leave, and pass'd the rest of the Night in pondering this Affair. He slept little; and as soon as it was Day, went

went to those Persons whose Assistance he thought he shou'd want in the Dey. *Beyran* Aga, the Dey's Favourite, was one of them, and he in whom *Assen* most confided, on account of the good Disposition he had observ'd in him towards the Christians, and for the particular Friendship he had for him. The Aga was very willing to serve him; but at the same time ask'd to see *Laura*. *Assen* was apprehensive the Sight of a Damsel so capable as *Laura* was, to inspire Love into the Heart of so young a Man, like the Aga, shou'd prove an Obstacle to his Design, and endeavour'd to put him off by the most plausible Reasons he cou'd invent. *Beyran* perceiv'd it was a Denial, and imagin'd that *Assen* lov'd her; and concealing his Resentment, told him he wou'd do all that lay in his Power to induce the Dey to set her at Liberty. But he acted faintly in the Matter; and the Dey, whose Interest it was to detain *Laura*, either that he might exchange her for his Daughter, or else that the Bassa loving her so violently, if he shou'd be oblig'd to treat a Peace with him, he might make it upon better Terms, was not inclin'd to part with her, as the rest of *Assen's* Friends advis'd him.

ASSEN being in Despair that his Expedient had not succeeded, resolv'd to carry her off by Stealth. *Beyran*, on the other hand, was more and more desirous to have a sight of her; and to obtain it without bringing himself under any Obligation to *Assen*, he ask'd the Dey's Permission for it, in order, as he said, to learn from her the Truth of what was reported of the Sultaness's Intrigue with the Christian. The Dey, who was too well convinced of it by the many Testimonies he had received, wanted no further Information: But the Aga being his Favourite, he wou'd not refuse this Liberty to his Curiosity, which he judg'd was the sole Cause of his Request, and so gave him an Order to the Guards about *Laura*, to let him pass.

BEYRAN had heard she was very beautiful, and a Native of *Italy*, a Country where he himself was born. He had often inquir'd of some of the Dey's Household, how

long she had been at *Tunis*, and how she had been taken, but cou'd never learn any thing concerning her. He therefore expected to have the Satisfaction of hearing it from herself.

ASSEN had employ'd all the Day to arm his Brigantine, under the Pretence of sending it to cruise, and had order'd his Crew, who were almost all Christians, to hold themselves ready at the Cape of *Carthage*, to set Sail upon the first Notice from him. *Laura* was consenting to trust herself at Sea in that little Vessel; they hoped to arrive in two Days at *St. Peter's* Islands, if the Wind was Fair. *Assen* went to her, and found her trembling for Fear. It is not a time to tremble, Madam, said he, but to arm yourself with Resolution. I am a Woman, *Assen*, answer'd she, and a Woman so unfortunate, that I have Reason to fear every Thing, both for you and myself. He endeavour'd to encourage her, telling her she was just on the Point of obtaining her Liberty, and that he was going to take her out of the Castle, without any Difficulty or Danger. *Laura* was still afraid, and in such a Perplexity that she did not know how to set about her Escape; when her Chamber-door opening on a sudden, she turn'd her Head, and saw a Man coming in. She was frighten'd, believing they had been discover'd. O Heaven! we are ruin'd, cry'd she, and fainted away. If *Assen* was touch'd at this Accident, he was not less surpriz'd at the Arrival of the Aga, whom he knew at the first Sight. He cou'd not imagine the Occasion of his coming, being sensible it cou'd be only by the Dey's Order. They both join'd to help *Laura*; but *Beyran* seem'd to be the most busy. He look'd at her, examin'd her Face, her Stature, her Hair and her Hands, with an Attention and a Concern which appear'd too extraordinary not to amaze *Assen*, to whom he had not yet said one Word. But releasing at once a thousand Sighs, which his Consternation had hitherto suspended: O Heav'n! cry'd he with an Air of Transport, it is she herself, it is my dear *Eleonora*; and flinging himself at her Feet, he embraced

braced them after such a manner, as if he was going to expire with Joy.

THESE Words, these Transports, and the Name of *Eleonora* which *Assen* heard him pronounce, so astonish'd him, that he doubted for some time whether it was the Aga whom he saw before his Eyes. *Laura* was now come to herself a little; and being vex'd to see at her Feet a Man she did not know, and who had like to have been the Cause of her Death, she made some Efforts to put him away; but the Aga, with his Eyes bath'd in Tears, and not able to utter one Word, clung to them more than before. At which *Laura* being mightily astonish'd: My Lord, said she, if it be the Concern you have for the ill Fortune of an unhappy Slave that makes you pity her, I was in the wrong to be so much alarm'd at the Sight of you. For I fear'd you did not come hither without some Design, and that perhaps contrary to my Wishes. How little you know, Madam, said the Aga in a languishing Tone, him who is before you! The Voice struck *Laura*, who having recover'd herself, and casting her Eyes on him, to examine him more narrowly, What do I behold, just Heaven! cry'd she aloud. Is it possible it can be he? and ending these Words, she fainted away again in the Arms of *Assen*, who in great Perplexity pray'd the Aga to withdraw for a Moment, lest the Sight of him, being unknown, shou'd in the End prove fatal to this poor Dam-sel. Unknown? answer'd the Aga. Alas, she knows me but too well! I am the sole Cause of all her Misfortunes. *Assen*, added he, I know your Probity, and you are my Friend; so that I run no Risque in reposing Confidence in you. This Person, by her Merit, as well as by her Birth, is not unworthy your Care; and I wou'd lose a thousand Lives rather than any Harm shou'd happen to her.

ASSEN, who pass'd from one Astonishment into another, was impatient to be inform'd of this Adventure: but *Laura's* present Necessities oblig'd him to defer it to another Time: The Aga assisted him with great Earnestness;

and this Beauty beginning to come to herself, *Assen* acquainted her that the *Turk* who was come into her Room, was the Aga, the Favourite of the Dey, whom he had mention'd to her. She made no Answer, but turn'd her heavy Eyes towards the Aga; and with a faint Voice: Ah, cruel Man! said she to him, what Fate brings thee here, to persecute me, and be my Death? *Beyran* cou'd not hear these Words, without flinging himself a second time at her Knees, which he had bath'd with a Torrent of Tears. Let me go, Traytor, said she, let me die, and seek not to seduce me by thy Tears, which, deceitful as they are, have but too much Power over my feeble Heart. *Assen*, who was the Spectator of so tender a Scene, and who had so lately heard from *Laura* the History of the Marquis *Hippolito*, and of *Don Alphonso*, did not know what to think. As the Aga was a late Renegade, arriv'd within a Year at *Tunis*; he thought within himself, he might perhaps be one of those two Lovers, but rather *Hippolito*, than *Don Alphonso*, because *Laura*, in the midst of her Anger, cou'd not forbear expressing to him a Tenderness of Heart, which cou'd belong only to a Lover well belov'd. He wou'd willingly have unfolded this Secret; but it was not proper to interrupt them, and he was in hopes, before the Scene was ended, he shou'd discover it. However, finding himself press'd in time, and that they were both fall'n into a profound Silence, he address'd himself to the Aga, who he saw was Friend enough to *Laura* not to be distrusted. My Lord, said he, if I did not know you so perfectly as I do, to hope that you will not oppose us in the Design we have laid; what I have now seen and heard is sufficient to persuade me, that you will go farther still, and even lend your Assistance. You may be sensible, by my Request to you Yesterday, that I was labouring to procure the Liberty of this Slave. My Project has not succeeded, but I have form'd another, which if you think fit shall be executed this very Night, and it is high time it were: You are not ignorant that the Bassa is passionately in Love with her: If
you

you give him time to see her again, it will never be in our Power to get her out of his Hands, and if that shou'd not happen, and a War shou'd follow, we shall not have less Difficulty to contrive her Escape. Perhaps also we may be prevented by her Death. The People are incens'd against her: They believe her to be the Cause of all this Disorder; and at the least Alarm she will be made a Sacrifice. Let us think then of taking our Precautions: All Things are ready and prepar'd so as to promise Success.

THE Aga look'd at him like a Man newly come out of a Swoon: Let us, said he, my dear *Affen*, put in Practice whatever you think proper, and do not consult me at all; for in the State in which I now find myself, I am intirely incapable of giving you any reasonable Advice. I will do whatever you shall tell me, pursu'd he, and will employ all the Power I have in the Castle to favour your Design, and place the Lady out of Danger. Ah ungrateful Wretch, said *Laura* to him, dost thou talk of securing me from Danger, thou who art the Cause of all my Misfortunes! Go, base Man, go; it is an Obligation I will never come under to thee; I had rather die in this Prison, than I may have nothing but Reproaches to make thee. It is not now a proper time, Madam, said *Affen*, who did not enter into the Nicety of her Sentiments, to refuse any Assistance, and especially that of the Aga who is Captain of the Guard, and who can cause the Gates to be open'd to us when he will, without Danger of our being examin'd or stopp'd. What Certainty, answer'd she, would there be in reposing a Confidence in the most perfidious Man living? No, no, I will sooner chuse to die here, than make use of his Service, after the double Treachery he has play'd me. Ah cruel Remembrance! added she with Tears. It is true, Madam, said *Beyran*, with an Action extremely moving, I have deserv'd not to live; but perhaps I am not so guilty as you think me. *Don Alphonso*, and *Claricia*, who both betray'd us, have expiated their Crimes by their Deaths; and if you think I ought to undergo the same rigorous

Punishment, I willingly submit; you see me, Madam, in a Country whither the sole Despair I fell into on the News of your Death, has brought me. For being told, after a diligent Enquiry about the Way you had taken, that you had embark'd on a Vessel bound for *Barcelona*, I steer'd the same Course, and arriving there was inform'd a few Days after that your Vessel had perish'd at Sea, and not so much as one Person was sav'd. How great was then my Affliction! my Grief was then inexpressible, and mov'd Pity in all who saw me, and I know not how I came to survive it; unless it was because Heav'n reserv'd me for the Blessing of seeing you again, that I might justify myself to you; for that was my most ardent Wish, and what gave me the greatest Uneasiness. The Life I have led since, has been such, that there is no Crime it wou'd not expiate, were it not committed against yourself. *Laura* heard him with some Regard, and wou'd have been glad to find what he said to be true, and that he had not been so guilty as she believ'd; but the Appearances were so strong against him, that the sole Idea of what had pass'd, and of what she had seen, put her into a violent Passion: she bid him be gone out of her Sight, and leave her Room, and never let her see him more. The disconsolate *Beyran*, still at her Knees, said the tenderest Things imaginable to her, in hopes to appease her; and *Assen*, who wanted no farther Information to be able to guess it was the Marquis *Hippolito*, under the Name of *Beyran*, took his Part against *Laura*, and intreated her to grant something to the Repentance of so tender a Lover, who was upon the point of delivering her from all her Grievances, by freeing her from a Captivity, of which he perhaps had been but the innocent Cause. She answer'd seemingly in Anger, that she valu'd her Liberty no longer, and had rather return to the *Bassa*, than to go away with a Man whom she hated mortally. *Assen* was in great Perplexity; however he did not despair of her yielding at last to the Tears and Prayers of a Lover, if she wou'd not suffer herself to be overcome by the Persuasions of a Friend.

PRIDE oblig'd her to hold out a-while, and make a Shew of Resistance, that she might surrender in form. She was pleas'd that *Assen* solicited in favour of the Marquis, and was willing to pardon him at his Request, if he cou'd clear himself in a tolerable Degree of the Treacheries she had suffer'd. But this requir'd a long Discourse; and *Assen* told the Aga, that if he purpos'd to execute the Design he had mention'd to him, they must not stay 'till the Night was farther spent; because they were oblig'd before Break of Day, to be at the Cape of *Carthage*, where his Brigantine waited for them. *Beyran* answer'd it was impossible to get out of the Castle that Night, because not above two Hours ago, the Spies they had in the Bassa's Camp had brought Word, that he had been the Night before in the Town; upon which the Dey had forbidden any Person to be suffer'd to pass out, or in, 'till it was Day. *Laura* and *Assen* were surpriz'd at this News, and thereby judg'd what a Hazard the Bassa had run. *Beyran* finding his beautiful *Eleonora* somewhat gentler, was for improving so favourable a beginning, to appease her quite; but tho' she saw him mightily afflicted, she offer'd Violence to her inward Motions, which pleaded in his Behalf, and wou'd not discover to him the least Mitigation. *Assen*, who concluded it wou'd require one Night's Space to dispose her to a thorough Reconciliation, ask'd the Aga if he did not think it proper to withdraw, lest if they were seen to come away so late from *Laura*, it might afford Cause of Suspicion. The Aga told him there was nothing to fear; and that he having a particular Power from the Dey to stay there as long as he pleas'd, whatever shou'd be said of it wou'd signify nothing. However *Laura*, who inclin'd more to *Assen's* Opinion, enjoin'd him, tho' not without some Difficulty, to retire. The Aga obey'd her Order very respectfully, and intreated her to permit him at least to hope for an absolute Pardon, if he cou'd make appear to her, that he was innocent in reference to *Alphonso*. She wou'd not make him an Answer; but her Eyes spoke for her, and

her Heart betray'd her. *Beyran* kiss'd one of her Hands, which she cou'd not refuse him; and he left her full of this Evening's Adventure, with which she entertain'd herself the rest of the Night. She knew not what to imagine of the Fortune of *Beyran*, who she believ'd had turn'd *Turk* out of Despair. The Tears then flow'd from her Eyes, and she was sensible, that if as he had told her, she had been betray'd by her Woman, and he had had no Hand in the infamous Action of *Alphonso*, as in reality it was very improbable he shou'd, she ought to love him more than ever, and forgive him his Adventure with the Vice-Queen, tho' that was so nice a Point that she cou'd not think of it without sighing.

ASSEN found that what the Aga had told him was true, and not being able to go out of the Castle, he lay in his Apartment, where this pretended Renegade provided him a Bed; but they spent the whole Night in conversing. *Assen* had an extreme Curiosity to know the History of the Marquis, having already heard that of *Laura*. He put him therefore upon it as soon as they were alone. The Aga, who thought he shou'd need his Assistance to make his Peace with *Laura*, readily comply'd; and understanding he had been partly inform'd by *Laura*, he proceeded to relate to him, what had not come to her Knowledge, and thus began.

AT my Arrival at *Naples*, meeting with the Vice-Roy's Son, whom I was formerly acquainted with, we renew'd our Friendship, which by the Conformity of our Age, rather than from Inclination, was pretty close. He carry'd me to the Court, and judging it necessary for a Stranger to be a little instructed in the Situation of it, he gave me an Account of the principal Intrigues or Amours, and even began with intrusting to my Confidence the Love he had for the beautiful *Eleonora*, expecting that I shou'd assist him in it. I saw her, and presently felt in myself that I shou'd not long be *Alphonso's* Friend, without becoming his Rival. I was sorry for it; I reproach'd

proach'd myself with this Treachery: But of what use are Reproaches against Love? I cou'd not resist the Charms of *Eleonora*, and shou'd have taken a Resolution from that Moment to love her, if the Vice-Queen had not poison'd my Heart with all that cou'd prevent me from it. She shew'd me a great deal of Complaisance, which I attributed to the Friendship her Son had for me; and having found me one Day very pensive, she ask'd me whether I wou'd own the Cause of my Melancholy if she guess'd it, and cou'd be serviceable to me in it? I assur'd her I wou'd; upon which she told me, that I had the Fate of many other unfortunate Lovers, who cou'd not behold *Eleonora* without being touch'd with her Charms. I was strangely surpriz'd to find, that a Passion which I had hardly yet entertain'd in my Breast, was already known by the Vice-Queen, and cou'd not comprehend how she had discover'd a Secret, which I intended shou'd not be divulg'd, but when I cou'd hide it no longer. It was not in my Power to deny it; for my Anxiety declar'd it too well. I answer'd, that indeed I had not been able to resist the Influence of this lovely Damsel, and that the only Vexation I had in it, was from the Consideration I ought to have for *Don Alphonso*, her Son, and my Friend. She reply'd, that a Passion, which was not in one's Power, was to be pity'd rather than blam'd; and that her Son had too much Sense to resent that in me, which he himself experienced so severely: But she fear'd, I shou'd not be more fortunate than he; that however, to keep her Word with me, as I had kept mine with her, she was willing to let me see, that my Interest was dearer to her than even her Son's; but she cou'd not promise to be successful, since she knew the Temper of the Lady, who had an Insensibility not to be surmounted: That she wou'd mention me to her the same Day, and shou'd observe, whether I might hope to be well receiv'd; and whether it was some Man, or all Men in general, that she dislik'd. She appointed me also to be,

at ten a Clock at Night, in the great Walk of the Garden, where she wou'd meet me, and give me an Account of her Negotiation. I went thither to expect her. She came according to her Promise, and brought with her a young Lady who was her Confident: I gave her my Hand, to conduct her to a little Arbor, which was before us, trembling for fear she had nothing favourable to tell me. I soon found it by her Countenance. My poor Marquis! said she to me, you are not more fortunate than the rest. The Heart of this Beauty is inaccessible; and if you did but know the sad Description she made of you, you wou'd be convinced all Application there wou'd be in vain. You may believe, that what I say is not to hinder your Pursuit; but because I shou'd have some Regret, that such a young Gentleman as you are, whose Qualities are worthy any Woman's Esteem, shou'd suffer a Disappointment. This Graciousness of the Vice-Queen wou'd have appear'd suspicious to me, if what she told me had not agreed with the Rumour of the whole Court, that *Eleonora* was insensible to Love. I knew it was not the Concern she had for her Son's Inclination, made her speak after this manner. She did not love him enough for that; and besides, the Complaisance she shew'd me, was a sufficient Proof of the contrary. If I had not been heedless, I might have imagin'd, it was for herself she spoke, and that the Counsel she gave me, to abandon the Sentiments I had for *Eleonora*, was only for her own Sake: But I was so overwhelm'd, that I was not capable of any Reflection. She was a Woman of as much Address and Insinuation as any in the World; and making use of the Power she had over my Mind, she not only taught me to resist this Passion, but enabled me to resolve to suppress it entirely, since it cou'd be attended only with a fatal Event. I thought it was necessary to find out some other Beauty, to amuse my Heart; but where-ever I look'd, either at the Court or elsewhere, I saw nothing that cou'd make me forget one

Moment

Moment the Charms of the beautiful *Eleonora*. The Vice-Queen, who after that Night had said no more to me on that Subject, seeing me one Morning alone in her Chamber, where her Son had just left me, ask'd me laughing, whether I had put her Advice in Practice, and whether I had receiv'd any Benefit from her Counsel? In order to that, Madam, said I, I must have the same Command over my Mind, that you have over yours, or find, in some other Person, what has charm'd me in *Eleonora*; for having begun to love with so much Ardor, I must seek an Object on which to place my Passion; and for this I am utterly at a Loss. This Discourse wou'd not have been very obliging to her, if she could have thought herself included in it. But the good Opinion she had of her own Person, and the Respect I ow'd her, placing her above such a Surmise, my Words did not displease her: On the contrary, quite ravish'd with Joy, that after *Eleonora*, I found no other Beauty at Court, that was capable of touching me, she told me smiling, that she wou'd find me a Person, every way worthy to engage a Man of Honour, and that she was well assur'd, I shou'd not be of another Opinion. I thank'd her, and said, I did not doubt but she wou'd make a proper Choice; but that I wou'd not abuse her Goodness: That she had been pleas'd to use her Interest for me with *Eleonora*; but the Respect I ow'd her, would not permit me to let her take this new Trouble upon her. She reply'd, that things of this Kind were a Diversion to her. That she would not see me sorrowful; and knowing my Merit, she would have a great deal of Satisfaction, in employing herself for me, and in leaving me nothing to wish for at her Court.

ALL this was spoken with so ingenuous an Air, and so full of Kindness, that I was charm'd with it; and I was just going to answer, she might find in herself, what she promis'd me elsewhere. In Truth, the Bloom of Youth excepted, she was certainly one of the finest Women of the Kingdom; but I was restrain'd, by the fear of succeeding ill, and I was willing first to see the Lady the Vice-Queen.

Queen design'd for me. I begg'd her not to make me languish; because I was an impatient Lover. She assur'd me, I shou'd hear from her the same Day, and that I had only to prepare myself to be deeply in Love.

COMPANY coming in interrupted us, and gave me an Opportunity to withdraw. I went and pass'd the Remainder of the Morning, in reflecting on all she had said to me, and guessing which of her Friends was most likely to be the Person she wou'd chuse: But I was not able to think on any one who was capable of fixing my Affection. After Dinner I went twenty times to Court, to see if she had any News. She laugh'd at my Eagerness, and told me at last, that Hour was not up, for the Day was not yet over; but that I shou'd go home and wait patiently; and that when the proper time was come, I shou'd have Advice. I did so, and when Night came, and I heard nothing from her, I really believ'd she jested with me, and could not forbear returning to the Palace, where I was inform'd the Vice-Queen was gone to visit a Lady of her Acquaintance. I concluded it was the Lady she spoke to me of, and the rather because that having enquir'd after the Lady's Name and her Lodgings, no body cou'd resolve me either: This Precaution fully persuaded me she was gone thither on my Account; and that she had kept this Visit a Secret, only to conceal my Love, and that it might not be known at Court, she had so much Complaisance for me as to be my Confident.

I return'd home as fast as I could, as if I was certain of all these Truths, and in reality I was not much mistaken; for I presently receiv'd the following Letter from the Vice-Queen, brought by a Woman who was attended by two Chairs.

I Have done what you desire, and I think I have answer'd your Expectation. After this you must own I am very much your Friend. All the Acknowledgment I require of you is, that you do not make me a Lyar; for I promis'd the Lady,
that

that upon the bare Description I gave you of her, you would bring her a Heart full of Ardency and Zeal. Pray see that you fulfill my Words. I shall never forgive you while I live, if you once deceive me. You need only to follow the Woman, who delivers this Letter to you, without Noise and without Servants: For you go to a Place of Safety.

IF this had come from any other Hand, I should certainly have caus'd some of my Servants to have accompany'd me at a Distance: But as it came from the Vice-Queen, there was no room for Suspicion; and all I thought of it was, that being of a gay Humour, she had a mind to play me some merry Trick: So I prepar'd myself to laugh with her sincerely. I went into one of the Chairs, and follow'd the Woman who was in the other. They carry'd us a pretty way, into a retir'd Part of the Town, and then stopp'd; and the Woman who was my Guide, having dismiss'd them, we walk'd some Paces, and found ourselves at last before a very handsome House. I have since been told, that it belong'd to one of her Women, who was her Confident. It was this Woman who was my Guide, and having open'd the Door she made me go in without Noise, where I saw neither Servants nor Light. All this surpriz'd me, and only convinced me the more, that it was a Contrivance for a little Mirth. I said nothing; but resolv'd, in case things did not go according to my Fancy, to share the Rallery with those who had a mind to divert themselves at my Cost. In fine, this Woman taking me by the Hand led me thro' a Hall, which was all in Darknefs, and from thence into a Chamber, where there were two large Tapers burning. It seem'd a handsome Room; but what was most surprizing, was the Sight of a beautiful Lady, who lying negligently on a very fine Bed, seem'd to be asleep, with her Headcloaths pull'd down over her Face. I then repented of the Judgment I had made of the Vice-Queen, seeing this was an Adventure in earnest. I perceiv'd nothing in this Lady but what was charming; and

to

to speak the Truth, this was the only Moment that I forgot the beautiful *Eleonora*, from the Time I began to love her. She was in an Undress, but magnificent beyond what I can express. I had not seen any thing like it at Court, and therefore could not tell what to conjecture. The Richness of the Attire, as well as what I cou'd discover of the Person, made me sensible it could not be a Woman of ordinary Quality ; but I could guess no farther. I drew near her ; and the amorous Impatience I was in to know who she was, not permitting me to use many Ceremonies, I put one Knee on the Ground, and taking one of her Hands, which she suffer'd me to kiss : It was rightly done, Madam, said I to her, to make me languish the whole Day, for it was not reasonable that such a Happiness as this should cost me nothing. I expected an Answer, and so to have known her by her Voice, but she said nothing. I intreated her, that if she had resolv'd not to let herself be seen, she would at least do me the Favour to say something to me. My Prayer avail'd me nothing ; I made fresh Instances, and told her this was not what had been promis'd me, and that it might perhaps induce me also not to keep my Word : That if I brought with me a Heart fill'd with Vehemence of Love, I must see a Lady of Wit and much Beauty : That hitherto she had only rais'd my Curiosity, but if she would inspire me with Love, she must allow me a Sight of her. As I was talking after this manner, I heard her laugh to herself, which embolden'd me to lift up her Head-cloaths ; but she repuls'd me, yet so gently, that I did not think I should incur her Displeasure, if I push'd my Temerity a little further. There was no Body in the Room but us two ; without doubt the Confident had receiv'd such Orders from the Lady. At last upon my Importunity she put aside her Pinnars: But how great was my Surprize, when I saw it was the Vice-Queen herself ! Well, Sir, said she blushing, are you pleas'd with your good Fortune ? And shall I not be too presuming in Favour of myself, to
 imagine.

imagine I am capable of making you forget all other Beauties? I answer'd her more like a Courtier than a Person much in Love. However she approv'd it. But without proceeding further in the Recital of this Conversation, I shall only tell you, that having pass'd two or three Hours with her, I went back by the same Way I had come, and she retir'd to the Palace.

THE next Day I saw her as usually, and this Commerce continu'd for some Time; but it did not cure me of my first Love. Her Son, with whom I had powerful Reasons to preserve a good Correspondence, express'd more Friendship to me than I desir'd. He was not contented to have communicated to me all the Secrets of his Heart, but wou'd needs have me speak for him to *Eleonora*, hoping more from the Mediation of such a Friend as myself, than from all his own Affiduities and Addresses. I did so; and no doubt but she has inform'd you, that she gave me to understand I should succeed better if I spoke for myself, than for him. It was then, that I thought myself the most unhappy Man in the World, for having believ'd what the Vice-Queen had told me, whose Conduct had made me but too sensible of the Interest she had therein. I design'd from that Moment to leave her, and intirely pursue my first Passion. But to prevent the Vice-Queen's knowing it, because she might create me some Trouble, I thought it advisable to dissemble a little, and withdraw from her insensibly, without returning on the sudden to *Eleonora*: But how difficult a Thing is it to conceal a Passion from a jealous and sharp-sighted Woman! She perceiv'd it even before I had said any Thing of it, that I was relaps'd to *Eleonora*. There was no Reproach which she did not make me; and her Tears succeeding her Reproaches, I pretended to renew my Zeal to her, in order to conduct her Mind the better. A neglected Mistress is capable of any Thing, and nothing is so dangerous as a jealous Woman driven to Extremity. From that Time I observ'd little Precaution in seeing *Eleonora*, but avoided

it.

it when the Vice-Queen was present: But all my Artifices were in vain; she saw thro' them all, and could distinguish so well a Feint from a Reality, that she seem'd to enter into my most secret Thoughts. In a Word, one Day as I was walking with her in the Garden, she told me, we had both suffer'd too long to no purpose; I, in using Violence to myself to conceal my Change from her; and she, in endeavouring to be belov'd against the Disposition of my Heart: That she perceiv'd that what I did, was only to observe some *Decorum* with her, who had had some Complaisance for me; but it was proper to put an End to our common Perplexity; and in order to begin the first, she assur'd me, she would no longer oppose the Inclination of my Heart; but wou'd let it wander where it would, and that I might believe her, when she own'd that *Eleonora* was a young Lady, by whom I might hope not only to be well receiv'd, but even lov'd. I did not however give too much Credit to these Words, which came from too suspected a Party, for me to flatter myself upon them. But when out of an Excess of Goodness, she added, that to shew me she was more my Friend, than I had Reason to imagine, she was willing to contribute more than any one to my Satisfaction, and would get the Vice-Roy to write to *Eleonora's* Father, to persuade him to give me his Daughter; I could not, in the secret Joy with which I was presently transported, forbear expressing the warmest Gratitude. She told me that by her Father's Answer I should see she had push'd my Interest heartily. She made good her Promise; and after the Letter she had prevail'd with the Vice-Roy to write on that Account, I no longer doubted but my Happiness would be accomplish'd. This News was also confirm'd to me by *Eleonora*, and I had the Pleasure to see that it gave her equal Pleasure. A Messenger had been sent on purpose to *Genoa*; I was every Moment in a thousand Anxieties; and *Eleonora* being assur'd of the Success of the Vice-Roy's Mediation, who had an irresistible Interest with her Father, and being sensible of
the

the Pain I endur'd while I waited for his Resolution, could not refuse to admit a Visit from a Favourite Lover, which I begg'd of her, with a Promise of my Faith, and giving her my Word of Honour, with all the most serious Oaths. The Hour was fix'd, and the Place was to be her Chamber. Forgive me, dear *Assen*, a few Sighs at the Remembrance of that Day, which being intended for a Day of the highest Joy and Love, prov'd the saddest and most fatal in my Life.

NIGHT came; and when I thought myself on the Point of possessing so great a Happiness, *Claricia*, *Eleonora's* Chamber-Maid, in whom she had the greatest Confidence, brought me a Letter, which I will shew you, and which by good Fortune I have preserv'd till now. The Aga then drew a little Purse out of his Pocket, and taking out the Letter, read it to *Assen*.

I Am in the utmost Despair, my dear Hippolito, that I am forced to break our Appointment; but an unlucky Accident, which has just happen'd to me, and which I cannot acquaint you with, will for some Days retard our mutual Happiness. It is highly mortifying to me, as well as to you, as you may easily believe; but continue still to love me, and Love will furnish us with Opportunities enough. Adieu.

AS I had never receiv'd any Letter from *Eleonora*, and therefore did not know her Writing, it was no hard Matter for *Claricia* to make me believe this came from her. I ask'd her what was the Matter with her Mistress; Nothing, said she laughing, she is only a little indispos'd To-night. I thought I understood what she meant, and did not press her to say any more; when one of the Vice-Queen's Pages, who found me on the Stairs of the Palace, came and told me his Lady desir'd to speak with me. I would have been glad to have been excus'd from this Visit; but not knowing what Pretence to alledge, and being so near her; after a little Pause, I follow'd the Page, who
conducted

conducted me into her Chamber, where she waited for me.

I found her at her Toilet ; the Vice-Roy was gone out of Town ; and as soon as she saw me, she reproach'd me, that of late I strangely neglected her, that she could hardly see me once a Day among the Croud : That I ought at least out of Civility, if not out of Gallantry, when she was alone, to honour her with my Company. My Heart was not dispos'd to return her so courtly an Answer, as I should have made at another Time ; however what I said had nothing in it that was disobliging. The Vice-Queen was not dissatisfy'd. I found her that Night in the gayest Humour in which I had ever seen her ; and our Conversation rising by degrees, she oblig'd me to pass some part of the Night with her. I seem'd to her to be a little pensive ; she rebuk'd me for it, and I excus'd myself on my having pass'd the Night before at Play. She desir'd me to repose myself on her Bed, and I accepted her Offer, and fell asleep immediately. I had scarcely slept two Hours, when waking on the sudden, by the Light of a Taper which was held before my Eyes, the first Object which presented it self to me, was *Eleonora*, with a Poniard in her Hand, which she was just going to plunge into my Breast, if *Don Alphonso* had not held her Arm. You may imagine my Astonishment. I could not tell whether what I saw was not a Dream : But my Rival had seiz'd the Poniard, to execute himself what he before had prevented ; the lovely *Eleonora* held him in her Turn, and I ran to my Arms, and put myself upon my Defence against him. The Vice-Queen flung herself between us, almost dead, and endeavour'd to part us. She had like to have been kill'd by her own Son, who seem'd to have a Design against her, as well as against me. I happily sav'd her two or three Times ; and having plac'd myself before her, the Rage with which *Don Alphonso* was possess'd made him rush upon my Sword, which pierced thro' him before my Eyes. I saw him fall to the Ground, and at this Accident

cident I was struck with Horror, foreseeing the dreadful Consequences of such a Misfortune. I turn'd to his unhappy Mother, to know of her what she design'd to do, and saw she was fainting away: This affected me so deeply, that I stood without Motion, wishing a thousand Times for Death. But Necessity pressing me to withdraw, I went into *Eleonora's* Chamber, to see her once more, and expire at her Feet, if she desir'd my Life, and I could by that Means expiate my Fault; but not finding her there, I went out of the Palace unobserv'd. My Design at first was to go to *Sicily*; and as I was looking out for a Felucca, I met *Claricia*, who ran up and down the Port, all in Tears. I knew her, and ask'd her whither she was going, and what she wanted. Ah! my Lord, said she, I was seeking my Mistress, who has just embark'd, as the Mariners tell me, in a Vessel which set sail a quarter of an Hour ago for *Barcelona*. This News strangely surpriz'd me; I took the first Felucca I could get. *Claricia* was very glad to go along with me, in order to follow her Mistress, or rather to get out of a Court, where she had Reason to fear every Thing, after the Disorders which had happen'd there. I put her on Board; and as it was a Calm, we were in hopes to reach *Barcelona* before *Eleonora's* Vessel, the Name of which I had taken down, together with the Owner's. My Mind till then had been so distracted with Grief and Despair, that I had not been able to make the least Reflection on these Misfortunes; but as soon as we were out at Sea, I began to ponder these fatal Incidents; and the more I try'd to unravel them, the more I found myself embarrass'd. I could not conceive by what Chance *Eleonora* and *Alphonso* should meet together to surprize me in the Vice-Queen's Chamber, unless we had been betray'd, or that *Don Alphonso* was more in *Eleonora's* Favour than I believ'd.

IN the mean time, *Claricia* found herself very ill in the Felucca; whether it was the Effect of her Fright, or from the Sickness of the Sea, I could not tell. Her Illness increas'd

increas'd at the Relation I gave her of the Death of *Don Alphonso*; and her Agitations having given me some Suspicion, I ask'd her several Questions concerning what had happen'd, to which she answer'd with an Air of Perplexity, which made me judge she had a greater Hand in this Melancholic Affair than I had thought. As she grew worse and worse, I would not press her any farther, referring to another Time to be better inform'd by her. We arriv'd at *Barcelona*, where I could learn no News of the Vessel in which *Eleonora* embark'd. However as there were several Merchants who were concern'd in it, I resolv'd to have Patience, and to wait for its coming in.

DURING this Time, *Claricia* was reduced to the utmost Extremity, and past all Hopes of Recovery. Seeing herself near her End, she sent for me; and having desir'd me to put every Body out of the Room, she declar'd, that having been corrupted by *Don Alphonso*, she had serv'd him with her Mistress against me; and that having overheard some Part of my last Conversation with *Eleonora*, she presently acquainted my Rival with it, who transported with Rage and Despair resolv'd to hinder our Design at any Rate, and turn it to his own Advantage. Accordingly he oblig'd her to write a Letter, and carry it to me, as from her Mistress: That *Don Alphonso* being inform'd by her of the Hour and Manner I was to come to *Eleonora's* Chamber, embraced the Opportunity, and got into it without Difficulty; and what pass'd afterwards she did not know: But in a few Hours hearing the Clashing of Swords, she ran thither, and found her Mistress in great Disorder, preparing to be gone; that she would fain have attended her, but could not obtain that Favour: Hearing the Noise increase in the Vice-Queen's Chamber, she was seiz'd with Fear, and made her Escape to that Side of the Port where I had found her. Here she burst into Tears, begg'd of me to pardon her a Crime, the Regret of which cost Her her Life. She said no more, and two Hours after expir'd. I shall not trouble you with the different Emotions with which

which I was agitated during the Relation of this perfidious Wretch : But the Image of Death, which I saw plainly in her Face, made me resolve not to torture her, in her last Moments. As for *Don Alphonso*, I have wish'd a thousand times that he were still living, not thinking this Treachery sufficiently punish'd by a single Death.

TO compleat my Affliction, there came News that the Vessel which we expected, had perish'd at Sea : which was confirm'd to us by several Advices, which we receiv'd from different Places. I shall not tell you all the Extravagances it made me commit; I am still seiz'd with Horror when I reflect on it. They who were near me could think of no other Remedy, to bring me to myself, than to tell me Sea-News was not always certain; that I ought to wait for farther Intelligence, since very ofren Ships which were thought to be lost, came safe into Port : And some which were suppos'd to be cast away, were taken by the *Turks*. If this did not wholly comfort me, it serv'd at least to afford me some Glimmering of Hope, and to make me undertake a Voyage by Sea, to visit all the Ports of the *Levant*, till I could get some Tidings of the Vessel I sought after.

THE Aga having finish'd his History ; *Assen* told him he was mightily pleas'd for his sake, that Things had happen'd after another manner than *Eleonora* had imagin'd ; that it would be no hard Matter to reconcile her, when she should be inform'd of the Treachery of her Chamber-Maid : That he ought not to wonder at her Anger against him, since she did not know the least Syllable of what he had now related ; and was so ignorant of the Contrivance, as to suspect him of having acted in concert with *Don Alphonso* to betray her. O Heaven ! is it possible, cry'd *Hippolito*, she could do so great an Injustice to my Love ? And tho' I had not lov'd her so much as I really did, has she so mean a Thought of me, as to think me capable of so foul a Baseness ? When Appearances are against us, said *Assen* and there is nothing to justifie us, we are easily condemn'd : What wou'd you have a Maiden think, who
being

being dishonour'd by the Son, finds you in the Arms of the Mother, but that he sacrifices the one to you, that you may abandon the other to him? Ah, *Affen*! reply'd the Aga sighing, let us not revive what is pass'd. How innocent soever I am on the one Part, I must own I am a little guilty on the other; but extenuate the Crime as much as you can before *Eleonora*, or rather say nothing to her about it, and only endeavour to disabuse her of the unjust Ideas she has had of me; and be persuaded that where-ever I am, I shall not be ungrateful for the Services you shall do me with her. I believe, added he, that she has spoken enough to you of me, for you not to be ignorant who I am; and if the Condition she is now in, or any other Reason, should have made her conceal from you her Birth, and some of those Particulars which might render her more worthy of the Zeal you have for her, if you please, I will inform you. *Affen* thank'd him; and laughing told him, he had been acquainted with her too long, not to know all that he would impart to him, and that he could tell him more of her Birth and Family than any Person living. At which the Aga, in a great Surprize, intreated him not to hide it from him; not being able to comprehend how a *Turk*, as he was, should have so long, and so intimate a Knowledge of such a Lady as *Eleonora*. Upon which *Affen* related to him his History, and some Part of what had befallen him at *Genoa*.

IT was already Day, when *Affen* concluded his Discourse, which made them think of coming to a Resolution on the Design they had form'd, and on the Means to get *Laura* safely out of the Castle. Several Expedients occur'd to their Minds, but few that were not very hazardous; and tho' they were the two Persons who cou'd best manage an Affair of this nature, the one having full Power over *Laura's* Guards, and the other over the Garrison of the Castle; yet all Things were so strictly examin'd thro' the Vigilance of the Subaltern Officers, to whom the Dey (who was himself as Vigilant as he was fearful) recommended

mended continually to keep a severe Watch, and suffer nothing to enter, or go out, 'till they had scarch'd it perfectly, that they had great Reason to make sure of their Measures, and to be solicitous about the Success. At last *Assen* thought of a Stratagem, by so much the less likely to be discover'd, as it was cover'd with an Appearance of Religion. It was this: A Soldier of the Castle, who dy'd the Night before, was that Day to be buried. He propos'd therefore to shut the Corps up in a Chamber, and to cause *Laura* to be carry'd out in the Coffin. The Aga agreed this Invention was without Danger; but he doubted very much whether *Laura* would not startle at it, and have a Reluctance to put herself into a Machine of so fatal a Use. Nevertheless, after they had consulted a long time together, they found this was not only the best, but indeed the only way from which they could promise themselves a good Issue, but to save *Eleonora* the Uneasiness she might have at it, they agreed to mention it only as an ordinary Chest. This being concluded, *Assen*, who was to go and see her that Morning, undertook to break it to her, and make her approve it, while the Aga should give Orders not to bury the Corps till late in the Evening, which depended on his pleasure. He recommended to *Assen* to be mindful of his Affairs, and justify him to his Mistress; and in order thereto he gave him *Claricia's* Letter; and after several reciprocal Marks of Friendship and Civility, they parted, in order to meet at the time of Dining at *Assen's* House, that their long Conferences might not give Suspicion to those of the Castle, who were extremely distrustful.

LAURA, who had been disturb'd all Night with several sorts of Dreams, was overjoy'd to see *Assen* come so early. Well, dear *Assen*, said she, shall we be able to free our selves from our Chains, and must we of Necessity take that Traytor along with us? That Traytor, Madam, reply'd *Assen*, is the honestest and most passionate Lover in the World. Ah! I foresaw, said she, that he would

corrupt even your Fidelity. I am but too sensible of the Power he has over Hearts, when he has a mind to gain them. Do not be in such haste, Madam, reply'd the *Turk*, to condemn a Man before you have heard him. And what can he say to me, cry'd she interrupting him, that can disprove what I saw? Did I not find him with the Vice-Queen? Was it not he that assisted the Traytor *Don Alphonso* to deceive me? No indeed, Madam, said *Assen*, and permit me if you please to tell you, that you know him too well, and that he lov'd you too much, to be capable of such an Action. And that you may have no doubt upon the matter, added he, showing Her *Claricia's* Letter, see whether you know that Hand. It is my Chamber-Maid's, said she, something surpriz'd: Read it, pursu'd he, and you will discern from whence the Treason came. *Laura* began to read it; and had hardly done, when her Heart soften'd, either for the Injustice she had done *Hippolito*, or at the Vexation she had to be betray'd by a Servant in whom she confided, and she could no longer retain her Tears. Just Powers, cry'd she, will you suffer so perfidious a Wretch to go unpunish'd, who has been the Cause of so many Evils? No, most assuredly, reply'd *Assen*, for she is already dead; if not after such a manner as her Treachery deserv'd, at least the Regret for having committed it, put an End to her Life: And beginning to relate to her what she did not know of the History of the Marquis, he did not find much difficulty to appease her, and to dispose her to pardon him, and allow him to embark with them. It is true, that like a skilful Confident, *Assen* took no Notice to her of what related to the Vice-Queen; and *Laura*, who was no longer willing to be at Variance with her Lover, did not desire to be inform'd farther. She satisfy'd herself with believing him Innocent in one Respect, and with having a Pretence not to hate him. After this, *Assen* began to talk to her of the Resolution which the Aga and he had taken to carry her out in a Chest; she was ready to do whatever they pleas'd, provided the Danger

was

was not greater for them than for her. *Assen* satisfy'd her about that, and told her she had only to prepare herself against the first Watch, while the Aga and he, who were to dine together, would fix the best Measures to compass their End. He then left her, and went home; where *Beyran* the Aga soon came, and gave him an Account of all he had done. *Assen* contriv'd with great Prudence and Diligence to have the Brigantine provided with all Necessaries. It is to be believ'd that *Beyran* did not fail, even in the midst of so many Affairs, to ask *Assen* some Questions on what concern'd his Love. His dear Confident acquainted him with what Success he had acquitted himself of his Commission, which fill'd the Marquis with the utmost Joy. All things being ready, and *Assen* having given Orders concerning the Brigantine, the Horses, and his Servants, they went both to the Castle, where *Beyran* made him a Present of all the Jewels and precious Stones which he had at several times receiv'd from the Dey, and pray'd him to accept of them, not as a Satisfaction for his Pains, but as a Pledge of the Assurances he had given him, that he would always be his Friend, and serve him with the greatest Gratitude. *Assen* could not avoid receiving these Presents, but accepted them on no other Terms than to use them on Occasion for the Marquis's own Service. From thence they went and paid their Respects to the Dey; and when the Hour was come, *Assen* first chang'd *Laura's* Guards, and in their Room put three of his own People, whom he design'd to carry with him, that no body might be left behind, who could make any Discovery of their Design, and the Way they had taken. The Aga follow'd him soon after, all impatient to see his Dear *Laura*, at whose Feet he presently cast himself, in a manner that show'd such a Transport of Joy and Love, that *Laura*, who was melted into Tendernefs by it, could not forbear embracing him, when she rais'd him up. They were falling into an earnest Conversation; but *Assen* told them it was not a Time for Dalliance, but to execute

their Design, if they would not have it miscarry; and that they would have Leisure enough to make Speeches when they were once out of Danger. *Laura* and *Beyran*, who had no greater Desire than to see each other at Liberty, submitted to *Affen's* Advice; and the Chest being brought in, they wrapp'd up *Laura* in a fine Cloth, and without taking any Notice to her that it was a Coffin, they put her into it; and throwing a Carpet over it according to the Custom of the Country, one of *Affen's* Servants took a Lantern, and two others carry'd it out, *Beyran* going before, and *Affen* walking behind it. The Dead are sacred among the *Turks*, so that none of the Guard would have thought of examining the Coffin, even tho' neither *Beyran* nor *Affen* had been there. They went to the Burial-Ground, where having releas'd *Laura* out of her Confinement, they march'd towards the Gate of *Carthage*, which the Aga caus'd to be open'd by his Authority; at a small Distance from which they were to have found the Horses which had been provided for them. *Laura* and the Aga did not yet relish the Joy they had to find themselves out of the Castle and Town, for fear some unlucky Adventure should yet surprize them. However they thought themselves happy in having succeeded thus far; but this short Vicissitude of Comfort was soon over, for being arriv'd at the Place where they were to meet their Horses, they were inform'd by *Affen's* People, that the Bassa's Spahi's had taken them away. What a terrible Perplexity were they now in! They had five or six Leagues to the Cape of *Carthage*, where the Brigantine lay: Time was precious, and they knew not what to resolve upon, when they heard at a Distance the Trampling of some Horses making that Way. *Affen* hid *Eleonora* and *Hippolito* in the Ruins of an old Building, and advanced with some of his Attendants towards these Horsemen. As both Parties march'd pretty fast, they soon came up and challeng'd one another. *Affen* discover'd himself, and found by good Fortune it was *Romadan* General of the Gallies, who was coming

coming from *Port Farino* with a Convoy. *Affen* inform'd him that the *Bassa's* Spahies had carry'd off some Horses which he had provided to go to the Cape of *Carthage*, to see his Brigantine set Sail, which he was sending out to cruise. *Romadan*, who knew the Esteem the *Bassa* had for *Affen*, was vex'd at this Disappointment, and bid him take out of his Troop what Horses he had occasion for, and not be in Pain about his own; for they should be sent to him whither he pleas'd. *Affen*, overjoy'd, accepted the General's Offer; who taking him aside, acquainted him, that the *Bassa* had a Design to venture once more into *Tunis*, being resolv'd at any Rate to take *Laura* out of the Castle; and that he would do well if, at his Return from the Cape, he would come over to their Camp, and endeavour to dissuade him from such an Enterprize: *Affen* promis'd he would, and parted as soon as he cou'd from the General, who would needs give him two Troopers to accompany him, because there were several Parties abroad, who might be liable to insult him, without knowing who he was. *Affen* could not refuse this Civility, tho' it embarrass'd him a little; and having taken his Leave, he return'd to his Company; and in few Words acquainted the two Lovers with what had happen'd. They all mounted; and *Eleonora*, disguis'd in a Man's Habit, pass'd for a young Slave, belonging to *Affen*; and it being Night, it would have been difficult enough to have discover'd any Thing to the contrary. They made all the haste they could; *Hippolito* kept close by *Laura*; the two Spahies led the Way, that they might answer any they met; and *Affen* was like the Commanding Officer, sometimes in one Place, and sometimes in another, without affecting too much to be with *Hippolito* or *Eleonora*. They pass'd safe, by means of these Troopers, who several times sav'd them from being arrested; and being arriv'd at the Brigantine, they deliver'd up the Horses to the Spahies, to carry them back; and having rewarded them largely for their Pains, *Affen* gave them the following Letter for the *Bassa*, and so dismiss'd them.

DO not complain of me, if I endeavour to procure Liberty to a Maiden, to whose Family I owe my own. Thou hast often heard me speak of the Obligations I had to my Patron, when I was a Slave among the Christians. I have found an Opportunity to repay them in the Person of his Daughter, who is that Laura whom the Dey kept in Prison. Thou must not be amaz'd then, that the Effects of my Gratitude have prevail'd so far with me, as to make me hazard my Life for those to whom I ow'd it. The Dey has perhaps as much Reason as thyself to accuse me; but doing nothing but what Honour and Reason dictate to me, I fear no Reproaches. Laura was the Subject of your Difference. It will be easier to conclude a Peace, when she is no longer in your Hands. In thus doing my Duty, I procure an Advantage to my Country; which is what all good Men desire, and for which I shall doubtless obtain their Esteem. Adieu; live contentedly, and prosper in thy Designs; if thou hast any Regard to Justice, do not blame me.

ASSEN.

THEY soon spread their Sails, and having a favourable Wind doubled the Cape. They pass'd by Port Farino, and found themselves a good way out at Sea, before the Troopers could reach the Baffa. Hippolito was fighting near the beautiful Eleonora, and Eleonora tasted the Charms of Liberty, near a Lover whom she thought she had lost. Assen was employ'd in giving the necessary Orders in the Brigantine; but the Wind falling on the sudden, and there being nothing to be done but to row, he came to felicitate them on their common Happiness. It is true, said Eleonora, I should be the happiest Person living, if after what you have assur'd me of the Marquis, I could remove the Scruple I have on Account of the Turkish Habit which I see him wear. Is it possible, pursu'd she blushing, that you should have chang'd your Religion? That, Madam, said Assen, is what I was desirous to know from him, and how

how he came into *Barbary*; for he has not yet told me any Thing of it. No, Madam, said *Hippolito* to her, I am still a Christian; and neither the Fear of Death, nor of any Torments, would have been able to make me alter my Religion: It is true, I have been thought a *Turk* a long time. *Assen*, who could not comprehend how this could be in such a Country as his, where in the Point of Religion there are certain Formalities in which it is impossible to be deceiv'd, pray'd him to tell him, what his Conduct had been in that Affair, and after what manner he had contriv'd to avoid being circumcis'd, which is the first Initiation. *Hippolito*, to satisfy him, and knowing he should at the same time gratify *Eleonora*, pursu'd his History thus.

I told you before, the Resolution I had taken, to rove over all the Mediterranean Sea, after Tidings of the Vessel in which this Lady had embark'd. I did so for Seven or Eight Months, in a small Frigate of Six Guns, in which at last I was taken by a Ship of *Tripoli*, which carry'd above thirty, after a Fight of Six Hours, and having lost almost all my Men. I was carry'd to *Tripoli*, and presented to the Bassa, who, upon the advantageous Report which had been made to him of me, treated me very civilly, and having entertain'd an Affection for me, desir'd I would turn *Turk*. He sent me, for this Purpose, to a famous Cady, to be instructed in his Faith. This *Mahometan* Doctor was the Son of a Renegade, and as he spoke freely, I unbosom'd myself to him, and desir'd him to make the Bassa believe I had embraced *Mahometism*, that I might have no Violence offer'd me on that Head. He did so, and the Bassa took his Word for it, and on that Account shew'd me more Friendship than ever. He had a Nephew, who was jealous of these Kindnesses, and with whom I had often little Quarrels, which might at last have had some unhappy Consequences: The Bassa, who lov'd his Nephew tenderly, foreseeing it, resolv'd to part us for a Time, that his Nephew might break himself of that sus-

picious and turbulent Humour; he sent me with great Presents to the Dey of *Tunis*, his intimate Friend, to whom he recommended me very heartily, and who made me his Aga, Eight Days after I came. I pass'd my Life sadly enough, as you know *Assen*: But who would have told me, added he, addressing himself to *Eleonora*, that I was so near what I was seeking after, and what I lov'd above all Things, and that my Destiny would make me so happy at a Time, when I was just on the Point of losing you?

THE Marquis and *Eleonora* enter'd into a long Recital of their Adventures; and *Assen*, whom the Commander of the Vessel came to consult, having left them together, they continu'd to entertain themselves about their past Sufferings.

THE Wind was now chang'd, and seem'd to threaten them with a Storm; so that it was thought adviseable, their Vessel not being able to weather a contrary Gale, not to expose themselves farther at Sea. They therefore tack'd about towards *Biserty*, which they had pass'd, and propos'd to Coast along *Barbary*, till they came in a direct Line against *Sardinia*, in order to bear down upon the Isles of *St. Peter*, where they hop'd to cast Anchor. This Counsel was good, and they found the Benefit of following it; for what they had foreseen happen'd; and the Tempest was so great, that they were oblig'd to lye at Anchor two or three Days, among the Shelves and Rocks of the Coast. They were far enough from *Tunis*, and there was no Fear of their being sought after in a Place, before which a thousand Vessels might pass without being seen, especially while the Tempest lasted.

THE Wind ceas'd at last; and the Brigantine putting to Sea afresh, in order to pursue their Voyage along the Coast, they saw broken Masts and Sail-Yards floating on the Water, with Hogsheds, Planks, and other Tokens of a Wreck; for two Days they met with these pitiful Remains, the Sport of the Wind and Fortune; when they heard the Voice of a Man, which could come only from
a Rock,

a Rock, about three Miles from the Land. They concluded it must be one of those unfortunate Wretches, who had escap'd the Disaster of the Vessel, whose shatter'd Relicks they had seen. *Affen*, at the Intercession of *Eleonora*, who was mov'd with the Cries, turn'd the Stem of his Brigantine towards that Rock, which it was not then dangerous to approach, because the Sea began to be very calm; and when they were a few Paces from it, they discover'd a Man almost naked. *Affen* having commanded his Crew to leave off Rowing, ask'd him in *Moreasco*, how he came there, and what he desir'd? I am an unfortunate Christian, answer'd the other in *Italian*, and who am not unknown to thee; but want an immediate Succour, if thou desir'st thy Labour should not be lost; and if thou wilt come hither, thou perhaps may'st find what thou art seeking after. *Affen* in a Surprise thought he knew the Sound of the Voice, and the Face of him who call'd him. *Eleonora* thought the same, and had the same Surprise: But the Man was so alter'd and so disfigur'd, that it was not possible to recall his Features. *Affen* ask'd him his Name, and where he had known him? I tell thee, answer'd he, that I have here what thou perhaps art going to seek a great Way off. Thou seest before thine Eyes *Alexander*, the Bassa's Slave; and if he sends thee after his Wife, thou need'st but come upon this Rock to find her half dead. He had scarcely ended, when *Eleonora* gave a loud Exclamation full of Joy and Sadness together. My Lord, said she to him, is it possible it should be you? and have you forgot *Laura*? While she was talking to him after this Manner, *Affen*, who had order'd the Rowers to make to Land, caus'd a Plank to be laid to the Rock, and went over first, accompany'd by *Hippolito*, who led *Eleonora* by the Hand; they all embraced poor *Alexander*, who was so transported with Joy to see them, that he could not say one Word. He desir'd *Affen* first of all to order some Refreshment from his Brigantine for his Dear Sultaneßs, who had taken nothing for near three Days; which be-

ing done, they ran immediately towards the Place where she was, and found her almost dying. How great was the Grief of *Laura*, and how amazing the Surprize of the Sultaneſs, who was ſcarce able to lift up her Eyes! *Eleonora*, aſſiſted by her Lover, ſoon help'd the Sultaneſs to recover her Spirits. What! and art thou here, *Laura*, ſaid ſhe to her with a languiſhing Voice? and am I not deceiv'd? What good Genius ſends thee to reſcue me from Death? Heav'n, answer'd *Laura* weeping, has had Pity on you, in delivering both you and me out of the Hands of the Baſſa.

ASSEN propos'd to *Alexander* to remove the Sultaneſs on Board the Brigantine. The Count, who had not yet had the Leiſure to ask them Queſtions, and was ignorant of their Deſign, inquir'd whither they were going; and being answer'd for *Italy*, he could not ſufficiently bleſs Heav'n for ſo favourable an Accident. They carry'd the Sultaneſs into the Veſſel; and putting to Sea again, reſolv'd to make the beſt of their Way towards *Sardinia*.

THE Sultaneſs began to recover herſelf by the Care of her dear *Laura*, who never left her. *Aſſen* and *Hippolito* diſcharg'd their Duty likewise to *Alexander*, who ſtood in little leſs need of Succour: And the Sultaneſs being well enough to bear Converſation, they related to her what had paſs'd at *Tunis* ſince her Departure, and afterwards deſir'd Count *Alexander* to inform them, how they came to be wreck'd, and by what good Fortune they eſcap'd to that Rock.

WITHOUT doubt, ſaid he, you have heard how the Sultaneſs was carry'd on board the Veſſel by the Order of the Baſſa himſelf, who believ'd, as well as I, that it was *Laura*. My Surprize was great, and my Joy not to be expreſs'd, when I found it was the Sultaneſs. The Wind was fair when we ſet Sail; but we had hardly doubled the Cape of *Carthage* when the Clouds gathering, it chang'd on the ſudden, and was contrary to us, and ſo violently, that as our Veſſel was none of the largeſt, and the Storm increas'd

increas'd more and more, we were forced to cast Anchor, and lye by on the Coast: But a furious Tempest rising in an Instant, broke our Cables, and threw us on these Rocks. What an Extremity was this for a Lover, who has before his Eyes all that is dear to him, and is just on the Brink of losing it!

I kept close to the Sultaneſs, who was half dead with Grief and Terror. *Alexander*, ſaid ſhe, I am ſtrangely alarm'd; and tho' the Affection I have for you is as great as ever inflam'd a Woman's Breast; and what I have acted on your Account will make it impoſſible for you to doubt it; I fear the avenging Hand of Heaven has overtaken us with this Tempeſt, to puniſh your perfidious Ingratitude to a very indulgent and generous Patron, and my Falſhood to the Marriage-Vow. I had indeed the ſtrongest Provocations, which may abate my Crime, but cannot render me intirely innocent. I neither dare nor deſire to return to *Tunis*; but if we are permitted to eſcape from our preſent Danger, and can arrive in *Italy*, or any Part of Chriſtendom, believe me, *Alexander*, I will not adventure to make myſelf yours as long as I ſhall know the Baſſa, my Husband, is living. I cannot pretend to ſubdue ſo ſweet and fierce a Paſſion; but I will inflict on myſelf the Anguiſh of reſtraining it ſo far: Do not diſſuade me from it, for I am immoveably determin'd.

THESE Words pierced my Heart; I knew not how to oppoſe ſo honourable a Reſolution; which was yet ſo little expected, that I ſtood thunderſtruck at it, without Senſe or Motion. The Tears pour'd from my Eyes; and I was going to make ſome Reply, in Hope of ſoothing her into Sentiments leſs ſevere, when the Ship receiv'd a Blow, at which looking thro' the Window of my Cabin, I ſaw a Rock which almoſt touch'd our Stern. This Sight ſurpriz'd me; and forming my Reſolution that Moment, I took my dear Sultaneſs on my Back; and going upon the Deck, contrary to the Mariners Perſuaſion, I caſt myſelf upon the Rock without doing myſelf or the

Sultaness any Harm. Presently after, the Sea, which had dash'd the Vessel on that Rock, roll'd it off again, and I found myself left alone on the Rock with the Sultaness, without any Hopes of Succour, unless some of the Crew took Pity on us. But as they were not able to controul the Wind, and Night came on, I could expect nothing from them till the next Day, if the Tempest should cease. The Sultaness endeavour'd to comfort me with the Hope that our Mariners would not abandon us. But how unspeakable was my Grief, when, by Break of Day, I saw at a Distance one half of a Vessel floating, and which, notwithstanding the Efforts of several Persons, who try'd to bring her to the Land, was at last swallow'd up by the Waves! I thought my Lot somewhat better, to dye upon the Rock, than like them to be devour'd by the Sea. My chief Affliction was my dear Sultaness. She did not despair, but said, That since we had so strangely escap'd the Waters, she believ'd we should not perish on that Rock, and that there pass'd Ships enough that Way for us to hope for Help. I look'd out often to see whether I could descry any Sail. Two Days pass'd without my being able to discover any. I lost all Courage, when this Morning on the sudden, something seem'd to me to float upon the Water; but as it was at a great Distance, and you had no Sail up, I could not determine certainly whether it were some Piece of a Wreck, or a small Vessel with Oars. However the Object advancing to me, and increasing every Moment, I no longer doubted that it was a Brigantine, and immediately carry'd the News to the Sultaness, who did not rejoice much at it, fearing it should be from *Tunis*; for she chose rather to dye than return thither. I hollow'd, and was happy enough to be heard by you: and if I did not at first express to you the Joy I had to know you, it must be forgiven to the Condition I was then in; for you cannot doubt that my Transport was very great.

COUNT *Alexander* having finish'd his Discourse, they all join'd, not without many Sighs, in the common Joy, which was increas'd by the News that they made Land, and that it could be no other than *Sardinia*; but they could not go on Shore till the next Day. At last they arriv'd at *Genoa*, to the great Satisfaction of this happy Company, and of all the Relations of *Eleonora*. Her Father was dead; and they to whose Care she was left, in case she was ever heard of, willingly consented to her marrying the Marquis *Hippolito*, who had no great Labour to be restor'd to the Favour of the Vice-Roy of *Sicily*.

THE Sultaneſs embraced the Christian Religion; and tho' *Alexander* would fain have prevail'd with her to forsake her late Resolution, she was inflexible. The Reasons she urg'd for her Conduct were such as made an Impression on him, and after a Struggle with himself he submitted, and approv'd them. This noble Victory over himself was not long without a Recompence; for in a few Days there came News from *Barbary*, that the Bassa's Rage and Sorrow for the Loss of *Laura*, and the Flight of his Bosom-Friend *Aſſen*, had put an End to his Life. Upon which the Sultaneſs yielded to *Alexander's* ardent Inclination and her own; and *Aſſen* having follow'd her Example in becoming a Christian, neither Count *Alexander* nor the Marquis *Hippolito* were wanting to enable him, by their Wealth or Interest, to live happily the rest of his Days.

The E N D.





Vanderbank invt.

G. Van der Gucht sculp.

THE
RIVAL LADIES.

Translated from the *Spanish* Original of

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra



L O N D O N : M D C C X X I X .



THE RIVAL LADIES.

FIVE Leagues from the City of *Sevil* is a Village call'd *Castil-Blanco*, which is very well provided with Inns; into one of them just at Close of Evening came a Traveller, mounted on a fine Outlandish Nag: He had no Servant with him, but nimbly alighted, without waiting for any one to hold his Stirrup. The Inn-keeper, who was always at hand in Business, came out immediately; but the Traveller had thrown himself upon a Bench in the Gate-way, and began to unbutton his Bosom, but his Arms dropt down, and he seem'd to be fainting away. The Landlady, who was a tender-hearted Woman, threw Water in his Face, and recover'd him: He appear'd to be mightily concern'd to have been seen in that Condition, and button'd up his Bosom again, and desir'd them to show him a Room where he might take his Rest; and if possible, that he might have a Chamber to himself. The Hostess said, she had but one Room, which had two Beds in it, so that if another Guest shou'd happen to come, they must lodge him there. He told her he wou'd pay for both the Beds, whether any other Guest came or not; and taking out a Crown in Gold, gave it to the Hostess, upon

Con-

Condition she shou'd put nobody into that Bed. The Landlady was pleas'd with the Money, and promis'd to obey his Orders, tho' the Dean of *Sevil* himself shou'd come to her House that Night. She ask'd him whether he wou'd please to sup. He answer'd, No; and only desir'd they would take care of his Horse. He ask'd for the Key of the Room, and taking up a large Pair of Leathern Bags, lock'd the Door after him, and, as it afterwards appear'd, set two Chairs against it.

N O sooner had he lock'd himself in, than the Host and Hostess, the Hostler, and two of their Neighbours, who happen'd to be at the Inn, met in Council, and began to discourse about the new Guest's extraordinary Beauty and fine Presence: They all agreed they had never seen such a charming Creature before. They pass'd a Judgment then upon his Age, and concluded he might be about Sixteen or Seventeen, and shrewdly argu'd the Case about what might be the Cause of his fainting; but not being able to settle it, they again admir'd the Gracefulness of his Person. The Neighbours went home, and the Host to serve the Horse, and the Hostess to get Supper in readiness, in case other Guests shou'd happen to arrive; and it was not long before another came in, not much older than the former, and full as handsom. Bless us, cry'd the Hostess, as soon as she cast her Eyes upon him, what is the meaning of this? Are Angels come to lie in my House To-night? Why so, Landlady? said the Gentleman. Sir, said she, I have Reason for what I say, and I must desire you not to alight, because I have no Bed for you; I had but two, and a Gentleman, who is in that Room, has taken them both and paid for them; he had Occasion indeed but for one, but it seems he loves to be alone; and by the Mass I cannot think why, for such a Make and Face ought not to be hid, but to be seen and bless'd by all the World. Is he so beautiful? reply'd the Gentleman. In troth, Sir, said the Hostess, he is beautiful, and more than beautiful. Here, Hostess, said the Gentleman, hold my Horse, for tho' I should

should lie upon the Floor, I will see this Man that is so highly commended. A Muleteer that came in with him held his Stirrup, and he alighted; he order'd his Supper to be got ready immediately, which was done accordingly; whilst he was at Supper in came an *Alguazil*, or Officer of the Town, as is usual in such little Villages, and seating himself by the Gentleman, fell into Discourse with him as he was eating, not forgetting every now and then to toss down his Glass of Wine, and to pull the Leg and Wing of a Partridge which the Gentleman very civilly offer'd him. In return, the *Alguazil* ask'd him what News from Court, how the Wars in *Flanders* went; whether the *Turks* were coming into Christendom, and how Affairs stood in *Transylvania*. The Gentleman minded his Supper, and said nothing, as not being provided to answer his Questions. By this time the Host having serv'd the Nag, came in and made a third Man, and took the Freedom to taste his own Wine as often as the *Alguazil*. At every Glass he swallow'd he shook his Head, and commended the Wine to the Skies. From one Discourse to another, they again fell upon the Praises of the Guest who had lock'd himself up, giving an Account of his swooning away, and his Surprise, and that he wou'd eat no Supper. They took Notice also of the Leathern Bags, the Goodness of his Nag, and the Gayness of his Cloaths, all which consider'd, they concluded he ought to have a Servant to wait on him.

THESE Things made the Gentleman the more eager to see him, and therefore he intreated the Host to contrive some way that he might get in to lie in the other Bed, and he wou'd give him a Crown in Gold. The Lucre of the Money drew over the Host, and he wou'd gladly have earn'd it, but he found it impracticable, because the other was lock'd up on the inside, and he durst not awake him; besides, he had paid for both the Beds. The *Alguazil* soon remov'd all these Difficulties: This may be done, cry'd he; I will knock at the Door, and call out that I am
an

an Officer of the Town, who by Order of the *Alcade* bring this Gentleman to be quarter'd in this Inn, and that since there is no other Bed, he must be accommodated with that; the Host shall answer in a complaining Note, that it is wronging of him, because the Bed is hir'd already, and that it is unconscionable to take it from him, who has paid for it. This will bring off my Landlord; and you, Sir, will have what you desire. They all lik'd the *Alguazil's* Contrivance, and the Gentleman gave him four Royals. They put it in Execution immediately. The first Guest with much Reluctancy open'd the Door to the Officer; and the second, begging his Pardon for the Injury they seem'd to have done him, went into the empty Bed; but the other neither answer'd him one Word, nor wou'd suffer his Face to be seen; for as soon as ever he had open'd the Door, he threw himself into Bed again, and turning his Face to the Wall, pretended to sleep, to avoid talking. The other hoped to satisfy his Curiosity in the Morning when they rose.

THE Nights were then the long tedious ones of *December*, and the cold Weather, and Fatigue of travelling required both the Passengers to dispose themselves to Rest; but the first Guest not being able to take any, began soon after Midnight to sigh so bitterly, as if every Sigh had been his last; insomuch that tho' the other slept, he could not but awake at that lamentable Noise, and admiring the short Sobs which attended the Sighs, he listen'd attentively to what his Neighbour seem'd to mutter to himself. The Room was dark, and the Beds at a considerable Distance from each other; nevertheless, among other Things he heard him with a low and weak Voice utter these Words, Alas, unhappy Creature, whither does the irresistible Power of my Destiny hurry me? What Way am I fallen into, or how can I hope to get out of this intricate Labyrinth in which I am? Alas! for my tender and unexperienced Years, unfit for Consideration and Advice! What will be the End of this bold Excursion! Alas for my neglected Honour!

Alas

Alas for my Love, repaid with Ingratitude! Alas, how have I broke thro' the Respect I ow'd my worthy Parents and Relations! And alas, a thousand times for me, who have suffer'd myself to be led away by my giddy Inclinations! O the deceitful Expressions which seduced my unwary Heart! But of whom do I, wretched Woman, complain? Am I not my own Deceiver? Did not I fling away my Reputation, and violate the Confidence my aged Parents had in my Virtue? O faithless *Marc Antonio*! how is it possible that those flattering Words with which you us'd to sooth my Ear, shou'd be succeeded with this Discourtesy and Disdain? Where art thou, perfidious Man? Whither art thou fled? Answer me, *Antonio*; stay for me, who am following you; support me, for I faint; help me; succour me, since I have so many ways oblig'd you. Having said this, she held her Peace, and by her Sighs and Sobs it was evident she did not refrain from Tears.

THE last Guest listen'd silently to the whole, and as the House was all hush'd, he heard it distinctly, and discover'd by it that the Person who complain'd was a Woman, which made him the more desirous to know who she was: Several times he resolv'd to go to her Bed-side; and had certainly done so, had he not heard her rise and call to the Host to saddle her Horse, for she wou'd be gone. The Inn-keeper let her call a long time, and at last yawning desir'd her to go to Rest, for it was Midnight, and so dark, that it wou'd be a Madness to stir out. Upon this the poor Lady gave over, and shutting her Chamber Door, threw herself upon the Bed, and fetch'd a loud Sigh. The other thought this a proper time to speak to her, and offer her all his Service; to oblige her to discover herself, and let him know her Misfortune; Sir, said he, had not your Sighs, and the Words you utter'd, mov'd me to pity the Misfortune you complain of, I shou'd think myself void of natural Compassion, and that my Heart was of Stone, and my Breast as hard as Brass; and if this Compassion

I have for you, and the Resolution I have taken to expose my Life to do you Right, if it be possible, deserves any Civility, I beg of you, in return, that you will discover to me the Cause of your Grief, without concealing any Part of it. Had not this Sorrow transported me beyond my Reason, answer'd the other, I shou'd have remember'd that I was not alone in the Room, and shou'd have curb'd my Tongue, and suppress'd my Sighs; but in Revenge for my Forgetfulness, in a Place where I ought to have been upon my Guard, I will comply with your Desire, because perhaps the reviving the sad Account of my Misfortunes may add fresh Grief enough to break my Heart. But you must solemnly promise, by the Fidelity you express'd in the Offer you have made me, and upon your Honour, which, by the Words you have spoken, appears to be much, that whatever you shall hear, you will not stir out of your Bed, nor come to mine, nor ask any more than I shall be willing to tell you; for if you shou'd happen to do otherwise, the very Moment I hear you stir, I will stab myself with a Sword I have at my Head. The other, who wou'd not have hesitated at promising Impossibilities to learn what he so earnestly desir'd, answer'd, That he wou'd not transgress her Injunctions in the least; and bound it with a thousand Oaths. Upon that Security, reply'd the first, I will do that which I never did before, that is, give another an Account of my Life.

YOU are to understand, Sir, that I, who, as you have doubtless been told, came hither in the Habit of a Man, am an unhappy Maid, at least one who was so within these eight Days, and ceas'd to be so through my own Folly and Madness, and by giving Credit to the formal and fallacious Words of perfidious Men. My Name is *Theodosia*, my Place of Birth a considerable Town in the Province of *Andalusia*; the Name of it I conceal, because it concerns not you so much to know it, as it does me to hide it. My Parents are of Quality, and more than moderately rich; they had one Son and a Daughter, the former for
their

their Comfort and Honour, and the latter their Grief and Shame. They sent him to study at *Salamanca*, and kept me at home; where they bred me with such Care and Privacy as were suitable to their Virtue and Rank, and I was always obedient to them without the least Reluctance, 'till my unhappy Fate, or my own Extravagance, presented to my Sight a Son of a Neighbour of ours, richer than my Parents, and of as good a Family. The first Time I beheld him, I felt nothing but a bare Satisfaction in having seen him, and that was not much, considering that his Dress, his Mien, his Face, his Behaviour, his extraordinary Discretion and Courtesy were extoll'd and valu'd by all the Town. But to what Purpose is it for me to praise my Enemy, or to spend Words to spin out my unfortunate Adventure, or rather the Beginning of my Madness? In short, he saw me several times from a Window that was opposite to mine, whence he seem'd to dart his Soul at me through his Eyes. I took another sort of Satisfaction in looking at him than I had done at first, and even believ'd that all I read in his Looks and Gestures was sincere. This Interview produced a Conference, the Conference gave him an Opportunity to declare his Desire; his Desire kindled mine, and made me believe him. To all this were added Promises, Oaths, Tears, Sighs, and whatever in my Opinion cou'd become a constant Lover, to express the Truth of his Affection, and the Unchangeableness of his Heart; and to me, unhappy Creature! who had never experienced such Things before, every Word was a Cannon-shot, that batter'd down the Outworks of my Honour; every Tear was a Flame that consum'd my Modesty; every Sigh a strong Breath of Wind that blew the Fire; that Virtue which 'till then had been untouch'd, was supplanted; and as he promis'd me Marriage, tho' his Parents, who design'd him for another, shou'd refuse to consent to it, I broke thro' all my Reservedness, and without knowing how, put myself into his Power, unknown to my Parents, and without any other Witness of my Folly, than a Page be-
longing

longing to *Antonio* (for that is the Name of the Disturber of my Peace;) and scarce had he taken Possession of me, according to his Will, when within two Days he left the Town, neither his Parents, nor any other, knowing whither he was gone. In what a Condition I was left, let those tell who are able; for I neither was then nor am now capable of any thing but bewailing it. I tore my Hair, I disguis'd my Face, as thinking that had been the Cause of my Calamity: I curs'd my Fate; I blam'd my Resolution; I shed many, nay infinite Tears; I was almost stifled with them and the Sighs that issued from my afflicted Heart; I silently complain'd to Heav'n; I rack'd my Thoughts to find out some Redress; and what occur'd was to dress myself in Man's Cloaths, to quit my Father's House, and set out in Quest of this treacherous, this perfidious Man, this Robber of my Virtue, and of my lawful and well-grounded Hopes. Thus without considering much on what I was doing, meeting accidentally with a Suit of Cloaths of my Brother's, and taking a Nag of my Father's, which I saddled myself, I left the House in a very dark Night, designing to go to *Salamanca*, where, as I heard afterwards, it was guess'd *Antonio* might be; for he is a Scholar, and Comrade to my Brother. I took care to furnish myself with a considerable Sum of Money in Gold, to supply my Wants in this unexpected Journey; but what troubles me most is, that my Parents will pursue me, and cannot fail of taking me by my Cloaths and my Horse; and if I were not in Danger of this, I am afraid of my Brother, who is at *Salamanca*, and if he shou'd know me, it is easie to conceive what Danger my Life is in; because tho' he shou'd give ear to my Excuses, yet if he apprehends the Honour of our Family to be blemish'd in the least, his Resentment will prevail over all I can say to him. However my chief Design is, tho' I lose my Life, to find out my wicked Spouse, who cannot deny his being so, but he must be disprov'd by the Testimonial he left with me, which is a Diamond Ring, with these Words

in

in Cypher, Marc Antonio is Husband to Theodosia. If I meet with him, I will know of him, what it was he disliked in me, that mov'd him so soon to leave me? and in short, I will oblige him to perform his Promise to me, or I will be the Death of him; for I am as fix'd to take Revenge, as I was easy in suffering myself to be wrong'd; for the noble Blood I have from my Parents inspires me with such a Resolution, as promises me either Redress, or Vengeance for my Wrongs.

THIS, Sir, is the unfortunate Story you are desirous to know, which will be a sufficient Excuse for my Sighs and Words that awak'd you. What I beg of you is, that if you cannot help me, you will at least advise me, how I may shun the Dangers which threaten me, and moderate the Fear I am in of being discover'd, and direct me how I may compass what I desire.

HE who listen'd to the love sick *Theodosia's* Story remain'd long in Silence without answering one Word, in-somuch that she thought he was fallen asleep, and had heard nothing of what she said; and to be satisfy'd as to what she suspected, Sir, said she, are you asleep? I shou'd not take it ill if you were; for it is but fit that when the Sufferer recounts his Misfortunes to one who is not concern'd in them, the Hearer shou'd rather be inclin'd to Sleep than to Compassion. I am not asleep, answer'd the Gentleman; but am so sensible of your Unhappiness, that I may almost say, it touches me as nearly and as feelingly as it does yourself, and therefore I shall not be content merely to assist you with my Advice, but will do for you all that lies in my Power; for tho' in relating your Adventure you have given a Proof of your extraordinary Wit, and that of Consequence you were rather led astray by your Inclination, than by *Antonio's* Persuasions; yet I think the Fault you have committed may be excused by your Youth, that Age being incapable of Experience and unacquainted with the Wiles of Men. Compose yourself, Madam, and sleep if you can the small Part of the Night that remains,

and when it is Day we will consult and consider what Remedy may be apply'd to your Distemper.

THEODOSIA return'd him Thanks in the most obliging manner she cou'd, and endeavour'd to take some Rest, that the Gentleman might be able to sleep; but he cou'd not get one Moment's Repose; on the contrary, he began to tumble in his Bed, and sigh'd so that *Theodosia* cou'd not forbear asking him, what it was that troubled him? For if it were any thing wherein she was capable of relieving him, she wou'd do it as readily as he had offer'd her his Assistance. Tho' you, Madam, answer'd the Gentleman, are the Person that has occasion'd the Uneasiness you perceive in me, it is not you that can remove it; for if you cou'd, I shou'd not be in any Trouble. *Theodosia* cou'd not understand the Meaning of those confus'd Words; but guess'd his Concern proceeded from Love, and that she herself was the Cause of it. Nor was her Suspicion without Ground; for the Loneliness of the Chamber, the Darkness, and the knowing her to be a Woman, might easily have produced a lascivious Thought in him. She was apprehensive of it, and dressing herself hastily and without Noise, girt on her Sword and Dagger, and sitting down on the Bed, waited for Day, which not long after began to appear. The Light breaking in at the Windows and Crevices, the Gentleman, it seems, had done the same as *Theodosia*, and no sooner perceiv'd the Light in the Room, than he stood up, saying, Rise, Mrs. *Theodosia*; for I design to bear you Company in your Journey, and not forsake you, 'till *Antonio* owns you for his Wife, or either he or I lose our Lives in the Quarrel, by which you will perceive how much I lay your Misfortune to Heart. Having said this, he open'd the Windows and the Door. *Theodosia* had been wishing for the Day, that she might see him with whom she had been discoursing all the Night; but when she beheld and knew him, she cou'd have wish'd it had never been Day, but that her Eyes might rather have been clos'd in perpetual Night; for no sooner had the Gentleman

He turn'd his Face to look at her, being also desirous to see her, than she perceiv'd he was her Brother, whom she so much dreaded. Her Eyes fail'd her at the Sight, she was struck speechless, and lost her Colour; however Fear making her bold, and the Danger sharpening her Wit, she drew her Dagger, took hold of it by the Point, and falling on her Knees before her Brother, with a trembling Voice, Dear Brother, cry'd she, take this Dagger, and with it chastize the Fault I have committed, to satisfy your Indignation; for my Crime is so great as not to deserve any Mercy. I confess my Offence, and do not desire that my Repentance shou'd excuse me. This only I beg of you, that you will so punish me as to take away my Life, but not my Reputation; for tho' I have expos'd it so much, by quitting my Father's House, yet still it will be preserv'd if you punish me in private.

HER Brother gaz'd on her; and tho' the Unchastness of her Conduct excited him to Revenge, yet these melting and sensible Words, wherewith she own'd her Offence, wrought so effectually upon his Heart, that with a pleasing and sedate Countenance he rais'd her up, and comforted her in the best manner he was able, telling her, that as he could not inflict a Punishment so grievous as she deserv'd, he was willing to put it off for the present; and also because he was of Opinion, it was not altogether impossible to retrieve the Disaster, which he wou'd attempt by all Means to compass, rather than revenge the Injury of her loose Behaviour. These Words reviv'd *Theodosia's* Spirits, her Colour return'd, and she began to conceive fresh Hopes. *Don Raphael* (that was her Brother's Name) wou'd not speak more about her Misfortune, but bid her change the Name of *Theodosia* into that of *Theodorus*; for they wou'd both set out for *Salamanca* in Quest of *Antonio*, tho' he fancy'd he was not there; because, being his Comrade, he shou'd have seen him; tho' it was likely the Wrong he had done him, might make him studious to avoid him.

THE new-christen'd *Theodorus* submitted to his Brother's Will; and the Host coming in, they order'd him to get something for Breakfast, because they wou'd set forward with all Speed. Whilst the Horses were fadling, and the Breakfast getting ready, a Gentleman Traveller came into the Inn, whom *Don Raphael* presently knew: *Theodorus* also knew him, and durst not come out of the Chamber, for Fear of being seen. *Don Raphael* and he embraced; and *Don Raphael* ask'd him, What News there was in their Town. To which the other answer'd, that he came from *Port St. Mary*, where he had left four Gallies ready to sail for *Naples*, and that *Marc Antonio Adorno*, the Son of *Don Leonardo Adorno*, was on board them. *Don Raphael* rejoiced at this unexpected Intelligence, looking upon it as a good Omen of his future Success. He desir'd his Friend to take his Father's Horse, which he knew very well, and let him have his Mule; he took no Notice to him that he was come from *Salamanca*; but told him he was going thither, and did not care to ride so good an Horse so long a Journey. His Friend readily comply'd, and promis'd to deliver the Horse at his Father's House. They breakfasted together, and *Theodorus* by himself, and then the Friend set out for *Cazalla*, where he had a plentiful Estate. *Don Raphael*, to avoid bearing him Company, pretended he had Occasion to return that Day to *Sevil*: and as soon as the other was gone, he paid the Reckoning, took his Leave, and *Theodorus* and he proceeded on their Journey, leaving the whole Inn in Admiration at the Sweetness and Dignity of his Person; for he was as graceful and well-shap'd for a Man, as his Sister was beautiful and lovely.

AS soon as they were by themselves, *Don Raphael* acquainted his Sister with the News his Friend had told him of *Antonio*, and that he thought fit to travel with all possible speed for *Barcelona*, where the Gallies generally touch'd in their Passage to *Italy*, or in their Return to *Spain*; and there they shou'd certainly meet with *Antonio*. His Sister answer'd, he might do whatever he shou'd judge expedient; for

for his Will should be a Law to her. *Don Raphael* bid the Muleteer he had brought with him be of good Heart, for they must go to *Barcelona*; and promis'd to pay him to his own Content for his Time. The Fellow, who was as well-temper'd as any of his Profession, and knew *Don Raphael* was generous, answer'd, that he would follow him to the World's End. *Don Raphael* ask'd his Sister, What Money she had. She had not counted it, she told him; and only knew, that she had taken seven or eight Handfuls of Gold Crowns out of her Father's Scrutore; by which *Don Raphael* guess'd she might have about 500 Crowns: As he had 200, and a Gold Chain, he thought himself pretty well furnish'd, and the rather, because he was perswaded he should meet with *Marc Antonio* at *Barcelona*.

THUS they travell'd on without losing any Time, or meeting with any Accident or Obstacle, till they came within two Leagues of a Town call'd *Ygualada*, which is nine Leagues from *Barcelona*. They had heard by the Way, that a Man of Quality, who was going Ambassador to *Rome*, was at *Barcelona* waiting for the Gallies, which were not yet arriv'd; at which News they were pleas'd extremely. But just as they came to a little Wood on the Road, a Man rush'd out of it in a mighty Consternation, and often looking behind him, *Don Raphael* stopp'd him, What do you run for, honest Friend, cry'd he: What is the Matter, that you ply your Feet so nimbly? Have not I reason to run, and to be in a Fright, answer'd the Man, when I have had a miraculous Escape from a Troop of Robbers in that Wood? How, cry'd the Muleteer, that is bad, i'fackins; Robbers at this Time of Day! On my Conscience, they will leave us in a blessed Condition! Never fret yourself, Friend, said the Man; for the Robbers are gone off, and have left above thirty Travellers ty'd to the Trees in the Wood, stripp'd quite to their Shirts, with only one at Liberty to unbind the rest, after they should be got over a little Hill which they shew'd him.

If it be so, reply'd the Muleteer, we may pass in Safety, because the Robbers never return to the Place where they have committed a Robbery for several Days. I can say this upon my own Experience; for I have fallen twice into their Hands, a Murrain on them, and know their Ways and Customs. That is true, said the Man. *Don Raphael* hearing this, resolv'd to proceed; and they had not gone far, before they came to the poor Wretches that were bound; they were above Forty in Number; and the Man the Robbers had left loose, was busy in unbinding them. They made a strange Appearance; some of them were naked, others were clad in the tatter'd Cloaths of the Robbers; some lamented the dear Royals they had lost, and others laugh'd at the odd Figure their Fellow-Sufferers made in the Rags of the Ruffians. So many Crowns in hard Gold, says one, gone at a Sweep; Crowns, says another, why they have taken from me a Pin-Cushion our *Magaret* made with her own Hands, and gave me last Procession. A third was in Agonies for an Absolution and a Box of *Agnus Dei's* he had just brought from Rome. In fine, the Place resounded with Lamentations. The two Brethren beheld this with a generous Compassion, and bless'd God, who had deliver'd them from so imminent a Danger. But the Sight which touch'd them most, and particularly *Theodorus*, was a Boy of about 16 Years of Age, bound in his Shirt and Drawers to the Stump of an Oak; he was so beautiful, that he mov'd Pity in all that beheld him. *Theodorus* alighted to unbind him. He thank'd him for his Goodness in the most courteous Manner. *Theodorus* desir'd *Calvese*, the Muleteer, to lend him his Cloak, till they could furnish him with Cloaths at the next Town. *Calvese* consented very readily. *Theodorus* ask'd him, *Don Raphael* being by, where he was born, whence he came, and whither he was travelling. The Youth answer'd, That he was a Native of *Andalusia*, of a Town, which, when he had nam'd, they knew was but two Leagues distant from their own. He added, that he came from

Sevil,

Sevil, and design'd to have gone over for *Italy*, like many others, to try his Fortune in the Army, but his Fate had prov'd unlucky, and the Robbers had taken a considerable Sum of Money from him, and Cloaths that were worth about 300 Crowns; but he was still resolv'd to proceed, for he was not of a Race to be daunted at the first Misfortune.

THE Youth's discreet Expressions, and his being so near a Neighbour, but above all, the Recommendation of his Beauty, inclin'd *Don Raphael* and his Sister to assist him to the utmost of their Power. And having distributed Money among those they thought in the greatest Want, and especially among some Priests, and Fryars, of which there were above eight in the Company; they placed the Youth on *Calves's* Mule, and soon arriv'd at *Ygualada*, where they were inform'd, that the Gallies came to *Barcelona* the Day before, and would sail again within two Days, unless they were sooner forced away by Strefs of Weather. Upon this Intelligence they rose the next Morning before the Sun was up; tho' they had not slept all the Night, both the Brethren (as they appear'd to be) being more alarm'd than they had expected; for being at Table with the Youth they had releas'd, *Theodorus* fix'd his Eyes earnestly on his Face, and observing him strictly, thought his Ears were bor'd; by which, and by the Bashfulness of his Looks, he suspected it was a Woman, and long'd for Supper to be over, to inform herself. During Supper, *Don Raphael* ask'd him whose Son he was, for he knew all the prime People in the Town, if he was of the Place he had nam'd. The Youth answer'd, he was Son to *Don Henry de Cardenas*, a Gentleman well known. *Don Raphael* reply'd, that he was well acquainted with *Don Henry de Cardenas*, and was certain he had no Son; but if he said it to conceal his Parents, it might be excus'd, and he would ask him no farther. It is true, reply'd the Youth, *Don Henry* has no Children, but a Brother of his, whose Name is *Don Sancho*, has. But he has

no Sons, said *Don Raphael*, only a Daughter, who is reported to be one of the most beautiful Ladies in *Andaluzia*; I have this only by Fame; for tho' I have been several Times in the Town, I never saw her. You are right, Sir, in all you have said, answer'd the Youth, for *Don Sancho* has only one Daughter, but she is not so beautiful as is reported; and if I said I was *Don Henry's* Son, it was to recommend myself the better to you; for I am not so, but the Son of *Don Sancho's* Steward, who has serv'd him many Years, and I was born in his House, and having anger'd my Father, I took a Sum of Money, and resolv'd to go for *Italy*, as I told you, and take to the Army, which, as I have seen, raises many mean Persons to Renown.

THEODORUS observ'd all his Words, and his Manner of delivering them, which confirm'd him in his Suspicion. Supper being over, whilst *Don Raphael* undress'd, his Sister told him what she suspected; and, with his Approbation, stepp'd aside with the Youth to a large Balcony-Window, which look'd into the Street; and both of them leaning over it, I could wish, said he, *Senor Francisco*, (which the Youth said was his Name) that I had oblig'd you so far, that you could not refuse any Thing I should ask of you; but the short Time we have been acquainted has not given me an Opportunity. Perhaps hereafter you may be sensible of my good Inclinations; and in case you shall not think fit to answer my present Expectation, I shall not be the less your Servant; but before I explain myself farther, I must acquaint you, that tho' I am as young as you, I know more of the World than my Age seems to promise, and by that Knowledge I have found Cause to suspect that you are not a Man, as you seem to be by your Habit, but a Woman, and well born, as your Beauty testifies; and perhaps as unfortunate as the Change of your Dress seems to intimate; for Changes of this Kind are never for the better. If what I suspect be true, confess it; for I swear by the Faith of a Gentleman, as I profess

feels myself to be, that I will assist you to my utmost. You will never persuade me you are not a Woman, for the Ring-Holes in your Ears discover it, and you were over-seen in not stopping them up with Wax; for some other Person no less curious than myself, and perhaps not so honest, may observe them, and make the same Conclusion. Do not scruple, I beseech you, to tell me who you are, since I promise you my Assistance, and assure you of as much Secrecy as you can desire.

THE Youth attended to what *Theodorus* said, and perceiving he had done, before he answer'd a Word, he catch'd up both his Hands, and putting them to his Mouth, kiss'd them by Force, at the same Time bathing them with Tears, which fell plentifully from his beautiful Eyes; this strange Commotion wrought so on *Theodorus*, that he could not forbear weeping with him; for Women well-born have a Tenderness of Temper, and are naturally mov'd at the Sorrows and Troubles of others. Having with some Difficulty made the Youth release his Hands, he waited to hear what he would answer; when fetching a deep Groan, attended with many Sighs, I neither can, nor will, said he, deny, that what you have suspected is true; I am a Woman, and the most unfortunate that ever was born; and since the Favours I have receiv'd, and the Offers you make me, oblige me to obey all your Commands, I will tell you who I am, if it be not tiresome to you to hear the Misfortunes of others. May I ever labour under them, reply'd *Theodorus*, if the Satisfaction of being inform'd of them will not be equal to my Concern at your having sustain'd them, for I begin to feel them as if they were my own. Then embracing her again, and repeating his sincere Assurances of Friendship, the Youth being something more compos'd, deliver'd himself in this Manner.

AS to my Place of Birth, I have already told you the Truth, but not in relation to my Parents, for *Don Henry* is not my Father, but my Uncle, and his Brother *Don Sancho* is my Father; and I am his unhappy Daughter, who your

Brother says is so much celebrated for her Beauty, which they who see how slender a Share I have of it, will discover to be a Mistake. My Name is *Leocadia*; and the Occasion of my changing my Habit is this: Two Leagues from our Town stands another, which is one of the richest in *Andaluzia*, where lives a Gentleman of Quality, descended from the noble and ancient House of the *Adornos* of *Genoa*. This Gentleman has a Son, who, if Fame is not over-lavish in his Praises, as it is in mine, is one of the genteelst and most graceful that can be seen. As the two Towns were very near, and he was addicted to Hunting, as well as my Father, he us'd to come sometimes to our House, and stay'd there five or six Days, all which, and some Part of the Nights, my Father and he were wont to spend abroad in the Fields. This Custom gave either my Fate, or my Love, or my Inadvertency an Opportunity to cast me down from the Height of my honourable Intentions to the Meanness of the Condition to which I am reduced. For having view'd, more than became a modest Virgin, *Marc Antonio's* Mien and Discretion, and considering the Worth of his Family, and his Father's Wealth, I thought, if I could make him my Husband, I need desire no greater Happiness. Upon this I began to observe him more narrowly, and perhaps with less Precaution, since he took Notice that I had my Eyes upon him; and the perfidious Man neither wish'd nor wanted any other Declaration to pry into the Secrets of my Heart, and rob me of the prime Treasure of my Soul. But there is no Occasion to relate all the Particulars of my Love, it is sufficient to acquaint you at once, that his Affidity prevail'd on me so far, that having engag'd his Word and Faith to me, under mighty Oaths, and such as I thought binding to any Christian, that he would be my Husband, I surrender'd myself to his Will. However, not being perfectly satisfy'd with his Oaths and Protestations, for fear they should all vanish into Air, I oblig'd him to draw up the Engagement in a Paper, which he gave me
sign'd

sign'd with his own Hand, and express'd in the strongest Terms. Having receiv'd this Writing, I contriv'd that he should come one Night over a Garden-Wall, and be admitted into my Chamber, where he might, without the least Danger, take Possession of that which was design'd for him alone. At length the Night I had so much wish'd for came ———

THEODORUS had been silent till this Moment, listening to *Leocadia's* Words, each of which pierced thro' his Soul, especially at the Name of *Marc Antonio*. He saw *Leocadia's* surprizing Beauty, and consider'd the great Worth and Discretion which she shew'd in the Relation of her Story. But when she utter'd those Words, *The Night I had so much wish'd for came*, he was quite out of Patience; and not being able to curb himself, Well, said he, interrupting her, and when that happy Night came, what then? Did he get into your Chamber? Did you enjoy him? Did he again confirm the Writing? Was he pleas'd that he had obtain'd that of you, which you say was his own? Did your Father know it? What was the Conclusion of such virtuous and wise Beginnings? The Conclusion, said *Leocadia*, was the bringing me into the Condition you now see me in; for he did not come according to the Appointment. At these Words *Theodosia* recover'd new Breath, and her sinking Spirits reviv'd from the Pangs of Jealousy, which had seiz'd her; yet she was not so well restor'd, but that she heard with Anguish the rest of *Leocadia's* Discourse, who thus proceeded.

HE never came; he was so far from coming, that within a Week after, I was inform'd for certain, that he had left his Town, and carry'd away from her Parents House the Daughter of a Gentleman of Quality, in the same Place; her Name is *Theodosia*, a Maiden of wonderful Beauty and Sense. The Rape was soon known in our Town, and immediately reach'd my Ears; Jealousy so fir'd my Soul, that it subdu'd my Honour, ruin'd my Reputation, exhausted my Patience, and destroy'd my Discretion. Alas! misera-

miserable Woman that I am, I fancy'd *Theodosia* more beautiful than the Sun, a Prodigy of Wit, and far more fortunate than myself. I then read over my Paper, and found the Expressions of it clear and firm, and not to be invalidated; and tho' I built my Hopes on them as on a sacred Security, yet when I reflected on the dangerous Company *Antonio* had taken with him, my Hopes again fell to the Ground. I scratch'd my Face, tore off my Hair, and what troubled me most was, that I could not always fly into these Frenzies, because of my Father's Presence. To conclude, that I might be at Liberty to indulge my Complaints, or put an End to my Life, which was most likely, I resolv'd to quit my Father's House. And as Opportunity seems to remove all Obstacles, when we are to put in Execution an ill Design, without dreading any Inconveniences, I stole our Page's Cloaths, and a considerable Sum of Money from my Father, and slipping out of the House in a very dark Night, travell'd some Leagues a-foot, till I came to a Town call'd *Osura*, where hiring a Place in a Waggon, in two Days I arriv'd at *Sevil*, which was taking all the Security I could not be found, in case I should be sought after. I bought other Cloaths, and a Mule, and travell'd with some Gentlemen, who were coming in Haste for *Barcelona*, for fear of missing the Gallies that were bound for *Italy*, till Yesterday, as you have heard, I was met by the Robbers, who took from me all I had, and among the rest, that inestimable Jewel which preserv'd my Health, and eas'd the Burden of my Troubles, *Marc Antonio's* Paper; which I design'd to carry over to *Italy*, and if I could find him out, to produce it as a Testimony of his Perfidiousness, and my Constancy, thereby to oblige him to perform his Promise. But at the same Time I have consider'd, that he will make no Difficulty to disown Words written on Paper, who has no Regard to Obligations which ought to be engrav'd on the Soul; for it is plain, that if he has the matchless *Theodosia* with him, he will not look on the unfortunate *Leocadia*; and yet I
am

am resolv'd to perish, or shew myself before them both, that the Sight of me may give a Check to their Satisfaction. That Enemy of my Repose must not expect to enjoy what is mine so cheaply; I will seek her, I will find her, and be the Death of her, if I can.

WHEREIN is *Theodosia* to blame, said *Theodorus*, if she was also deceiv'd by *Antonio* as you have been? How can that be, answer'd *Leocadia*, when he has taken her away with him? what Deceit can there be, when two Lovers are together? When they are together, they are pleas'd, whether they are in the burning Desarts of *Libya*, or on the frozen Mountains of *Scythia*. She enjoys him, without doubt, wheresoever it is, and she alone shall pay for all I shall have endur'd till I find him. It is possible you may be mistaken, reply'd *Theodosia*; for I am very well acquainted with her you call your Enemy, and know she is reserv'd and modest, that she would never be prevail'd on to quit her Parents House, and run away with *Antonio*; and in case she had done so, as she does not know you, nor any Thing that was between you two, she has done you no Wrong, and where there is no Wrong, there is no Place for Revenge. What signifies talking of Reservedness, said *Leocadia*, for I liv'd as retir'd, and was as modest as any, and yet I did what I have told you. There is no doubt but he went away with her; yet I own she has not wrong'd me, when I reflect on it without Prejudice; but my Jealousy brings her into my Mind, and she is to me like a Sword thro' my Bowels; and it is no wonder, that since she causes me so much Pain, I should hate her mortally. Prudence bids us remove those Things that hurt us, and it is natural to hate those who do us a Prejudice, and obstruct our Advantage. Let it be as you say, Madam, reply'd *Theodorus*; for since the Emotion you labour under will not permit you to make more judicious Reflections, this is no Time to offer you wholesome Advice. I only say, as I told you before, that I will assist you in all that is just, as far as I am able; and I promise
the

the same for my Brother, whose natural Inclinations and generous Birth will not suffer him to do otherwise. We design for *Italy*, and if you please you may go with us; you understand now what sort of Persons we are pretty well; all I desire of you is, that you will give me Leave to acquaint my Brother with what I know of your Affairs, that he may treat you with that Civility and Respect which are due to you. But I think you ought to continue the Disguise of a Man's Habit; and if there is any Conveniency for cloathing you in this Place, in the Morning I will buy you the best Suit I can get; as for your other Pretensions, leave them to Time, which is able to produce a Remedy in the most desperate Cases. *Leocadia* thank'd *Theodorus* for his courteous Offer, and allow'd him to tell his Brother what he pleas'd, beseeching him not to abandon her, since he was sensible of the many Dangers she must run, if she were known to be a Woman.

THUS they parted, and went to Bed: *Theodosia* in her Brother's Room, and *Leocadia* in another, close by it. *Don Raphael* was not yet asleep, but expected his Sister's coming, to know what had pass'd between her and the Person she took to be a Woman. She gave him an exact Account of all that *Leocadia* had told her, as whose Daughter she was, her Love-Intrigue, the Writing *Antonio* had given her, and what she design'd. *Don Raphael* was amaz'd. If she is the same that she pretends to be, I must tell you, Sister, said he, that she is one of the first Ladies in that Town, and of the noblest in all *Andaluzia*. Her Father is well known to ours, and the Fame of her Beauty is agreeable to what we saw in her Countenance. My Opinion is, that we must take Care to prevent her speaking with *Antonio* before us, for I am in Pain about the Paper she says he gave her, tho' she has lost it; but set your Heart at rest, and go to Bed, for there is a Remedy for every Thing. *Theodosia* did as her Brother order'd, as to going Bed; but as to setting her Heart at Rest, she could not
 4. obey

obey him, for the Rage of Jealousy had inflam'd her Soul. How did she in her Fancy magnify *Leocadia's* and *Antonio's* Perfidiousness, beyond what in Truth it was! How often did she read, or seem to read, the Engagement he had given her! How many Words and Sentences did she add to it, to render it valid, and indissoluble! How often did she suppose *Leocadia* had not lost it; and persuade herself that *Antonio* would make good his Promise even without it; never once reflecting on the Obligation he lay under to herself. These Thoughts employ'd her the greatest Part of the Night, without sleeping one Wink. Nor did her Brother *Don Raphael* rest better; for as soon as he heard who *Leocadia* was, his Heart was fir'd with Love, as much as if he had long convers'd with her. Such is the Power of Beauty, that in a Moment it attracts the Desires of those who behold it; and if there appears the least Possibility of gaining it, kindles the Heart into a Flame as immediately as dry Powder takes Fire with the smallest Spark that falls upon it. He beheld her in his Imagination, not as ty'd to the Tree in the ragged Apparel of a Man, but as in her own Attire, and in her Father's Family, which was equal to his own. He would not suffer his Thoughts to consider the sad Occasion which had brought her to his Knowledge; but wish'd for Day, that he might proceed on his Journey, and seek out *Marc Antonio*, not so much to make him his Brother-in-Law, as to prevent his being Husband to *Leocadia*; for his Transport was so great, that he could have been satisfy'd to have resign'd the Justice which was due to his Sister, and which he had undertaken to procure her, and to have seen *Antonio* dead, on Condition he might not despair of obtaining *Leocadia*. And he began to flatter himself with Success in his Enterprize, either by Force, or by Courtesy, both of which he now seem'd to have an Opportunity to employ.

WITH these pleasing Notions, he compos'd himself a little; but Day soon coming on, they left their Beds.

Don

Don Raphael then calling the Landlord, ask'd him whether they could get Cloaths in the Town for a Page who had been stripp'd by the Robbers. The Host told him he had a good Suit to sell; and fetching it to them, it fitted *Leocadia*. *Don Raphael* paid for it; she put it on, and buckled on a Sword and Dagger with so good a Grace, that even in that Habit she surpriz'd *Don Raphael*, and rais'd fresh Jealousy in *Theodosia*. *Calvese* saddled the Mules, and they set out at eight in the Morning for *Barcelona*, without visiting the famous Monastery of *Monferrate*, deferring it till Providence should be pleas'd to bring them back to their Native Country with greater Peace of Mind.

IT is impossible to express the Thoughts of *Don Raphael* and *Theodosia* at that time, or with what different Minds they both look'd on *Leocadia*, *Theodosia* wishing her Death, and *Don Raphael* her Life, each of them being possess'd with Jealousy and Love. *Theodosia* contriv'd to find some Blemishes in her, to support her own Hopes; while *Don Raphael* admir'd those Perfections which every Moment increas'd his Affection. However, they pursu'd their Journey so heartily, that they arriv'd at *Barcelona* a little before Sun setting. They admir'd the beautiful Situation of the Town, and concluded it to be the Flower of all Cities, the Honour of *Spain*, the Terror of neighbouring and remote Enemies, the Delight of its Inhabitants, the Refuge of Strangers, the School of Gentility, the Pattern of Loyalty; and fully answering all the most Polite and Curious can expect in a great, famous, opulent and well-seated City. As they enter'd, they heard a mighty Noise, and saw a Croud of People running in the utmost Confusion; and enquiring into the Cause were told, that the People who belong'd to the Gallies which were at Anchor in the Road, were fallen together by the Ears with the Citizens. *Don Raphael* hearing this, would needs go see how the Matter went; *Calvese* advis'd him not to do it, because it was Madness to run himself into manifest Danger;

Danger; for he very well knew how scurvily they came off, who thrust themselves into such Quarrels, which were usual in that City upon the Arrival of the Gallies.

CALVESE's good Counsel did not prevail with *Don Raphael* to desist, and therefore they all follow'd him. When they came to the Shore, they beheld a great many Swords drawn, and a whole Multitude hacking and hewing one another without Mercy. They drew so near, without alighting, that they could distinguish the Faces of those that fought, for the Sun was not yet quite down. An infinite number of People flock'd from the City, and others landed from the Gallies, notwithstanding *Don Peter Vique*, the Admiral, who was a Gentleman of *Valentia*, standing on the Poop of his Gally, threatned those that were got into the Boats, to go to the Assistance of their Comrades. But perceiving all he could say was to no purpose, he caus'd the Heads of the Gallies to be brought about towards the City, and fir'd a Gun with Powder only, as a Signal that the next should be with Ball, if they did not give over. *Don Raphael* in the mean time was looking upon the Fray, and observ'd that among those who signaliz'd themselves of the Party belonging to the Gallies, none behav'd himself better than a Youth of about twenty two Years of Age, clad in Green, with a Hat of the same Colour, about which was a rich Hatband, which seem'd to be of Diamonds. His gallant Behaviour, and the Gayness of his Habit, drew the Eyes of all the Spectators; and *Theodosia* and *Leocadia* gaz'd on him so earnestly, that they both cry'd out at once, Heavens, either my Eyes are not my own, or he in the Green is *Marc Antonio*. They had no sooner utter'd these Words, than they both threw themselves off their Mules, and drawing their Swords and Daggers, push'd into the midst of the Throng without the least Concern, and placed themselves on each Side of *Antonio*, who, as they said, was the Youth in Green. Fear nothing, *Antonio*, said *Leocadia* as soon as she came up to him, for you have one by your Side, who will cover your Body with

with his own to save yours. Who questions that, cry'd *Theodosia*, when I am here? *Don Raphael*, who saw and heard the whole, follow'd them, and join'd in the Succour. *Marc Antonio* being intent on defending himself, took no Notice of what they said, but did Wonders in the Fight. However, the Number of the Citizens encreasing every Moment, those of the Gallies were oblig'd to give Ground till they were driven into the Water. *Antonio* retir'd very unwillingly, and his two brave Female Champions retir'd equally with him.

IN this Instant arriv'd a *Catalonian* Gentleman of the renown'd Family of *Cordona*, mounted on a stately Horse, and riding in between the two Parties, made the Citizens retire; for as soon as they knew him, they all paid him the highest Respect. But some standing aloof, threw Stones, one of which as ill luck would have it, struck *Marc Antonio* on the Temple with such a Force, that he dropp'd down into the Water, which was then up to his Knees. As soon as *Leocadia* saw him fall, she ran to him, and bore him up in her Arms, and *Theodosia* did the like. *Don Raphael* was at a small Distance, defending himself against the Shower of Stones which flew about him; and being about to go to the Assistance of his Mistress and of his Sister, the *Catalonian* Gentleman stopp'd him. Give over, Sir, said he, as you are a Soldier, and keep close by me, and I will rescue you from the Insolence of this unruly Multitude. Let me pass, Sir, answer'd *Don Raphael*, for I see those I love best in the World in great Danger. The Gentleman permitted him to go; but he came so late, that *Marc Antonio* and *Leocadia*, (for she never let him go out of her Arms) were already put into the Admiral's Boat; and *Theodosia* thinking to have got into the Boat with them, her Strength fail'd her, either from her Concern at *Antonio's* being wounded, or at her seeing him carry'd away with her greatest Enemy; and she was not able to get into the Boat, and had certainly fainted away in the Water, had not her Brother come up to support her.

her. He was troubled no less than his Sister, to see *Leocadia* carry'd away with *Marc Antonio*, for by that time he also knew him. The *Catalonian* Gentleman being charm'd with *Don Raphael's* fine Prefence, and no less with his Sister, whom he took for a Man, call'd to them from the Shore, and desir'd they wou'd go along with him; they comply'd with Necessity, and fearing lest the People, who were not yet quell'd, shou'd do them some Injury, accepted the Offer. The Gentleman alighted, and with his naked Sword made way thro' the middle of the Rabble, desiring them to go quietly home; and at his Intreaty they dispers'd. *Don Raphael* look'd all about for *Calvese* and the Mules, but cou'd not see him; for when they were first alighted, he withdrew and went away to an Inn he commonly us'd.

THE *Catalonian* Gentleman being come to his House, which was one of the finest in the City, ask'd *Don Raphael*, which of the Gallies he came in; who answer'd, In none, for he arriv'd at the City the very Moment the Fray began, and being acquainted with the Gentleman who was carry'd off in the Boat wounded with the Stone, he had run himself into that Danger to assist him, and begg'd he would procure that the wounded Gentleman might be brought ashore; for his Life and all that was dear to him in this World depended upon it. That I will do very readily, reply'd the Gentleman; and I know the Admiral, who is a Man of Quality, and my Relation, will make no Scruple of putting him into my Hands. At this he went back immediately to the Galley, where he found them dressing *Marc Antonio*, whose Wound was dangerous, as being on his left Temple, and, according to the Surgeon's Report, very deep. He prevail'd with the Admiral to let him remove him to be cur'd on Shore, whither he was carefully carry'd in the Boat. *Leocadia*, who wou'd never stir from him, as being her only Hope, bore him Company. Being landed, the Gentleman caus'd him to be convey'd to his House in a Chair. In the mean time *Don Raphael* had sent
to

to look out for *Calvese*, who was at the Inn very anxious to know what was become of his Masters, and hearing they were safe, was overjoy'd, and came away to *Don Raphael*. By this time the Gentleman of the House was return'd with *Marc Antonio* and *Leocadia*, and lodg'd all his new Guests with much Affection and Magnificence. He presently sent for a famous City-Surgeon to dress *Antonio* again. He came, but refus'd to dress him 'till the next Day, alledging that the Surgeons of Navies and Armies were Men of Experience, as having Variety of Cases always under their Care, and therefore it was not proper to open the Wound 'till the Morning. He only order'd that he shou'd be kept warm, and left to take some Rest: The Surgeon of the Gallies was call'd in at the same time, and gave the other an Account of the Nature of the Wound, of what he had done to it, and of the Danger he thought the Patient was in; they both agreed in Opinion, and declar'd *Antonio* was in considerable Hazard.

LEOCADIA and *Theodosia* heard it with as much Concern as if Sentence of Death had been pronounced against them, but curb'd themselves for fear of discovering their Grief. *Leocadia* resolv'd to do what shou'd be most convenient to retrieve her Honour, and therefore as soon as the Surgeons were gone, she went into *Antonio's* Chamber, and in the Presence of the Gentleman of the House, *Don Raphael*, *Theodosia*, and others, going up to the Head of the Bed, and taking him by the Hand, This is no Time, *Marc Antonio*, said she, to disturb you with much Talk, and therefore I shall only desire you to hear a few Words, which, if they will not avail towards the Health of your Body, will conduce to that of your Soul; but you must first grant me your Leave, and inform me whether you are in a Condition to hear me; for it wou'd not be reasonable that I who, from the first Minute I knew you, have endeavour'd to do nothing that might displease you, shou'd give you Trouble at this, which I look upon as your last Hour. At these Words *Antonio* open'd his Eyes, and

and look'd earnestly on *Leocadia*, and having almost known her rather by her Voice than by his Sight, with a feeble Tone, Sir, answer'd he, say what you please; for I am not so near my End but I can hear you, nor is your Voice so disagreeable as that it shou'd be displeasing to me. *Theodosia* listen'd attentively to this Discourse, and every Word *Leocadia* spoke pierced her, and *Don Raphael*, who also gave Ear, to the Heart.

I F the Wound you have receiv'd in your Head, said *Leocadia* proceeding, and which has had no less Effect on my Soul, has not blotted out of your Memory the Idea of her whom you once us'd to call your Life and your Angel, you cannot but remember who *Leocadia* was, and the Promise you made her under your Hand in Writing; nor can you forget the Worth of her Parents, her perfect Modesty and Virtue, and what you owe her for having comply'd with your Will in all you cou'd desire. If you have not forgot these Particulars, tho' you see me in this different sort of Habit, you will easily know that I am *Leocadia*, who fearing to be robb'd of what is my Due by some unexpected Accident, as soon as I understood you had left your Town, surmounted all Difficulties, and resolv'd to follow you in this Dress, and search all Parts of the Universe 'till I cou'd find you; you will not be surpriz'd at this, if you ever knew the Power of true Love, and the Rage of an injur'd Woman. I have endur'd some Hardships in this Enterprize, which I esteem a Pleasure, since I have now the Recompence of seeing you; for tho' you are in such a Condition, if it shall please God to put an end to your Life, I shall think myself happy, provided you perform the Obligations you are under before you leave the World; and I promise you after your Death to lead such a Life as that it shall not be long before I follow you in this inevitable Journey. I therefore beg of you in the first Place, for God's Sake, to whom all my Designs and Intentions are directed; next, for your own sake, who owe much to your Birth and Quality; and, lastly, for my Sake,

to

to whom you owe more than to any other Person in the World, that you here immediately take me for your lawful Wife, without constraining Justice to force that from you which Reason ought to prevail on you to do.

LEOCADIA said no more; and all who were present stood in a deep Silence whilst she spoke, and in the same manner waited for *Marc Antonio's* Answer, which was this. Madam, I cannot deny that I know you, for your Voice and your Face will not permit me to do so: Nor can I deny the Obligations I owe you, the Worth of your Parents, or your incomparable Modesty; nor do I, or shall I ever value you the less for what you have done, in wandering abroad to seek me in an Habit so different from your own; on the contrary, I esteem you for it beyond Expression. But since my hard Fate has reduced me to such a Condition, and I believe myself near the End of my Life, which is the Time which extorts Truth from the Heart, I will tell you one, which if it be not acceptable to you now, may perhaps be of Use hereafter. I own, beautiful *Leocadia*, that I lov'd you, and you lov'd me; I confess also, that the Paper I gave you was rather to satisfy you, than myself; because long before the signing of it, I had surrender'd up my Affections and my Soul to another Maid in my own Town, whom you well know, and whose Name is *Theodosia*, as well born as yourself; and tho' I gave you a Writing under my Hand, I had first given her my Hand before such Witnesses, and ratify'd by such Actions, that it was no longer in my Power to engage myself to another. I made Love to you only for Pastime, without reaping any other Benefit, you know, than an innocent Diversion, which neither did nor can injure you. What pass'd between me and *Theodosia* was of another Nature; I receiv'd from her all that she cou'd give and I desire, upon a solemn Promise, that I wou'd be her Husband, and such I am. And if I left both her and you at once, you astonish'd and deceiv'd, and her in a Consternation, and in her Opinion, robb'd of her Honour; I did it without Reflection,
and

and like a rash young Man as I am, who look'd upon all those things as Trifles, which I might act without Scruple. These, and such like idle Fancies, which then came into my Head, prevail'd on me to do what I was inclin'd to, which was to go away for *Italy*, there to spend some of my gayer Years, and then return to see how Providence had dispos'd of you, and of my lawful Wife. But Heav'n, I'm convinced, has had Compassion on me, and permitted me to be brought into this Condition, that by confessing these Truths (the Product of my many Offences) I may in this World pay the Debt I owe, and you may be left undeceiv'd, and at Liberty to dispose of yourself as you shall think fit. And if *Theodosia* shall ever happen to hear of my Death, she may be inform'd by you, and the rest here present, that at my Death I perform'd the Promise I made her living. If during the short Time I have to live, I can be capable of serving you, *Leocadia*, in any thing, except admitting you to be my Wife, which it is impossible, let me know it, and I will do it gladly.

WHILST *Antonio* spoke these Words, he had rais'd himself upon his Elbow, and the Moment he had done, his Arm slipp'd from under him, and he seem'd to faint away. *Don Raphael* stepp'd to him, and embracing him closely, Chear up, dear Sir, said he, and embrace your Friend and Brother, since you will make him so; know your Comrade, *Don Raphael*, who will be the true Witness of your Will, and of the Favour you design his Sister, in receiving her for your Wife. *Marc Antonio* came to himself, and immediately knew *Don Raphael*, and embracing him, and kissing him, Certainly, dear *Don Raphael* and Brother, cry'd he, the extraordinary Joy I have in seeing you must be follow'd by some severe Sorrow, according to the usual Observation, that after Mirth comes Sadness; but I shall not repine at any Affliction that shall befall me, since I have had this Satisfaction. I will add to your Satisfaction, reply'd *Don Raphael*, by presenting you with this inestimable Jewel, your beloved Spouse; and looking for *Theodosia*, he found

found her weeping behind the Company, in a strange Confusion, between Joy and Sorrow for what she heard. Her Brother took her by the Hand, and she suffer'd him to lead her, without any Resistance, to *Marc Antonio*, who knew and embraced her, the Tears of tender Love trickling from both their Eyes. The Company were amaz'd and look'd upon one another, without speaking a Word, expecting the Event. But the rejected unfortunate *Leocadia*, observing what *Marc Antonio* did, and beholding the Person she had taken for *Don Raphael's* Brother, in the Arms of him whom she look'd upon as her Husband, and perceiving her Design was ruin'd, and all her Hopes destroy'd, she slipp'd away privately out of the Room, while every one was gazing to see what the wounded Man did with the young Page he had in his Arms; and stealing down into the Street, resolv'd to range wildly about the World, or bury herself in some unknown Retreat.

THE Moment she got into the Street, *Don Raphael* miss'd her, and as if he had lost his dearest Treasure, enquir'd for her; but no one knowing any thing of her, without saying any more, he flew away to look for her; he repair'd first to the Place where he was told *Calvese* inn'd, thinking she might be gone thither, to procure a Mule to make her Escape; but not meeting with her there, he ran up and down the Streets after her like a Madman, and imagining she might perhaps be return'd to the Gallies, he hasten'd down to the Shore, and at a distance heard one loudly calling out for the Boat of the Admiral's Galley, and perceiv'd that the Person who call'd was the beautiful *Leocadia*: When she heard somebody behind her, she drew her Sword to prevent any Accident, and in that Posture waited the coming up of *Don Raphael*, whom she presently knew, and was sorry he had found her, and especially in such a lonesome Place; by some Signs *Don Raphael* made, she perceiv'd he design'd her no Ill; but on the contrary testify'd such an Affection, that she cou'd have wish'd *Marc Antonio* had shewn her as much.

HOW

HOW shall I express what *Don Raphael* said to *Leocadia*, when he disclos'd to her all his Heart! so inimitably tender and delicate were his Words; but I shall endeavour to represent it as I am able. Beautiful *Leocadia*, said he, if a Resolution to declare to you the Secrets of my Soul fail'd me with my Fortune, the most passionate and chaste Affection that ever rose or can arise in an inamour'd Breast wou'd be bury'd in perpetual Oblivion. But that I may not so much wrong my honourable Intention, (let what will be the Issue) Consider, I beseech you, Madam, if the violent Agitation of your Spirits will give Leave, that *Marc Antonio* is not superior to me in any thing, unless in the Happiness of being belov'd by you. My Descent is as good as his; in the Goods of Fortune, as they are call'd, he does not much exceed me; and as for those of Nature, it is not proper for me to commend myself, especially if they are of no Value in your Eyes. I say this, Madam, that you may embrace the Relief which is offer'd you in your Distress. You are sensible that *Marc Antonio* cannot be yours, because Heav'n has made him my Sister's; and Heav'n, which has this Day depriv'd you of *Marc Antonio*, provides you an Amends in me, who desire no greater Happiness in this Life, than that you will accept me to be your Husband. Consider, the Misfortunes, which have hitherto attended you, may now be happily concluded; and do not imagine, that the Liberty you have taken in following *Marc Antonio*, thus in this Disguise, will influence me not to value and esteem you as much as if you had never done it; for the Moment that I shall make you mine, (gladly chusing you to be my Mistress for ever) that very Moment I forget, and have already forgot, all I have known and seen of this Affair; for the same Powers which have induced me to resolve so abruptly and absolutely to admire you, and vow myself yours, have driven you to the Condition you are in; so that there is no need to contrive Excuses, where there has been no Fault.

LEOCADIA was silent all the while *Don Raphael* spoke, only sighing now and then from the bottom of her Breast. *Don Raphael* ventur'd to take her by the Hand, and she had not the Power to hinder him; and pouring a thousand Kisses on it: Resolve, Lady of my Soul, said he, to take full Possession of me, in the Presence of the Starry Heaven which is over us, of this calm Sea which listens to us, and these watry Sands we stand on. Grant me your Consent, which your Reputation requires as much as my Repose. I assure you again, I am a Gentleman, as you well know, and wealthy, and that I love you, which is what you ought most to value; and that whereas you are here alone, in an Habit ill-agreeing with your Honour, far from your Father's House, and from your Kindred, without any one to supply your Wants, and without the least Hopes of attaining what you sought after; you may return to your native Country in your own decent and proper Attire, accompany'd with a Spouse as good as he whom you had made Choice of, wealthy, contented, respected, and serv'd, and even commended by all who shall happen to hear of your Adventures. If the Case be such, as it really is, at what can you hesitate? Resolve, I say again, to raise me from the Depth of my Misery, to the Happiness of possessing you, by which you will procure your own Advantage, and will act according to the Rules of Civility and Gratitude, and approve yourself, at the same time, generous and discreet. Well, said the wavering *Leocadia* at length, since Heav'n has order'd it so, and it is not in my Power, nor in that of any Creature, to oppose what it has decreed; Heav'n's Will and yours, Sir, be done! Heav'n knows with how much Shame I comply with your Desire; not that I am insensible how much it is my Interest to gratify you, but because I fear, that when I have once answer'd your Wish, you will look upon me with other Eyes than perhaps you have hitherto done; for as yet your Sight has deceiv'd you. But be that as it will, I cannot
lose

lose the Name of lawful Wife to *Don Raphael de Villavidano*, and that Title alone will be sufficient to make my Life happy. And if my Behaviour, after I am yours, shall prevail on you to have any Esteem for me, I shall bless Heav'n for having conducted me thro' so many intricate Paths, and such Calamities, to the Felicity of becoming yours. *Don Raphael*, give me your Hand in Token that you will be mine, and here I give you mine in Testimony that I will be yours; and let those you have mention'd, the Heav'ns, the Sea, and the Sands, and this Silence, interrupted only by my Sighs and your Intreaties, be Witnesses.

HAVING said this, she permitted him to embrace her, and gave him her Hand, and *Don Raphael* gave her his. Their Tears, which in spite of past Sorrows flow'd from their Eyes for Joy, celebrating the new nocturnal Espousals. They immediately return'd to the Gentleman's House, who was extremely uneasy for want of their Company, as were *Marc Antonio* and *Theodosia*, who had been marry'd by a Priest; the Gentleman of the House having sent for one at the Request of *Theodosia*, who was apprehensive lest some unhappy Accident shou'd arise to interrupt her Happiness; and when *Don Raphael* and *Leocadia* came in, and related all that had pass'd between them, the Family rejoiced as much as if they had been their nearest Relations; for it is natural to the Gentry of *Catalonia* to be faithful Friends, and kind to Strangers in Need. The Priest, who was present, order'd *Leocadia* to change her Habit, and put on such as was proper to her Sex, which the Gentleman comply'd with, dressing both the Ladies in very rich Cloaths of his Wife, who was a Person of Quality of the Family of the *Granolleques*, an antient and illustrious House in that Kingdom. Somebody who pity'd the wounded Man, giving the Surgeon Notice that he talk'd much, and was never without Company, he order'd, as before, that he should not be disturb'd. But Heav'n, who had so decreed, and uses Means which are above our Com-

prehension, when it designs to accomplish any of its Wonders in our Sight, so order'd it, that *Marc Antonio's* Joy, and his Talking, contributed to his Recovery; so that when he was dress'd the next Day he appear'd to be out of Danger, and in a Fortnight after he was so well, as to venture to travel without any Hazard.

IT must be observ'd, that during the Time *Marc Antonio* kept his Bed, he made a Vow, that in case it should please God to restore him to his Health, he wou'd go on foot in Pilgrimage to *St. Jago in Galicia*; in executing which Vow *Don Raphael*, *Leocadia* and *Theodosia* bore him Company, as did *Calvese* the Muleteer, an Action Men of that Sort are seldom guilty of; but *Don Raphael's* Goodness and frank Temper, which he was well acquainted with, were Inducements not to leave him 'till he return'd into his own Country; and as they were to go on foot, he sent away the Mules to *Salamanca*, (for which there were Opportunities enough) with *Don Raphael's* Baggage. The Day on which they were to set out being come, and having put on the Habit of Pilgrims, and provided all Necessaries, they took Leave of the gallant Gentleman, who had befriended and entertain'd them so generously, whose Name was *Don Sancho de Cardona*, nobly descended, and personally renown'd. They all promis'd that they would not only themselves ever preserve a grateful Remembrance of the Favours they had receiv'd, but wou'd transmit them to their Posterity; that they might at least be always thankful, if it was not in their Power to make suitable Returns. *Don Sancho* embraced them all, telling them, it was his natural Inclination to do the like, or any Kindness to all whom he knew, or believ'd to be Gentlemen of *Castile*. They again repeated their Embraces, taking their Leaves with a Mixture of Joy and Sadness; and travelling as agreed with the Tenderness of the two new Female Pilgrims, in three Days they reach'd *Montferrate*; and having stay'd there as long in performing the Duties of good Catholick Christians, they proceeded in the same leisurely Manner

Manner on their Journey, and happily arriv'd at *St. Jago*, without any Cross or Disaster. Having fulfill'd their Vow, with the greatest Devotion they were able, they wou'd not quit their Habit of Pilgrims 'till they came to their own Homes, where they arriv'd at their Ease, and well-pleas'd.

JUST as they discover'd *Leocadia's* Town, which, as was said, was a League from *Theodosia's*, they discern'd either Village from a rising Ground, and were not able to refrain shedding Tears, which proceeded from their Joy at the Sight; at least it was thus with the two Brides, who then recall'd pass'd Accidents to mind. From the Place where they stood there was a Prospect over a spacious Vale, which parted the two Towns; in the Valley they saw a graceful Gentleman under the Shade of an Olive-Tree, well-mounted, having a milk-white Buckler on his left Arm, and a sturdy long Lance couch'd in his right Hand. Looking earnestly at him, they perceiv'd that two other Gentlemen, arm'd with the same Weapons, were coming on between the Olive-Trees, being as graceful and comely, and soon after they saw them all meet. When they had been a short while together, they separated, and one of the last Comers went apart with him that was at first under the Olive-Tree; and clapping Spurs to their Horses, they ran fiercely at one another, like mortal Enemies, pushing furiously with their Lances, sometimes avoiding the Strokes, and sometimes receiving them on their Bucklers, with so much Dexterity, that they shew'd themselves to be able Masters at the Exercise. The third stood looking on, without stirring from the Place. *Don Raphael* not being able to behold such a furious Combat at a Distance, ran down the Hill as fast as he cou'd, his Sister and his Spouse and *Marc Antonio* following him. He soon came up to the two Combatants, just as they both received some Wounds. One of them having dropp'd his Hat, and with it a Steel Cap, when he turn'd his Face, *Don Raphael* knew him to be his Father, as did *Marc Antonio* the

other to be his. *Leocadia*, who had closely view'd him who was not engaged, discover'd him to be her Father, at which Sight they were all four surprized, astonished, and beside themselves; but Reason at length dissipating the Surprize, the two Brothers-in-Law ran in between the two who fought, crying out, Give over, Gentlemen, give over, your own Sons beg it of you. Father, cry'd *Antonio*, I am your Son; he for whose Sake those venerable grey Hairs are engaged in this Action. Appease your Anger, and throw away your Spear, or turn it on some other Enemy, than him that stands before you, who from this time forward is to be your Brother. *Don Raphael* spoke much to the same Effect to his Father.

THEIR Words restrain'd the aged Gentlemen, who gazed on those that utter'd them and looking about, observ'd that *Don Henry*, *Leocadia's* Father, had alighted, and was embracing one of the seeming Pilgrims. For *Leocadia* had gone up to him, and making herself known, begg'd him to part them that were engag'd, telling him, in few Words, that *Don Raphael* was her Husband, and *Marc Antonio* was Husband to *Theodosia*. Her Father having heard it, dismounted, and held her in his Arms, and then quitting her, went to part the Fray, tho' it was too late; for the two Combatants having discover'd their Sons, were on foot embracing them, all the Company shedding Tears for Joy. They all came up, and look'd upon their Children with Astonishment; and touch'd them with their Hands, to be satisfy'd whether they were not some Phantomes, their unexpected Arrival making them doubtful of what they saw; but being convinced, they again let fall Tears, and embraced. By this time a great Number of arm'd Men, both Horse and Foot, appear'd in the Valley, who were coming to defend the Gentlemen of their Town. But seeing them embracing the Pilgrims, they alighted and stood astonish'd, 'till *Don Henry* briefly repeated to them what his Daughter *Leocadia* had told

told him: They all hasted to embrace the Pilgrims, with Tokens of Joy not to be express'd.

DON *Raphael*, with as much Brevity as the Time and Place requir'd, related to them the whole Process of his Love, and that he was marry'd to *Leocadia*, and his Sister *Theodosia* to *Marc Antonio*, which was a renewing of their Gladness. They took five Horses of the People who came out to part the Gentlemen, for the five Pilgrims, and agreed to go to *Marc Antonio's* Town, his Father offering to give the Wedding-Entertainment for them all. They set forward accordingly, and some that were present hasted before to get a Reward for carrying the good News to the Kindred and Friends of the Brides and Bridegrooms. By the Way *Don Raphael* and *Marc Antonio* were inform'd of the Occasion of that Encounter; which was, that the Fathers of *Theodosia* and *Leocadia* had challeng'd *Antonio's* Father, as being privy to his Son's Treacheries; and finding him alone, wou'd not fight with Odds, but Man to Man, like Gentlemen; which Quarrel must have ended in the Death of one or two of them, if the others had not arriv'd as they did. The four Pilgrims bless'd God for their Good Fortune, and *Marc Antonio's* Father caus'd the Solemnity of the Weddings of his Son and *Theodosia*, and *Don Raphael* and *Donna Leocadia*, to be kept with the greatest Splendor and Magnificence.

THEY enjoy'd one another happily many Years, leaving behind them an honourable Posterity, which continues to this Day in both those Towns, which are some of the best in *Andalusia*. We do not name them in respect to the two Ladies, whom perhaps ill Tongues, or some over-scrupulous Persons may blame for Lightness of Behaviour, and their sudden Changing of their Habit. But I entreat such Persons not to be over-busy in censuring such Excesses, 'till they have look'd at home, and examin'd if they ever felt the irresistible Force of Love, which brings the Reason to the Bent of Inclination. *Calvese* the Muleteer had

Don Raphael's Mule he had sent to *Salamanca* given him; besides several other Presents from both the Bridegrooms. And the Poets of that Time had a noble Subject to employ their Pens in celebrating the Beauty, and the Adventures of those daring and modest Maidens, who have been the chief Subject of this surprizing Relation.

The E N D.





G. Van. Gucht sculp.

THE
LOVES
OF
King HENRY II,
AND
Fair ROSAMOND.



LONDON; MDCCXXIX.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
King Henry
AND

С. П. О. Л. А. З. О. Я. № 1

TO KBOY: HBCGXIV



The L O V E S *of*
King H E N R Y II,
A N D
Fair R O S A M O N D.



HE Exercise of Cruelty; and Invasion of private Right, have been ever the distinguishing Characteristicks of a Tyrant. But there are other Qualities, that may subject a Prince to this *Odium*; and make him as insupportable as either Anger ill-governed, or Avarice unbridled, can do. When *Malcolme* was solicited to assert his Royal Right, and rescue the *Scotish* Throne from the Oppression of *Macbeth*, he pretended (for He fear'd, this Invitation home might be a Train to his Destruction;) He had so many incurable Vices in him, was a Man of such an intemperate Sensuality, that Maids and Matrons must fall a Sacrifice to his amorous Rage; so that for him to reign would be a greater Burthen to the People, than the Tyranny of *Macbeth*. What Possession should be

be more sacred to us than the Honour of our Families? And, consequently, what Injury can be more stinging, than when That is invaded? No Sanctity of Kingship can be a sufficient Guard against Resentment so kindled. The Sense of such a Wrong naturally overleaps the Inequalities of Rank; and levels the Prince, who dares commit it, down to the Revenge of his exasperated Subject. Yet how many Instances might be produced of Kings, who have ventur'd upon the Patience of their People in this Sort, without provoking either the Sword of Rebellion, or That of private Vengeance? The Reign of King *Henry the Second*, of *England*, was famous for the Contention of a Subject with him, viz. *Thomas Becket*, the Stubborn Prelate of *Canterbury*: And tho' it might be thought no equal Match, (as One of our Chroniclers observes) yet in this Example we shall find it hard to judge which of Them had the Victory. But, in this same King's Reign, tho' he took the Daughter of a *Baron*, and the Wife of a *Knight*, to be his Concubines; we hear of no Commotion stir'd, no Traces of Resentment, either from the Father, or the Husband, against this Imperial Ravisher. What Grace and Honours were confer'd on them from the Throne, to palliate the Injury, is a Secret that now sleeps in Oblivion; but it looks, (so full of Tumults was that unquiet Reign, and such Occasions it furnish'd of seconding Rage;) as if their Displeasure was disarm'd, and soften'd, by the Allurements of Profit, or Preferment.

THE Daughter of this Baron, *Walter Lord Clifford*, was She whom We are taught to call the fair *Rosamond*; the Loves of whom with King *Henry the Second* make the Subject of our present Story.

KING *Henry* came to the Throne of *England*, before he was full three and twenty Years of Age. The Dukedoms of *Normandy* and *Anjou*, which he held in his own Right (as Heir to *Geoffrey Plantagenet*, Duke of *Anjou*, his Father;) and the Dutchy of *Guyenne* and Earldom of *Poitou* which he received with his Wife Queen *Eleanor*,

(the Daughter and Heir of *William* Duke of *Guyenne*;) being all united in his Person, made him a Dominion of a larger Extent than any Christian King at that Time enjoy'd. The Dukedom of *Anjou*, indeed, he held rather by Usurpation, than Descent. It was left him by his Father on limited Conditions, that He should hold it no longer than till he came to be King of *England*; and then to deliver it up to his younger Brother *Geoffrey*. The old Duke was somewhat suspicious of his Son's Compliance to this Part of his Will; for he made his Lords to swear, that they would not suffer his Body to be buried, until his Son *Henry* had sworn to perform it. The Son, in Reverence to his Father's Body, and that it might not be deprived of the Rites of Burial, submitted to the Oath; but as he took it unwillingly, he with the less Reluctance broke it: And having obtain'd a Despenfation of it, from *Adrian* the Fourth, the then Pope; (who not long after was choak'd with a Fly in his Drink;) he entred *Anjou* with an Army, and takes from his Brother *Geoffrey*, but ill prepared to make Resistance, not only that Principality; but likewise several Cities, which the Old Duke had absolutely bequeath'd to him for his Maintenance.

IT could scarce be doubted but a Prince, who, upon his first Stepping into a Throne, was guilty of such a Cruelty against his Brother, would not stand nicely on Liberties with his Subjects. Yet we are told that he began his Reign, as *Solomon* would have done in his Place; and shew'd such Conduct in Government, that he did many Things, which in a disjointed State were no less profitable and expedient, than requisite and necessary.

AS this Prince is one material Figure in our Picture, it may not be amiss to be the more particular in the Detail of his Character. He had the Reputation of Wisdom all the Christian World over, say our *Historians*; and generally to speak of him, he was an excellent Prince. But, surely, the Virtues in Him had an ample Alloy of Frailty; and were so mingled and temper'd, that it is difficult under

der what Class to range them. He was of a Spirit, say They, in the highest degree generous: But this Description forts but ill with his Behaviour towards his Brother *Geoffrey*. He would say frequently, that all the World suffic'd not to a couragious Heart: But might not Ambition, or Avarice, be the Source of such a Courage? That he might be the less pressing upon his People with Taxations, he resum'd all such Lands belonging to the Crown, which had any ways been alien'd, or usurp'd from it: as thinking it better to displease a Few, than aggrieve the General. But we may consider, on the other Hand, that as his whole Reign was embroil'd with Rebellions, the Forfeitures and Confiscations at every Rebellion were as good as a Mine to him, so made the laying Taxes the less necessary. The Penance that he underwent in going bare-foot to Archbishop *Becket's* Tomb, and suffering himself to be beaten with Rods by every Monk of the Cloyster, shew'd that he was rather Supestitious, than not religious; but his crying out, upon the Loss of the City of *Mentz*, that he should never love God any more, border'd much nearer on Blasphemy than Superstition. So indulgent was he to his eldest Son, that He permitted him to be crown'd King in his own Time: Yet so hard and unequitable was he to his other Children, that he drove them to rebel against Him for Want of those Allotments suitable to their high Birth and Quality. He was such a Lover of Action, and martial Enterprize, that he took Care to cut out Wars rather than want them: So that he made it a Schooling to his Soldiers, and an Exercise to Himself: Yet so dissolute, and abandon'd, was he in luxurious Pleasures; that, as he had several Concubines, so his Lewdness did not stop on the very Confines of Incest.

FROM this Sketch of his Mind and Endowments, let us descend to a short Description of his Person. He was of a goodly Stature, and firm of Limbs; rather corpulent, than tall, which made him very spare of Diet; because he was apprehensive of being too fat. He was full and broad chested; an Indication of bodily Strength; and

and of a Constitution so well temper'd, that he could very patiently abide the Inclemencies both of Heat and Cold. He was of a comely Countenance, ruddy and blooming: His Hair inclin'd to a bright Yellow; and his Eyes, which were grey, lively and piercing. His Mien and Address nothing disgrac'd his Form; but added a Grace to what was before becoming: And as he had so violent a Propensity to venereal Pleasures, those Inclinations taught him to soften his Features, and play the humble Courtier to win the Ladies over to his Caresses.

HIS amorous Disposition shew'd itself early in his Marriage with Queen *Eleanor*, before he was arriv'd to his twentieth Year. This Match was probably of his own Seeking, for his Father was newly dead: Nor did it want its discouraging Circumstances: So that he seem'd to have consulted rather the Motions of Blood, than the Guidance of Discretion. She was a Lady, that overmatch'd him in Years, and was not any ways celebrated for her Beauty: In Face rather gloomy and austere, than sprightly and inviting; and of a Temper more inclin'd to Subtlety, and jealous Suspicions, than any way open, complaisant, and undesigning. To all this, she was a Widow, the repuls'd Wife of *Lewis* the VIIth of *France*. The Cause of her Divorce is variously related; and some of our Historians have been very free with her Reputation. They say, that when King *Lewis* carried her with him into the *Holy Land*, She was so far from behaving holily, that she led a most licentious Life: and, which is the most scandalous Kind of Licentiousness, prostituted herself to the Familiarities of a mean and vulgar *Turk*. King *Lewis*, tho' he heard of her lewd Escapes, dissembled his Knowledge of them, till his Return to his Kingdom; and then waving a Publication of the true Cause, as what he could not bring without Disgrace to himself, he made Use of the Plea of Nearness of Blood, as being Cousins in the fourth Degree, which was allowed by the Pope as a sufficient Cause to divorce them, tho' he had at that Time two Daughters by her.

WHAT

WHATEVER Grounds there might be in Truth for this reproachful Character, I will not venture to determine. Yet allowing it only an unsupported Scandal of Rumour, it might be sufficient, if it unhappily reach'd King *Henry's* Ears, in some Degree to estrange him from her Embraces, and furnish an Excuse for a young and voluptuous Monarch to give a Loose to his Appetite in Company more agreeable.

AS the King took so great Delight in the Conversation of the Ladies, we are not to wonder, if his Court was daily crowded with the fair Sex. Each found it her Pride and Pleasure to be singled out for Discourse with the King: And if the Dialogue led to Address and Assignment, there were never wanting Some, in that gay Assembly, who were willing to comply with their Prince's Inclination.

WE do not hear that *Rosamond* ever made her Appearance in that wanton Circle. Her Father, the Lord *Clifford*, had a Seat in *Oxfordshire*, where this young Beauty receiv'd a virtuous and reserv'd Education. It was her Father's Ambition that she should be brought up to know the Duties of Domestic Life, rather than to be celebrated for her Charms, or Gallantry of Conversation. He, who could not but be acquainted with the Debaucheries of the Court, thought it proper his Daughter should make no Acquaintance there. He consider'd, that however she might keep herself untainted in that great Scene of Danger, it was impossible for her to ward against the Assaults of Calumny. Her blooming Beauty might be envied by one Sex, and blown on by the other: And too often it is seen, that Censure will be busie with a Reputation, for no other Reason than because Importunity cannot overthrow it. He knew too, how easily Precept and Principle give Way to Splendor and Gaiety. He had no Reasons to suspect his Daughter's Modesty, or Conduct; but it was enough to awaken his Fears, that she had Female Passions: And a young Woman must have more Flegm, or more Philosophy, than is ordinary, that can resist all the Attacks of
Pleasure,

Pleasure, when Pomp too is its Attendant. His wisest Aim therefore was to keep her unknown, till he could marry her ; and then the Care of her Reputation would devolve on her Husband. But how vain are all the Schemes of humane Policy ! How impotent is Wisdom against the Power of Accident ! Let us call it Fate, or Chance, or Providence that hangs over us, we are All link'd to a Chain of invisible Causes :

*Man's Life is all a Mist ; and in the Dark
Our Fortunes meet us.*

As King Henry centred his Pleasures chiefly in the Enjoyment of Beauty, so Beauty was often the Subject of Discourse with his Peers. The King could no sooner hint his Approbation of any particular Lady, but the complying young Nobility concurr'd to cry up her Charms : While others, officious to minister fresh Fuel to their Master's Flame, would be liberal in the Praise of some Object, that had not yet bless'd his Eye. Among the rest, 'tis said, it happen'd, a rapturous Courtier struck into an *Encomium* of the Lord Clifford's Daughter. Nature had scarce done more for her in personal Adornments, than this young *Inamorato's* Eloquence did in the Description of her Beauties. No Part of her Perfection suffer'd under his Praise : He breath'd it with all the Fervency of an impassion'd Lover, and inspir'd Poet. The Sentiments of his Heart improv'd the Force of his Expressions ; and help'd him to draw a Picture of enchanting Sweetness. The Ear as greedily drinks in the Description of an absent Beauty, as the Eye does the Attractions of One present : and Imagination is almost as powerful as Sight in its Impressions.

This Relation, whether design'd, or accidental, had all its force on King Henry's Mind. His Eyes sparkled and his Cheeks glow'd with the Emotions of his Fancy ; and he betray'd all the Symptoms of a desiring and impatient

212 *The Loves of King HENRY II,*

patient Lover. He now began to look upon it as an Injury from the Lord *Clifford*, that he had kept her from Court: But he reflected, that a positive Command for bringing her there would too much unbosom his Purpose. Love is never backward to assist his Votaries with Counsel; and Love (or whatever else we may call it in this dissolute Monarch) prompted that Scheme which became an Inlet to his Desires.

THE Spring was now so advanced that it was giving way to Summer, when the King express'd an Inclination to unbend from State Fatigues, and Court-Ceremony. He was determin'd to make a Progress thro' some Parts of his Kingdom; and the Rout was settled to begin with *Oxfordshire*. He design'd, 'twas given out, to pay Visits to his Nobility, every where as they lay in his Way; therefore purposely abated of his Retinue, and travell'd only with a scanty Train of his Favourites. Splendid Preparations were made by those Peers, who flatter'd themselves with the Honour of this Royal Guest: But he who had artfully insinuated the Feint of a coasting Voyage, meant no more than to drop Anchor at the Lord *Clifford's*.

IT was early in the Day when he arriv'd at this Nobleman's; and he was receiv'd with all the Wellcome that a pleas'd and unsuspecting Subject could show. The Baron pleaded many Excuses for the Want of a due Preparation, and an ill-furnish'd Table, but the King told him with a Smile, that he came only with a Friend's and Traveller's Stomach, and hop'd his Wellcome would appear in the Ease of his Entertainment. The King with great Chearfulness, and show of Pleasure survey'd the Apartments, and prais'd the Delicacy of the Air, and Situation of the Place. My Lord *Clifford* had spacious Gardens, and beautifully dispos'd, in which the King willingly spent some Hours; ever and anon glancing up his Eye toward the Windows, hoping he might get a Sight of that Beauty, the Description of whose Charms had drawn him thither. It was now high Noon, and none of the Females of the
Family

Family appear'd : The King's Impatience made him a little chagrin at this Disappointment, and he told my Lord *Clifford*, that if his Presence put any Restraint upon the House, it was his Cue for Departure : nor would he stay to dine with him, unless the Women held their wonted Places at the Table. My Lord would have fain interpos'd his Apologies in Behalf of his Wife and Daughter; but the King was peremptory, and would by no Means excuse their Absence. The Royal Pleasure was immediately made known ; and the Ladies order'd to prepare to make their Appearance. The Lady *Clifford* attir'd herself in that decent Pomp, which became her Years, and the Quality of her Lord : But the Daughter, tho' there was no Design of her making any Conquests, was deck'd in all her richest Apparel and Jewels. The Mother, perhaps, was proud (an Ambition that Fondness, or Vanity, may easily atone for) her blooming Child should appear to the best Advantage ; or she might think, some Compliment was paid to their Royal Guest in the Ceremony of her Dress and Ornaments.

AS soon as they entred the Room, the King with a becoming Gaiety and good Breeding advanced to salute his Hostess; and then with a Joy, that wanted the Colour of Ceremony to conceal it, address'd himself to *Rosamond*. The beauteous young Maid was throwing herself at his Feet, to express the Humility of her Duty ; when the King, who was transported at so favourable an Opportunity, spread his Arms to prevent it, and declining his Head near to her white panting Bosom, and gently raising her, said in the softest and most obliging Tone, *That he must not suffer her to bend the Knee to him there, who was but a Trespasser, and came to give them Trouble. When your Father, continued He, brings you to Court, I shall be pleas'd to see you in that Posture as a Petitioner for something, in which I shall be glad to oblige your House. My Lord Clifford, who construed these Words as an Earnest of the King's future Favour, bow'd with the lowest Respect :*

spect: and the young Lady answer'd them only with a blushing Silence.

IF Description had before been lavish in the Particulars of her Beauty, the Profusion of her Charms, in the King's Conceit, out-did all Description: And it was a double Difficulty upon him not to gaze upon her with that Zeal he wish'd to do, and to be oblig'd to disguise the Force of his Admiration. But Policy, and the Hope of an Event to his Wishes, taught him to suppress the Impatience of his Longings, and dissemble a Passion that rais'd such a Conflict within him.

SOME of the Historians, I observe, seem to insinuate their Doubts, whether *Rosamond* were the real Name of this adorable Creature: Or whether, as the Name itself imports, and as her Royal Lover us'd always to style her, she was not call'd so, as being the Rose of the World, the Rose and Flower of all its Beauties. The Words of *Holingshead*, who gives us but a short Description of her, plainly carry a Suspicion of this sort. "*He delighted, (says that Chronologer, speaking of King Henry the Second) most in the Company of a pleasant Damoiselle, whom he cleped the Rose of the World, the common People named her Rosamund, for her passing Beauty, Properness of Person, and pleasant Wit, with other amiable Qualities, being verily a rare and peerless Piece in those Days*". But as fixing the Certainty of her Name is of no Importance to her Story, we'll consent with the receiv'd Opinion to call her *Rosamond*, and proceed to describe the Opening of her Prince's Passion for her.

THE Servants having now cover'd the Table for Dinner, the King obliged the Lady *Clifford* to keep her Place at the Head of it; and, sitting down at her Left Hand, contrived, what he most ardently desired, that the enchanting *Rosamond* might be directly opposite to Him: And that Ceremony might have no place, where Pleasure was intended the chief Object, the few Lords, that attended him in this Progress of Gaiety, were indulg'd in making a Part of his Company at Table.

IT has been observ'd of this Prince, that he was very spare of his Diet, in regard he was inclin'd to Corpulency : And it is said too, that he never drank, but when He was really Thirsty. The chief of his Repast now was taken in at his Eyes; and his Appetite was best satisfied with gazing on that Heaven of Beauty. The Lady *Clifford* seem'd not a little pleas'd that the King took so much Notice of her Daughter; for she little suspected the Intention of his repeated Glances : And the blooming *Rosamond*, who, when she look'd up, often met the King's Eyes fix'd on hers, felt a conscious Pride in the Royal Gazer, and had her fair Cheeks suffus'd with sudden Blushes.

THE enamour'd *Henry* spent some Days at the Lord *Clifford's*, and was indulg'd in the Society of this youthful Charmer. The unsuspecting Father and Mother, who rejoyc'd in the Honour done them, suffer'd her to do many fitting Offices for their Royal Guest; who submitted to it only for the Pleasure of such an Attendant. As Opportunity favour'd, he would sigh, and kiss her Hand; and breathe the softest Raptures in Praise of her transcending Beauty : And, upon his Departure, presented her with a Sett of Jewels of great Worth and Richness.

ROSAMOND, who had an ambitious Spirit, entertain'd a secret Triumph in her Royal Captive; he had dropt Expressions enough to make her believe how sensible he was of her Charms; and the Lavishness of his Present convinced her he was in earnest in his Professions. As the Jewels were much worn, the Country did not spare to speak freely, and make broad Comments on the King's Liberality. Envy is always awake to catch Occasions of detracting; and Ill-will always at Leisure to report what Envy dictates. It was not long before the Observations of the Country reach'd the *Clifford* Family; and her Father thought it the wisest Way to encourage a Treaty of Marriage, then warmly sollicit'd by the young Lord *Fitzwaters*. The youthful Courtier was indulg'd to double his Visitations to *Rosamond*; and the Marriage design'd to be clap'd

clap'd up at once with the greatest Privacy. But as our ambitious Beauty had her Thoughts turn'd to higher Views, she receiv'd *Fitzwaters* with a displeasing Coldness and Indifference. He could not but be conscious, how little Impressions his Addresses were like to make, so to cut short the Uneasiness of a vain Suspence, he beg'd to be determin'd in his Fate from her Mouth. *Rosamond*, with an artful Reserve, reply'd, that she thought herself much honour'd in his Lordship's Suit, which her Regard for him could not permit her to incourage, since she was assur'd he could not pursue her as a Wife, without incurring his Royal Master's Resentments. So startling a Declaration alarm'd his Honour as well as Safety, and he from that Hour relinquish'd his Pretensions, and discontinued his Visits.

THIS Dismission of *Fitzwaters* confirm'd my Lord *Clifford*, that the Observations of the Country were not ungrounded: and there was nothing now remaining for him, but to submit to the Imputation of being a Pander to his Daughter; or to decline that Odium, by sending her out of the Reach of Danger. He concerted Measures with his Wife, and it was agreed that *Rosamond* and *Alethea*, (an Attendant that was kept for her in the House, in the Nature of a *Governante*;) should be instantly dispatch'd to a Relation of my Lord's in *Cornwall*. *Alethea* was order'd with the utmost Privacy to pack up all her Lady's travelling Necessaries; and a Chariot and Six Horses attended early the next Morning to transport them into *Cornwall*.

THE Lord *Clifford*'s Heart was now a little more at Ease, tho' he felt many a Pang of Sorrow for the Absence of his Child. But how little Security is there in the Trust of the most favour'd Servant! The King had already found a Means to suborn *Alethea* in his Interest: Gold was plentifully supplied to her, and more plentifully promised: And her Province was to insinuate to her deluded Pupil, that as the King was the Fountain of Honour, no Honour, consequently, could be lost in his Embraces. This unfaithful

ful Guardian took the first safe Opportunity of sending an Express to Court, containing a particular Account of her young Lady's Residence with her Relation, and how easily she might be remov'd at the King's Pleasure.

ROSAMOND, tho' in Duty she did not oppose the Journey, had secretly very little Stomach to such a Pilgrimage. The Distance of the Way, the Solitariness of the Situation, and the little Variety of Company that the Place afforded, made her think that she was little better than buried alive. Besides, the Consideration, when this State of Banishment was to determine, or rather how long it might continue, doubled her Uneasiness. *Alethea* took advantage of all her Hours of Disquiet, disliked every Thing about her, and pretended to wish she could obtain a Dismission from a Charge so uneasy to her: Intimated, that she thought my Lord *Clifford* had in this Action shewn too much Rigour and Distrust; that the King was in some Degree insulted by it, and might think himself obliged to take *Rosamond* under his Protection: That when Subjects take too peremptory Steps to thwart a Prince's Inclinations, such a Disobligation provokes him naturally to do himself Justice; and then they might thank their own Obstinacy for the Consequences. All these Harangues were made Use of by *Alethea* to second her own Complottings; and lead the Way to what she knew would suddenly be the Sequel. She found, They had their Effect upon the Mind of *Rosamond*, whose Soul was fired with the Pleasure of the Royal Favour. She flatter'd herself in the supposed Strength of her Virtue, and fondly fancied she might still rise in his Grace, and good Opinion, by resisting his amorous Importunities. These o'erweening Presumptions fill'd her Head with strange Schemes of Grandeur: Disobedience was gradually getting Ground in her Bosom; and she now conceiv'd herself injur'd by the Caution of her Parents, and her high Fortunes malign'd by their Artifices to prevent them.

SHE had few Days to cultivate, or combate, these Opinions, ere, as she and her *Governante* were walking in a lonely Grove, a Chariot with a strong Retinue was seen in the neighbouring Road; and a Gentleman soon accosted her with a Letter from the King, and a positive Command instantly to conduct her up to Court. We may imagine, what Passions combatted in our youthful Beauty's Breast, upon such a Surprise! What Tumults were at once rais'd in her unpractis'd Mind! How did Hopes and Fears alternately triumph, and languish in her Bosom! Her Father, her Honour, the King, and Grandeur, were by turns the Objects of her Thoughts; and each eras'd by the Other in the Hurry of Thinking. But the Pleasure she felt, to see with what awful Reverence her new Retinue regarded her; to read in what Strains of Tendernefs, and strictest Decency, the King invited her to his Protection, soon overway'd all other Emotions; and yielded her up to the Obedience of the Royal Summons. Her Journey was laid out in easie and unfatiguing Stages; and, every where, Accommodations, both of her Table and Apartments, were settled beforehand, suitable to the State of a King's best Favourite. This Scene of preparatory Pomp was most pleasing to a Mind, so susceptible of Ambition, as That of *Rosamond* was; she saw herself, in every Designment, the Darling of her Prince; and her towering Thoughts rais'd her at once to a Partnership of his Throne.

NOW is the Lord *Clifford* sleeping in the sweetest Security, comforting himself with the Rescue of his Daughter's Honour, the Probability of the King's Passion abating with Time and Absence, and of her ready Compliance with any Match that should be proposed to her for the future; when the Heart-afflicting News is brought to him, that *Rosamond* is no longer at her Relation's in *Cornwall*, but sheltered under the Roof of the Royal Palace. We must leave to every Reader's Imagination what Agonies this too well-vouch'd Report must give her tender

dis-

disappointed Parents : It is a Scene of Sorrow too exquisite for Words to paint ; a domestic Woe, that Fathers only under the same Misfortune can feel,

ROSAMOND in the mean time is settled in her Apartments at Court, has her Robes and Officers of State appointed, her Levees, and Drawing-Rooms, and every Degree of Grandeur almost emulating That of the Royal Consort. We'll pass over the Account, by what Sollicitations the King won her to his Bed ; or how long her Virgin-Modesty resisted his amorous Siege : Suffice it to say, that Importunity too soon prevail'd : And the Treasure of her Youth and Honour is surrendered to the Possession of her Imperial Ravisher.

HER Charms, we find, neither satiated, nor pall'd the King's Ardour. She continued in all the Favour of a Mistress unenjoy'd : And his Fondness rather encreas'd for her, the more he tasted of her unrival'd Beauties. Time establish'd her Power and Title in the King's Heart : And her Wit and Address kept alive those fierce Desires, which her unresisted Charms first kindled. All Court-Suits were carried thro' her Intercession ; and she was the ministring Angel that handed them up to the Throne. So many were obliged by her good Offices, that she was blest'd by all but those who envied her Pomp, and her whose Rights she usurp'd in the Embraces of the King.

FAIR Rosamond was not the first who had led King *Henry's* Eyes and Heart astray : But Queen *Eleanor* could the less forgive her on the Account of her superior Charms. She well knew, what a Devotée her Voluptuous Lord was to Beauty ; and she fear'd the Date of *Rosamond's* Usurpations would keep Place with the Degree of her Charms. Complain of the Injury she durst not to the King : He was too impatient of her jealous Transports. What she could not redress, her Inveteracy will prompt her to revenge : Some Tumult must be rais'd to disturb the happy Lovers ; and rouse him from the Arms of his adorable Mistress. Several State-Circumstances concurr'd

to lend her Resentment an Assistance; and Every one she improv'd by the Industry and Negotiations of her Agents.

THE first Cloud of Commotion arose from the Quarter of *France*: For King *Lewis*, ill-digesting King *Henry's* Match with his divorced Wife *Eleanor*, sought all Opportunities to express his Spleen, by doing him Displeasures. And now a fit Occasion offers to declare himself. A Difference started between *Raymond* Earl of *St. Giles*, and *Henry* King of *England*, about the Earldom of *Tholouse*; which *Raymond* possess'd, and *Henry* claim'd. In this Difference King *Lewis* takes part with *Raymond*, as pretending his to be the juster Side. Hereupon are great Forces provided on each Side, and a decisive Battle expected to have been fought. King *Henry*, as Queen *Eleanor* hop'd it would happen, was upon the Point of embarking to follow his Forces, and head them in the Field; when, to the Surprise all Parties, by Mediation of Friends, a Peace was made: And to make this Peace the firmer, a Marriage was concluded between King *Henry's* eldest Son, Prince *Henry*, and *Margaret* the Daughter of King *Lewis*; and the young Lady was deliver'd to King *Henry*, to bring up till fit Years for Consummation.

THE jealous Rage of Queen *Eleanor* was frustrated by this amicable Composition for the present: But tho' this was then thought a strong Link to hold these two Kings in Friendship, it proved afterwards a Cause to open a wider Breach. When Prince *Henry* arriv'd to the Age of Seventeen Years, it came into the King his Father's Mind to have him crown'd King, and reign with himself in his own Time. This was partly done out of a Fit of Indulgence to his Son, but chiefly as having found by his own Experience, that Oaths for Succession are commonly eluded; but Oaths for present Allegiance can have no Evasion. Accordingly, he acquaints his Lords with his Purpose, causes his Son to be crown'd King by the Archbishop of *York*, and all the Lords to swear Allegiance to him.

THIS administred fresh Occasion for the working Queen *Eleanor's* Revenge. For King *Lewis* now took Displeasure that his Daughter was not crown'd as well as her Husband. To satisfy the *French* Monarch in this Point, the young King and his Consort are jointly crown'd by *Walter* Archbishop of *Roan*; and shortly after they pass over into *France* to her Father, and by him are entertain'd with great Joy and Variety of Triumphs. And now is the After-game of Malice to be play'd. In the Time of their being in *France*, King *Lewis*, partly out of his old Spleen to King *Henry*, and partly to make his Son-in-Law more absolute, falls oftentimes into Conference with him; and finding his hot Spirit to be fit Fuel for such Fire, tells him, It was a Shame he should suffer himself to be made a Stale, have the Title of a King and not the Authority; and that as long He stood in such Terms, that, which seem'd an Honour, was indeed a Disgrace. With these Suggestions of King *Lewis*, our young *Henry's* Passions were set afloat; and from that Time forwards he stuck not openly to oppose his Father.

KING *Henry* having Intelligence of his Son's Motions, sends Messengers to King *Lewis*, desiring him from the King their Master, to be a Means to bring his Son to more Moderation. King *Lewis*, hearing the Ambassadors call their Master King, with an angry Countenance said to them, What mean you by this to call him King, who hath pass'd his Kingdom over to his Son? The Ambassadors, finding such cold Reception, were glad to make the best of their Way back to *England*.

TO this Evil, that appear'd to threaten sufficient Disturbance, was another superadded. Queen *Eleanor*, whose Jealousie, on account of her Husband's Concubines, was no Way to be asswaged but by Vengeance, not only incens'd her Son *Henry* in his Cause, but perswaded also Two others of her Sons, *Richard* and *Geoffrey*, to join against their Father: Telling them, It would be better for them that their Brother should prevail, who could not chuse but

allow them better Maintenance, than their Father. With these Perswasions they pass over into *Normandy*, and join with their Brother *Henry*, who, embolden'd by their Assistance, grows now more insolent than he was before: so that when Messengers were sent to him from his Father, requiring him to lay down his Arms, and lovingly submit himself, he proudly made Answer, That his Father must not look he would lay down his Arms, unless himself first would lay down his Authority, and resign the Kingdom. King *Lewis* in the mean time convening the great Lords of his Realm, and with them *William* King of *Scots*, and those *English* Nobility in his Court, who sided with his Son-in-Law, they all take their Oaths to assist the young King with all their Powers.

BESIDES the Motives already mention'd, which incited the *French* King to stickle against King *Henry*, there was One, which had most Reason to kindle the Resentments of the Former, and bore hardest on the Reputation of the *English* Monarch. King *Lewis* had, among some other Terms of a former Reconciliation, stipulated for a Marriage between the Lady *Adela*, or *Alicia*, his younger Daughter, and *Richard* Earl of *Acquitain*, the third Son to King *Henry*. The young Lady was too much an Infant, when this Treaty was first set on foot, to be committed to the Arms of her Bridegroom; and therefore they were only affianced for the present, and she was intrusted to the Care and Tuition of King *Henry*, 'till it was proper the Marriage should be consummated. The Progress of *Adela's* Beauty kept Pace with That of her Years; she grew the Admiration of the *English* Court; and Earl *Richard* beheld the Bloom of her ripening Charms with Desire heighten'd to Impatience. He could no longer endure to have his Marriage delay'd, and press'd his Father in the strongest Terms to give Way to his Happiness. King *Henry*, who saw his Son now on fire for Enjoyment, thought it best Policy to shew a ready Compliance, and to promise a short Day for the Consummation of the Nuptials. But his

Pro-

Promises were no better than Those of designing Debtors, who weave a thousand Artifices to protract the Payment they never mean to make. And even as it fares with Creditors that are teiz'd beyond all Patience; so Earl Richard's Appetite at length grew too sharp to submit to repeated Delays. King Henry had too often put false Colours of State upon him, and shadow'd over his Reluctance with such thin and idle Pretensions, that the Earl found his Father was in earnest only in his Procrastinations. Impatience naturally gives Way to Jealousy; nor were there wanting those in Court, who by Suggestions and glancing Terms encourag'd him to such Sentiments.

TRADITION has been very unjust to the Character of King Henry, or the Royal Guardian was too sensible of *Adela's* Charms. Nay, so far have the *Historians* gone in explaining the Reasons of this Marriage being delay'd, that they tell us, tho' he made his Son such fair Promises, he meant nothing less than to put them into Execution: for it was thought he kept the young Lady for himself, as with whom he had, before that time, practis'd some criminal Familiarities: and some others have not scrupled to give us their Suspicions, that he had a Meaning to be divorced from his Wife Queen *Eleanor*, and to take the Lady *Adela* to supply her Place in his Bed.

SUCH, and so pregnant, were the Seeds of Contention, that they could not fail of shooting up in an Harvest of Disquiet. King Henry, tho' he would have sacrificed many dear Regards to the Sweets of those Pleasures he enjoy'd, was oblig'd in Honour, as well as Interest, to be alarm'd at the Dangers threatening him. He easily foresaw, he must give up all his *French* Dominions, unless he made a strenuous Preparation to defend them: nor could he brook it, either as a King or a Father, to be insulted by the Disobedience of his Sons, shewing itself in so rude a Form as Rebellion. To acquiesce under such an Indignity, would have made him unworthy the Possession of a Crown; and given the World Cause to say, he had pro-

vok'd Them to become the Aggressors. His greatest Reluctance to this inevitable Scene of War, was, the Necessity of being divided from his adorable *Rosamond*: But the Motives for his Going were too cogent for Love to dispute against Them.

IF the King was uneasy at quitting his darling Mistress, *Rosamond* was no less startled and alarm'd at the Thoughts of his Absence. She knew how much she was the Envy of the Court, and the Object of an injur'd Queen's Resentment: Many Engines had been set on to fright her from the King's Embraces, and exhorting her for the Safety of her Life to shelter herself in a Nunnery: Many Menaces in Writing had been dropp'd in her Apartments, forewarning her of Destruction if she did not quit her Royal Lover. She knew, the King's Presence was her best Defence; and she dreaded to think, when he was withdrawn from her, with how much Violence they might prosecute their Vengeance.

THE King used all the Precaution and Tendernefs in opening to her the Necessity of embarking for *France*. He prefaced and prepared the Tale of Sorrow with many a Circumstance, that he might not wound her too harshly by an abrupt Discovery. He inveigh'd against the inveterate Conduct of the *French* King, against the insolent Attacks of his own unnatural Children; and inferr'd, how mean a Figure a Monarch must make among his Neighbours, how much Fear and Baseness of Spirit he must betray, who did not rowse himself against such Indignities. *Would'st Thou not despise thy Henry for a Coward, said He, and think him a Slave below the Honour of thy Embraces, if He could harbour a Thought of sitting down patiently under such Insults? Couldst Thou esteem thyself safe under the Protection of a Wretch, who had so little Regard for his own Glory and Dignity? The Lustre of a Crown is heighten'd by the Reputation of the Wearer: but the Diadem, that should adorn, becomes a Reproach to the King, who cherishes not Ambition enough to secure his Grandeur. Whatever swelling*
Sen-

Sentiments *Rosamond* might at other times have harbour'd, she had now no Ear for this tow'ring Language. It sound-ed harsh as the Trumpet to One on the Bed of Sickness; and grated on her Sense, rather than inspir'd her Passions. She shew'd no Emotions but those of a disconsolate Mourner, and answer'd the King only with down-cast Eyes, and a Gush of Tears. Her Sorrows spoke more to the King, than her Words could utter: There was a speaking Elo-quence in the Silence of her Grief: Each Look, each Sigh, each Tear had Language in Them. At length, as soon as She recover'd the Power of expressing herself, throwing her fair Arms fondly o'er the Neck of the King, She told him, Her Heart presag'd she should never be bless'd again with the Sight of His Majesty. That tho' Providence should guard his sacred Person amidst the Dangers of the Field; yet too many Dangers surrounded her, to let her hope she should survive to his Return. Our enamour'd *Henry*, startled at the bare Mention of Danger to Her, conjur'd her to explain to Him the very Bottom of her Fears. *Alas!* my gracious Lord, reply'd the weeping Fair One, throwing herself at her Royal Master's Feet, *Forgive me that I should alarm your Royal Breast with my Dangers; when it is much more my Duty to be anxious for your Safety. I am a Wretch that has justly incurr'd Displeasures, and ought to fall a Vi-tim to satisfy for the Injuries of my Conduct. I have no Fa-mily now to own me; no Friends to defend me. The Graces, that your Majesty has shower'd upon me, kindle a thousand Provocations against me: and tho' my Fears may be too intri-cate for Me to explain, yet your Highness will see they are not slight or ungrounded. I now put into your Royal Hands what I should have slighted, did not these Tumults call you from Me; but What, depriv'd of my Defender in your Ma-jesty's Absence, are but the Prologues to my certain Ruin: And believe me, Sacred Sir, did not my Female Heart tremble at Death, drest in Terrors and Violence, I could die with Plea-sure, and triumph in a Fate incurr'd by being your Majesty's Favourite.*

ROSAMOND here deliver'd to the King those Papers which had been dropp'd in her Apartments, threat'ning her with Destruction, unless she retir'd from his Embraces. He run them over with an eager, but inquisitive Eye; and it was sufficiently visible in his Countenance with what Sentiments he receiv'd their Contents. *Well!* said He, after having overlook'd them, raising *Rosamond* from her Knees, and clasping her to his Bosom, *I am glad, if you have Enemies, that they are such upon my Account; for now I find it my Duty to secure you from their Malice. Fright not your panting Heart with any Apprehensions of Danger, for by my Crown and Honour, these rude Threats, by which your Enemies have labour'd to disquiet You, shall lay the Foundation of your Peace and Security.*

THE King utter'd This with so much Fervour and Earnestness, and caress'd his *Rose of Beauty* with such tender Fondness, that her Fears began to vanish, and Cheerfulness reassume its Seat in her Aspect. Some say, the Royal Laver traced, by Similitude of Hand, the Affair of those menacing *Billets* so closely, that he discover'd and rigorously punish'd their Authors: and that to prevent the intended Mischief from taking Place, a special Guard was appointed to attend on *Rosamond*.

WE are likewise told by some *Historians* (and the Credulity of succeeding Times has handed down the Relation) that the King, for her better Security, before he went, caus'd a strong and stately Palace to be built for her Residence at *Woodstock* in *Oxfordshire*, where a delightful Bower is still remaining, and shewn for the Bower of Fair *Rosamond*. This Palace, we are inform'd, had many secret Avenues, and subterraneous Passages, into which a glimmering of Light was darted, thro' narrow Stone Crevices, which were so shaded with Bushes, as not to be perceivable to those that walk'd above; which Passages were design'd as the Means of Escape from Danger, should the Place on any Surprize be besieg'd or surrounded. Nay, no fewer than an hundred and fifty Doors are assign'd to make
this

this Castle the more impregnable; and such intricate Mazes and Windings, thro' long Entries and Galleries, led to the most remote Apartments, that the Way to them was impracticable, but to such who had the Silver Clue of Thread, by the Guidance of which, the King, and Those who were intrusted with his Commands, were conducted to our imbower'd Beauty.

BUT who does not see at first View, the Fabuloufness of this artificial Palace? What have we in this Story but a Copy of *Ariadne's* Clue, and the *Cretan* Labyrinth? What Necessity for such a stupendious Fortrefs? Or, what Probability is there, as the King's Affairs were embroil'd abroad, that he could have Leisure to wait the erecting such a Fabrick, and leave Rebellion to get Strength by the Delay? Yet are we not to wonder, that the *Monkish* Historians should deliver down to us a Tale of such Absurdity; when the same Chronicles tell Us that, in that King's Reign, a Dragon of marvellous Bigness was seen at *St. Osyth's* in *Essex*, which, by its very Motion, set many Houses and Buildings on Fire.

ALL that we are to gather from this Story, is, that *Woodstock* might be the Summer-Scene of the King's Pleasure with *Rosamond*; and that the Palace there might be appointed for her Residence, during his Expedition into *France*.

AND now let us suppose King *Henry* embark'd against the insolent *French* and his rebellious Sons. The Process of the War, and the several Turns it took from the Engagements on each Side, and the Fluctuations of wavering Fortune, are Materials that I shall leave to be treated by the Historians. Let it suffice, that King *Lewis* soon, despairing of the promis'd Advantages over his old Enemy of *England*, sent his Messengers to demand a Truce, appointed a Day of Interview with King *Henry*, and express'd a Readiness to promote a Reconcilement betwixt him, and his refractory Sons. An Interview was had, but at this Meeting nothing effectual done. Earl *Rochard* had possess'd himself
of

of a great Part of the Province of *Poitou*; and thither King *Henry* marches with his Army to subdue him. The *Earl*, after some Hesitation, and misdoubting his own Strength, submitted himself to his Father, and ask'd his Pardon, which his Father as freely granted, as if he had never committed any Fault. Being receiv'd into Grace, he was immediately employ'd to King *Lewis*, and to young King *Henry* his Brother, to perswade them to Peace, who weary'd with the Wars, were easily drawn, and so Reconciliation on all Parts was made. The Peers, that had assisted against the old King on the Party of his Sons, giving Hostages, and Oath for their future Allegiance, were set at Liberty: the King of *Scots* was fined in Money, and a Part of his Territories; and obliged, by his Oath, never to receive any Rebels into his Protection. These Things settled to his Mind, King *Henry* had Nothing to do but expedite his Return to *England*, doubly speeded with the Wings of Love and Victory. Nor was the Pleasure of Conquest greater to Him, than his Impatience to be restored to his lovely *Rosamond*.

BUT let us turn our Eyes a-while, to survey the Conduct of the jealous and enraged Queen *Eleanor*. She, who, as we have before observ'd, was not a little instrumental to setting the Wheels of this War in Motion, used all her Arts, and ply'd every Nerve, to embroil and increase the Course of Contention. She sends Expresses over to her Sons, with Notice of their Father's Coming, and a Discovery of his Strength; she animates them to be bold and obstinate in their Resistance: and promises to stir up such Factions at home, as should soon disconcert her Husband's Measures. By her Instigations *Hugh* Earl of *Chester*, and *Robert* *Fulger*, were work'd up to seize upon *Dole* in *Britany*: and by her Instigations *Robert* Earl of *Leicester* raised a powerful Head in *England*, and being assisted with greater Forces by King *Lewis* attack'd and carry'd by Assault the Town of *Normich*. But while her Malice is in the Height of its Ferment and Agitation; while She is urging every mis-

mischievous Design to supplant her Husband in his Throne, and make Way for the Succession of the Son; the uncomfortable News arrives, that King *Henry's* Affairs took a thriving Turn in *France*, that Earl *Richard* had submitted, and join'd with his Father, and that it was every Day expected young *Henry* would follow that Example.

THESE Tidings were Poyson to her inveterate Resentments; her Hate and Rancour encreas'd from the Disappointments of Fortune; and the Rage of her Despair almost made her frantick; so ill was she prepar'd for an Issue so fatal to all her Hopes, and Schemes; so prompt and eager for any Exploit, in which she might turn the Scale, and grow serviceable to the dear Work of Vengeance. The Task of dethroning her Lord was now beyond the Reach of her Practice: her malignant Heart must therefore content itself with some meaner Triumph. It was still in her Power, she thought, to dash the Joys of Conquest with Gall, and at least disappoint some promis'd Pleasures of his Return. Her Jealousy and Hate now turn all their furious Efforts against poor *Rosamond*, who from the Instant of the King's Departure had trembled at her Resentments.

THE Queen, having resolv'd in her Mind the Destruction of her Rival, lost no Time in endeavouring to put her Purpose into Execution. She open'd her Design to some Favourites, whom she presum'd she might best trust, and whom she had rais'd from a low State to Wealth and Promotions: But they started at it, as a Thing of too much Danger; and an Action which the King would revenge with the utmost Rigour. Their Lives they could not hope to save, if they staid in the Land 'till his Return; and if they fled it must be to the Ruin of Themselves and their Families. At length, with Perswasions, and large Offers, she prevail'd so far on several of her Domesticks to be assistant, that They vow'd to stand by her in any dangerous Attempt, provided she would vouchsafe to be present at the doing of it: For then, if it were discover'd, they flatter'd Themselves, they should be shelter'd under the Necessity of obeying her

her positive Commands: and might have a more colourable Pretence and Excuse for having a Hand in the Matter. The Queen had no Objection to these Terms of her Servants, insisted on for their Security; it rather was a Feast to her invidious Heart to be the Instrument of her own Revenge. The same *Historians*, who raised the *Dome* and *Bower* for the Reception of the fair *Rosamond*, now make Use of them in setting forth the Tale of her Destruction. The Queen was to take a Progress, as she gave out, for her Health. Her Accessories and Conspirators in the intended Scene of Cruelty were appointed at a set Time to attend her coming to *Woodstock*, order'd to hide themselves in a Cave near the Bower, and at the Sound of a Horn to rush out, and do as their Mistress commanded. In Consequence of this Scheme laid, she counterfeits a Letter, as from the King, to *Rosamond*; and dispatches one of her Pages dress'd as a Post, to deliver it. The Queen and her Retinue were conceal'd in a Grove near to the Bower, and waiting the Signal of the Horn to give them Notice that the Letter was deliver'd.

THIS subtle Device had all its Effect: The *Knight*, who was more particularly intrusted with the Custody of the Bower, and thro' whose Hands all Letters pass'd that were address'd to *Rosamond*, seeing as he thought only a Postboy, suspected no Snare; and the Spy from the Turrets, which commanded a View of the Roads, informing they were clear of any People, the credulous *Knight* ventur'd out from his Gate, when immediately upon the Signal given by the Post's Horn, the Conspirators rush'd out from their neighbouring Ambush, and the Queen and her Train made up with all Speed from the Grove, where they waited the Signal. The trusty *Knight*, who found himself betray'd by a Device, soon gave the Alarm to the Guard and Dependants of *Rosamond*, who hastened to defend the Entrance of their Citadel. A sharp Conflict ensued on each Side, in which at length, o'erpower'd by Numbers, the *Knight* and most of *Rosamond's* Party were slain; and

and happy were the Few who by Flight could escape with Life from the Fury of the Assailants.

THE Fortrefs was now in the *Queen's* Hands, the Gates and Avenues secur'd by her Friends, and she herself, by the Assistance of the Silver Clue, hastening to the Presence of her enchanting Rival. *Rosamond*, who every Day liv'd in Hopes of the Arrival of her Royal Master, dress'd herself in her most splendid Robes to receive him. So distant from her Apartments were the outward Gates of the Palace, that no Alarm of the late fatal Fray yet reach'd her Ears. She heard a more than usual Trampling in the Passages, but little ween'd how dreadful a Guest was approaching her. What Words can express the Horror and Confusion, which seiz'd her upon the Sight of her worst Enemy. Now all her scaring Dreams, her presaging Fears, were to have their Accomplishment: Her Death, she knew, was the Issue and Purport of such a Visit.

THE *Queen*, we are told, came doubly arm'd to the Destruction of her Rival, with a Draught of *Poyson* in one Hand, and a *Dagger* in the Other, in Case she refus'd to drink the mortal Preparation; and advancing towards her with a stern and threatening Countenance, *Inchantress!* said she, *these are the Rewards due to thy Crimes; and these the Expiations of thy Wrongs to me. Think not I bring an Eye, that shall relent at the View of thy Beauty; or a Heart susceptible of Tenderness for thy disastrous Fate. Thou shalt no longer brave it o'er an injur'd Queen; nor live to hope a Rescue from thy now absent Paramour. Reflect on thy adulterous Guilt; and let conscious Shame tell Thee, it is thy Duty to dye without Murmuring. Be sure, the greatest Grace, I have determin'd to allow Thee, is this Alternative of Death; either instantly take off this Bowl, or expect, upon thy Refusal, to receive this Dagger plung'd into thy Bosom.*

THE poor trembling Victim, almost dead with her Fears, threw herself on her Knees, and with Hands wrung with Agony, and streaming Eyes, implor'd the *Queen's* Mercy

Mercy and Pardon for her Offences : beg'd, that She would have Pity on her tender Years, and forgive a Crime she had been constrain'd to submit to ; and promis'd, so she might but live, she would cloister herself in a Nunnery ; for ever abjure a Sight of the King ; or readily embrace Banishment, where-ever the Queen should please to send her.

BUT no Entreaties, no Humiliations, would work on the Queen to allay her Resentments. Inexorable Rage had steel'd her Breast, and block'd up all the Avenues to Remorse and Pity. Again she urges her Rival to the Choice of her Destiny ; again presents the Cup, and brandishes the Dagger. *Rosamond*, overwhelm'd with Fear and Despair, saw no Submissions would avail, nothing satisfy but her Ruine : No Evasion, or Escape, could befriend her in that dreadful Hour ; and by dallying, she incurr'd the Danger of, what most she dreaded, the threaten'd Ponyard. At length with an Air of Resignation and Complacence, but with trembling Hands, she takes the Bowl from the Queen ; and lifting up her Eyes, and addressing herself to Heaven in Prayers of Penitence, drinks off the fatal Medicine. The Draught ended, she sat herself on a Couch, all pale and fainting : the potent Ingredients soon work'd their Way to the most vital Parts : her Eyes languish'd, and her Speech fail'd ; and short Sicknesses and Convulsions, the constant Effects of Poyson, succeeding, a short Struggle eas'd her of her Pains and Life.

SUCH was the deplorable *Exit* of this unhappy Beauty, according to some of the Accounts : Others pretend to tell Us, that when the Queen once saw her, she only reprov'd her for her criminal Familiarity with the King, and did her no other Damage ; but that *Rosamond* retir'd into a Nunnery at *Godstow* near *Woodstock*, where after a short Continuance she dy'd a natural Death, and was there buried. Others say, whatever the Queen did to her, she immediately languish'd ; and but a short Time survived her fatal Visit.

WHAT most seems to countenance the Suspicion of some Violence upon her by the Queen, is the King's implacable Resentment upon his Return: He could not, indeed, be a Stranger to her State-practices against him; and Those were Provocations sufficient to draw on his Severities. Whether the Death of *Rosamond* contributed to her Misfortunes, and the heightening the Royal Displeasure, 'tis certain, Queen *Eleanor* was committed close Prisoner: and tho' King *Henry* lived above Seventeen Years after her Commitment, no Intercessions could ever procure her Release, till her Son *Richard*, ascending the Throne, restor'd her to Liberty.

WE cannot well ascertain, how many Years King *Henry* enjoy'd the beauteous *Rosamond*; but he had Issue by her, two Sons; the one *William*, who was Earl of *Salisbury* in Right of his Wife; and the other *Geoffrey*, who was first Bishop of *Lincoln*, and afterwards promoted to the See of *York*.

ROSAMOND, as we have said, being buried at *Godstow*, her Tomb was signaliz'd only with these two Monkish Verses.

*Hæc jacet in Tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.*

THE Conceit of them is poor and common, and like the other Poetry of those Times depends on a certain Jingle and Play on the Words. The Sense of Them has been thus express'd in honest *English* Metre.

*Rose of the World, not Rose the peerless Flow'r,
Within this Tomb hath taken up her Bow'r;
She Scenteth now, and nothing Sweet doth Smell,
Who earst was wont to savour passing well.*

BUT

234 *The Loves of King HENRY II,*

BUT however mean the Substance and Dress of her *Epitaph* was, the Materials and Architecture of her *Monument* were rare and pompous. For Doctor PLOT, in his natural *History* of *Oxfordshire*, speaking of the Tomb of St. *Frideswide* at *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*, as of a fine and costly Piece of antique Workmanship, subjoins, that yet it is not comparable to the Tomb of fair *Rosamond* at *Godstow* in the Chapterhouse of the Nuns there.

THIS learned *Naturalist*, I find, has widely mistaken a Passage in the *Polychronicon* of *Ranulph Higden*, and put a strange Story upon us by the Error of his Translation; which it may not be amiss to transcribe and refute. “ Her
“ Chest, Coffin, or Tomb, (*says He*) was there to be
“ seen, not above two foot long, or perhaps rather Square,
“ but a stupendious Piece of Workmanship, wherein
“ might be seen the Conflicts of Champions, the Gestures
“ of Animals, the Flights of Birds, with Fishes leaping,
“ and all done without the Assistance of Man ”. The Words of the honest *Monk*, from whom he gives this Relation, I have thought proper to underwrite, (+) that I may not be suspected of doing Dr. Plot any Injustice.

IN the first Place, the *diminutive* Stature of fair *Rosamond* must have been remark'd to us, if a Chest of no greater Length or Dimensions, than two Foot, could have serv'd for her *Coffin* or *Tomb*.

IN the next Place, as such Variety of fine Work could not have been contain'd in that narrow Compass, so it must have been entirely lost, to be shut up from Sight with a perishing Carcass.

BESIDES This, *Ranulph Higden*, who wrote his *Chronicle* an hundred and fifty Years after *Rosamond's* Death,

(+) *Cista ejusdem puella, vix bipedalis Mensura, sed mirabilis architecturae ibidem cernitur; in qua Conflictus pugilum, Gestus animalium, Volatus avium, Saltus piscium, absque hominis Impulsu conspiciuntur. Li. VII. ch. 26.*

speaks of this rare Coffe, and the curious Mechanism in it, as in Being, and visible, in his Time. *Holingshed* seems perfectly to have understood *Higden's* Account as he ought; for he tells us, that “ long after the Death of this Damoisel “ (meaning fair *Rosamond*) in the said Abby was shew'd a “ Coffe, that sometime was hers.” It is most probable, therefore, that this Casket was contrived, and the Contents of it wrought, by fair *Rosamond*, either whilst a Nun at *Godstow*, or in her Recess at *Woodstock* during King *Henry's* Absence, and that it was preserv'd in the Chapter-House as a Monument of her Ingenuity. By what Springs, or Artificial Device, the seeming *spontaneous* Motions of the Figures in it were effected; as the Records which mention this Curiosity, are wholly silent, it is too late at this Distance of Time to pretend to guess.

The E N D.



speaks of this and other, and the curious monument in
 it as in being, and which in his time, Henry, the
 perfect to have understood the Duke's Account as he ought
 for he tells us that a long after the Death of this Edward
 " (meaning the Duke) in the said Abbey was found a
 " Coffin that contained was here." It is most probable
 therefore, that the Duke was conveyed, and the Con-
 tents of it were, by the Duke's order, to the Abbey
 of Westminster, or in his place at Westminster, and
 there a monument, and that it was erected in the Duke's
 honor as a Monument of his Ingenuity, by which Spirit
 of Artificial Device, the seeming Assumption of the
 figure in it were effected, as the Record which mentions
 the Curiosity, are wholly silent, it is too late at this
 place of Time to pretend to guess.

The END.



J. Vanderbank inv.

G. V. Gucht sculp.

THE
Innocent Adultery.

Translated from the *French* Original of

Monsieur SCARRON.



L O N D O N : M D C C X X I X .

THE

Innocent A. D. 1714

THE

Translated from the French Original of

Innocent A. D. 1714

Montfort 2. O. R. A. O. M.

L. O. R. D. O. W. M. B. C. K. X.



T H E

Innocent ADULTERY.

IN one of the coldest Nights of a severe Winter, and at the Hour when most of the Convents were Ringing to Matins, a young Gentleman, whose Name was *Don Garcias*, came out of a House in *Valladolid*, where he had pass'd the Evening either in Conversation, or at Play. He was just turn'd into the Street where he lodg'd, and tho' it was very dark, the Weather being cloudy, he had no Flambeau, either because his Footman had lost his Link, or because he did not order him to get one; when from a Door, which open'd on a sudden, a Person was thrust out by Force, and was push'd with that Violence, that the poor Creature fell down at *Don Garcias's* Feet, on the other Side of the Way. If he was surpriz'd at so extraordinary an Adventure, he was still more so, when going to lend the Person thus ill-us'd his Hand, he found it was a Woman stripp'd to her Shift, and heard her sigh, and bemoan herself, without making the least Effort to rise. He no longer doubted she had receiv'd some Mischief from the Fall; and with the Assistance of the Footman, who was come up to him, having set her on her

Feet, he ask'd whether he could be any way serviceable to her. You may save both my Life and my Honour, answer'd this unknown Person, with a Voice interrupted with Sobblings : I conjure you, added she, by the same Generosity which renders you willing to help me in my Distress, to shelter me in any Place whatever, provided it be only known to yourself, and those on whose Fidelity you can rely. *Don Garcias* cover'd her with his Cloak, and commanding his Footman to support her on one side, as he did himself on the other, he quickly got to his Lodgings, where every body was in Bed, excepting a Maid Servant, who let him in with a hundred Curses for keeping her up so late. The Footman gave her no Answer, but blew out her Candle ; and while she went to light it, scolding and calling him a thousand Names, *Don Garcias* conducted, or rather carry'd into his Chamber, which was on the first Floor, the afflicted Lady, who could hardly stand. His Footman having brought a Light, *Don Garcias* beheld one of the most beautiful Women of all *Spain*, who inspir'd him at once both with Love and Pity. Her Hair was black, shining like Jet ; her Complexion was a lovely Mixture of white and red ; her Eyes were at least two Suns ; her Neck was beyond all Comparison ; her Arms were admirable ; her Hands were more curious than her Arms, and her Shape was like that of a Queen form'd by the Imagination. But this black Hair was disorder'd ; this brilliant Complexion was tarnish'd ; these bright Eyes were full of Tears ; this incomparable Neck was black and blue ; and her Arms and Hands were not in a better Condition : In fine, this beautiful Body was cover'd over with black and bloody Marks, as from the Blows of a Stirrop-Leather, a Belt, or some such harsh thing.

IF *Don Garcias* was ravish'd with the Sight of so fine a Person, this beautiful Person was mightily troubled to see herself in her present Condition, and in the Power of an unknown Man, who did not seem to be above five and twenty Years of Age. He perceiv'd it, and did all

he could to persuade her, that she ought not to fear any thing from a Gentleman, who would think himself happy to die for her Service. In the mean time his Footman made a little Fire of Charcoal; for in *Spain* they seldom use any other. He put a pair of clean Sheets into his Master's Bed, who having wish'd the Lady a Good Night, left her in Possession of his Room, which he double-lock'd, and went and lay with a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who lodg'd in the same House. He slept in all Probability better than his Guest, who wept all the Night. In the Morning *Don Garcias* dress'd himself to the best Advantage, and listening at his Chamber Door, and hearing the Lady was still afflicting herself, he made no difficulty to enter. As soon as she saw him, her Sorrow was redoubled. You see, said she, a Woman, who was Yesterday in the greatest Esteem of any in all *Valladolid*, and who To-day is in the greatest Infamy; more capable to move Compassion, than she was formerly to create Desire: But how great soever my present Misfortune is, the Assistance you gave me so seasonably may still afford some Remedy, if after having kept me in your Chamber till Night, you send me in a Chair or a Coach, to a Monastery which I shall tell you. But, added she, after all the Obligations I have to you, may I further beg of you to take the pains to go to my Lodgings; to inform yourself of what is doing there, and what they say; and in short, to learn how the Court and Town talk of the unfortunate Woman you have so generously protected. *Don Garcias* offer'd, with all the Eagerness of a Man who begins to be in Love, to go where-ever she pleas'd. She gave him the necessary Directions; he left her with a Promise to return soon, and she burst into Lamentations again as violent as before.

DON GARCIAS return'd within an Hour; and finding his beautiful Guest very much alarm'd, as if she already knew he brought her ill News, Madam, said he, if you are *Eugenia*, the Wife of *Don Sancho*, I have learn'd

some Things which concern you very much. *Eugenia* is missing, and *Don Sancho* is in the Hands of Justice, being accus'd of the Death of *Don Lewis*, his Brother. *Sancho* is Innocent, said she, I am his unhappy *Eugenia*, and *Don Lewis* is the worst of Men. Her Tears which started from her Eyes, and her frequent Sobs interrupted her a while; but after a short Pause, she resum'd her Speech. It is not enough, said she, that you know the Name and Quality of the unhappy Woman you have oblig'd; she is willing also to inform you of the Particulars of her Life, and acknowledge in some measure, by this Confidence, the Kindness you have shewn her. I am, pursu'd she, of one of the best Families of *Valladolid*. I was born Rich, and had Beauty enough to be vain of it. The Charms of my Person drew me more Gallants than those of my Wealth; and the Reputation of the one and the other procur'd me Adorers in the remotest Towns of *Spain*. Among those who thought to make themselves happy by possessing me, *Don Sancho* and *Don Lewis*, two Brothers equally endow'd with the Advantages of Fortune and Nature, distinguish'd themselves by the Excess of their Passion, and the Emulation they shew'd which shou'd do me the most Services. My Parents declar'd themselves in favour of *Don Sancho* who was the Eldest, and my Inclination went along with their Choice, and gave me entirely to a Man above Forty, who by the Sweetness of his Temper, and the Care he always took to please me, gain'd upon my Mind as much as another could have done, whose Age had been more suitable to my own. The two Brothers did not live less agreeably together for having been Rivals, and *Don Sancho* in marrying me did not lose the Friendship of *Don Lewis*. Their Houses join'd, or rather were but one House, for the Wall that parted them had a Door in it, which by common Consent was not made fast on either side. *Don Lewis* did not conceal from his Brother his making the same Courtship to me as he had done, while he was his Rival: And *Don Sancho*, whose Affection was encreas'd by

Enjoyment,

Enjoyment, and who lov'd me more than his Life, took kindly all his Gallantries. He call'd me himself, his Brother's Mistress, who on his part disguis'd a true Love under a feign'd one, with so much Address, that I was not the only Person who was deceiv'd. In fine, after he had accusom'd me to hear him talk of his Passion before Company, he spoke to me of it in private with so much Importunity, and so little Respect, that I no longer doubted of his Criminal Design. Young as I was, I had Prudence enough to give him room to make the Thing still pass for a Feint. I took in Jest all that he said seriously to me, and tho' I was never more vex'd than on this Occasion, I constrain'd myself not to lose my usual Temper. He grew angry at it, instead of improving it as he ought to have done, and looking at me with Eyes which his lewd Intentions had render'd wild and disorder'd: No, no, Madam, said he to me, I counterfeit much less since I have lost you, than I did when I had some Hopes, and notwithstanding your Rigour is great enough to deliver you soon from a Love that is troublesome to you, yet you have so well accusom'd me to suffer, that you will do better still to-----Never trust myself alone with you, said I interrupting him. One of my Women, who came into my Chamber, hinder'd him from carrying his Insolence farther, and me from shewing him my Resentment, so much as I had Cause and Inclination to do. I was glad afterwards that I did not, on my Husband's Account, and I hop'd this wicked Brother wou'd love me less, and wou'd come at last to esteem me more; but he continu'd to counterfeit before Company, and to importune me in private. I oppos'd his Transports with all the Severity I was capable of, and even threaten'd him to inform his Brother: I try'd all my Wit to cure him. I intreated, I cry'd, I promis'd to love him as a Brother; but he wou'd be lov'd like a Gallant. In a Word, being sometimes suffer'd, sometimes ill treated, and always in Love as much as he was hated, he had render'd me the

most unhappy Woman in *Spain*, if my Conscience, which could reproach me with nothing, had not preserv'd the Tranquility of my Soul. But at last, my Virtue, which had so well defended me against so dangerous an Enemy, forsook me, because I forsook it, and betray'd myself. The Court came to *Valladolid*, and brought thither its inseparable Attendant, Gallantry. As new Things always please, our Ladies thought they saw in the Courtiers what they did not find in the best Gentlemen of the City, and the Courtiers strove to please the Ladies, whom they look'd upon perhaps as certain Conquests. Among the Cavaliers who follow'd the Court, in order to be rewarded for their Services, a *Portuguese*, whose Name was *Andrado*, was become considerable there for his Wit and his handsome Mien; but much more by his expensive way of Living, the most powerful Charm for unexperienced Women, who judge of the Beauty of the Mind by that of the Retinue and Cloaths. He had no great Estate; but Play made him Master of other Peoples; and his Winnings enabled him to make as good a Figure as the richest, and most magnificent of the Court. I was unhappy enough to please him; and when my Vanity and his Application had persuaded me that he lik'd me, I esteem'd myself the happiest Woman of my Rank. It wou'd be difficult for me to express to you, how well he knew the Art of making himself lov'd, and to what Excess I lov'd him. My Husband, who was before so good, so dear, and so respected, became as contemptible to me, as odious. *Don Lewis* appear'd to me more hateful than ever: nothing pleas'd me now but *Andrado*. I lov'd only him, and where-ever I did not see him, I surpriz'd every Body with my Uneasiness. *Andrado* did not love me with more Tranquility. His predominate Passion for Play gave place to his Love, his Presents gain'd my Women, his Letters and his Verses charm'd me, and his Musick alarm'd all the Husbands in our Street. He solicited me so well, or I defended myself so ill, that I surrender'd,

render'd. I promis'd him every thing that I cou'd give him, and all our Concern was about a convenient Place and Hour. My Husband was engag'd in a Hunting-Match, which was to detain him in the Country several Days. I acquainted my dear *Portuguese* with it, and we fix'd the Execution of our amorous Designs on the Night of that Day when my Husband shou'd go out of Town. At a certain Hour I was to leave the back Door of the Garden open; and under the pretence of passing some part of the Night there, on account of the excessive Heats, I was to cause a Field-Bed to be set up, in a little Summer-House open on all sides, and encompass'd with Orange Trees and Jessamines. In fine, my Husband went out of *Valladolid*, and that Day seem'd to me the longest I had ever seen. Night came; and my Women having prepar'd me a Bed in the Garden, I feign'd myself very sleepy before them; and as soon as they had undress'd me, I order'd them all to Bed, except one Chamber-Maid, who was in the Secret of my Amour. I was hardly in Bed, and this Servant, whose Name was *Marina*, had scarcely shut the Garden-Door toward the House, and open'd the Back-Door, when my Woman came and told me my Husband was come back. I had but just time enough to cause the Door to be shut which was left open to receive *Andrado*. My Husband made me his usual Caresses, and you may imagine how I receiv'd them. He told me he had been oblig'd to return, because the Cavalier, with whom he was to hunt, had fall'n from his Horse, and broke one of his Legs; he then commended my Ingenuity in chusing so proper a place to avoid the Heat, and added that he wou'd pass the Night there too; and causing himself to be undress'd, we went to Bed together. All that I could do was to conceal, as well as it was possible for me, the Concern I had at his Return, and to signify to him by forced Caresses, that I was pleas'd with his. *Andrado* in the mean time came according to the Assignment, and finding the Door shut,

which was to have been open, he leap'd by the Assistance of his Valet-de-Chambre over the Garden Wall. He own'd to me afterwards, that he took so bold and rash a Design out of a mere Motive of Jealousy, and that he made no doubt but some more happy Rival, who had the Preference in my Heart, enjoy'd the Favour I had given him ground to hope for. This Thought put him into such a Passion, that he had resolv'd on nothing less than to use me ill, if what he suspected prov'd true, and to come to the last Extremities with his Rival. He approach'd the Summer-House where we lay, as silently as he cou'd. The Moon was very bright; I saw him as soon as he enter'd, and knew it was he; he saw I was very much frighten'd, and made a Sign to him to withdraw; he did not distinguish at first, whether the Person who lay by me was my Husband or another; but observing on my Face less of Fright than Confusion and Shame, and discerning on the Table the Cloaths and Feather, which he had seen my Husband wear that Day, and which were very remarkable; he cou'd no longer doubt but I was in Bed with *Don Sancho*, who he saw slept more soundly than a Gallant wou'd have done; nevertheless he came to my Side of the Bed and took a Kiss, which I cou'd not prevent in the Fear I had, lest my Husband shou'd wake. He wou'd not terrify me any longer; but went away, lifting up his Eyes to Heav'n, and shrugging up his Shoulders, like a Man extremely afflicted, and repass'd over the Garden-Wall as easily as before. In the Morning I receiv'd from him the most passionate Letter I ever read, and some Verses which were very ingenious, against the Tyranny of Husbands. He had spent the remaining Part of the Night in making them, after he went from me: And that Day I received them, I hardly did any Thing else, than read them over and over, when I cou'd do it without Witnesses. We did not reflect enough on the Danger we had run, to be afraid of exposing

exposing our selves to it again. But, if I had not been inclin'd to grant him all he cou'd ask, if I had lov'd him less than I did, or had not yielded to the Force of his Letters, I shou'd however have resign'd myself to the Persuasions of my Chamber-Maid, who was incessantly speaking to me in his Favour. She reproach'd me, that since I was so faint-hearted I cou'd have little Love for *Andrado*, and talk'd of the Passion he had for me, with as much Vehemence, as if she had been pressing one of her own to her Gallant. I found, by this, that she was none of the least skilful in her Trade; and of what Importance it is to make a good Choice of the Persons who are placed near Women of my Age and Condition. But I was willing to be undone, and if she had been more virtuous than she was, she had had a less Share in my Confidence. She prevail'd with me to consent to her admitting *Andrado* into a Dressing-Room next to my Chamber, where she lay alone; and we agreed, that as soon as my Husband was asleep, she shou'd lay herself by him in my Place, while I pass'd the Night with *Andrado*.

HE was accordingly hid in my Dressing-Room; my Husband fell asleep, and I was preparing myself to go to *Andrado*, with all the Emotion of a Person that desires ardently, and has a great deal to fear, when a frightful Noise of confus'd Voices, crying out Fire, struck my Ears, and waken'd *Don Sancho*; at the same Time my Chamber was fill'd with Smoak, and I saw thro' the Window, that the Air was all in a Blaze. A Negro Woman, that serv'd in the Kitchen, being drunk, had set it on Fire; and it was not perceiv'd till having catch'd some dry Wood, and the adjacent Stables, it began to pierce thro' the Floor of my Apartment. My Husband was mightily belov'd. In a Moment the House was full of Neighbours who came to our Assistance. My Brother-in-Law, *Don Lewis*, whom the common Danger made more diligent than the rest, came among the first to our

Relief with all his Servants, and, push'd on by his Passion, enter'd into my Chamber thro' the Flames, which had already taken hold of the Stair-Case. He was in his Shirt, and had only his Night-Gown over it, with which he cover'd me; and having taken me in his Arms, rather dead than alive, and for the Danger to which *Andrado* was expos'd more than my own, he carry'd me to his Lodging thro' the Door of Communication; and having laid me in his Bed, left me there, accompany'd by some of my Women. In the mean time, my Husband, and those who were concern'd at the Accident which had befall'n us, took such good Measures, that the Fire was put out, after it had done a great deal of Mischief. *Andrado* made his Escape easily in the Confusion, and in the Crowd of those who came to our Assistance; and you may imagine, with what Joy I learn'd from *Marina* so agreeable a Piece of News. He writ to me the Day following a thousand diverting Fooleries, which I improv'd with a Transport greater than his own; and we alleviated thus by Letters, the Mortification we had, not to be able to see one another.

AFTER the Damage the Fire had done was repair'd, and I had left *Don Lewis's* House to return to my own, *Andrado* had no great Difficulty to persuade me to let him try once more the same Way, which he believ'd had fail'd him only by an extraordinary Misfortune. The very Night which we had design'd shou'd make us Amends for our former Disappointments, a Cavalier of my Husband's Acquaintance, who was in Trouble on Account of a Duel, and had taken Refuge at an Ambassador's, where he did not think himself sufficiently secure from Justice, was oblig'd to shelter himself elsewhere. My Husband brought him privately to his House, and took himself the Key of the Street-Door, which he caus'd to be lock'd in his Presence, for fear some indiscreet or malicious Servant shou'd discover the Sanctuary his Friend had chosen. This Order, which surpriz'd me, and af-
flicted

licted me extremely, was but just executed, when *Andrado* gave the Signal in the Street, which he had agreed upon before with *Marina*: She was prodigiously embarrass'd, and made him a Sign from a low Lettice-window to stay a little. We held a Counsel she and I, after which she went, and speaking as softly as she cou'd, acquainted him with the new Obstacle which oppos'd our Desires; and propos'd to him to stay till the Family was in Bed, and try to get in thro' a small Window in the Kitchen, which was very low, and which she wou'd open for him. Nothing seem'd difficult nor dangerous to *Andrado*, provided he gratify'd his Love. My Husband saw his Friend to Bed, and after my Example went to Bed betimes himself; all our Domesticks did the same; and when *Marina* believ'd every one was asleep, she open'd the Window to *Andrado*, who presently got one Part of his Body thro' it; but so imprudently, and so unfortunately, that after several Efforts, which were more prejudicial than serviceable to him, he stuck fast by the middle between the Iron Bars, without being able to get forward or backward. His Servant cou'd give him no Assistance from the Street; *Marina* from the Place where she was cou'd give him none neither without the Help of another. She therefore went and rais'd a Fellow-Servant who was her Friend, and told her, Being prevail'd with by a Gallant whom she very much lov'd, and who was to marry her, she had try'd to let him in at the Kitchen-window, and his Body was stuck so fast between two Bars, that it was impossible to disengage him without filing them, or taking them out of their Places. She conjur'd her to come and help her, which the other was ready to do; but for want of a Hammer, or some other proper Instrument, the Assistance of these two Women wou'd have been useless to *Andrado*, if he had not himself thought of his Poniard, with which, after a vast deal of Labour, they forced the Iron Frame from the Wall, and he was deliver'd from the terrible Fear of being

ing found so shamefully fasten'd in a Place where he cou'd pass for nothing but a Thief. This cou'd not be done with so little Noise, but some of our Footmen heard it, and look'd into the Street at the same Time that *Andrado* with the Iron-grate about his Body ran away as fast as he cou'd with his Servant: The Neighbours and our People cry'd out Thieves after them; and it was not doubted but some Rogues had attempted to rob the House, since the Iron Bars of the Window were taken down. *Andrado* being arriv'd at his Lodgings, caus'd the Iron-grate to be fil'd off as it was on his Body.

THIS third Accident put him into a very ill Humour. As for my Part, I receiv'd it quite otherwise; and while *Marina*, still in a Fright, related it to me, I thought I shou'd have dy'd with laughing. However I was extremely vex'd, as well as *Andrado*, at the ill Success of our Enterprize: But our Desires were so far from cooling upon it, that they were inflam'd the more, and wou'd not permit us to defer gratifying them any longer, than till the next Day. My Husband was gone into the Town to make up his Friend's Affairs, which in all Likelihood wou'd employ him the rest of the Day. I sent *Marina* to *Andrado's* Lodgings, which were not far from my House. She found him in Bed, feeling still the Fatigues of the last Night, and so dishearten'd at this Disappointment in his Amour, that *Marina* was somewhat displeas'd to see how coldly he receiv'd the Advances I made him, and that he shew'd so little Impatience to come to me, tho' she sufficiently represented to him, that the present Opportunity ought not to be neglected. In fine, he came to me, and I receiv'd him with all the Transports of Joy it was possible for a Person to have, who had abandon'd herself intirely to her Passion. I was so blinded with it, that I took less Notice than *Marina* did of the Indifference with which he address'd me, tho' it was too visible. However my Carresses

resses at last awaken'd his: Hitherto we cou'd express our mutual Joy only by our Silence; and the Confusion I was in made me decline the Looks of *Andrado*, which shew'd him there was nothing he might not attempt; when *Marina*, who had the Discretion to leave us alone, came back in the utmost Fright; and told me, my Husband was return'd. She dragg'd *Andrado* into my Dressing-Room half dead, and in all Appearance much more frightened than myself, who had so much Reason to be scar'd. My Husband gave some Orders to his Servants before he came up to my Chamber; during which I recover'd myself, and *Marina* had Time to empty a great Chest which was full of Clothes, and put *Andrado* into it.

SHE had hardly shut it, when my Husband came in; and having just saluted me, went directly into my Dressing-Room; and finding a Comedy there, by ill Luck he open'd it. He stopp'd a while at some Incidents which pleas'd him, and had set in for Reading, if by the Advice of *Marina* I had not gone in to him to prevent it, and bring him back to my Chamber. My ill Fortune did not stop here; *Don Sancho* observing me pensive and perplex'd, as I had Reason to be, was for trying by his own Example to put me in a better Humour. Never did he endeavour so much to please and divert me, and never did he displease me more. I pray'd him to leave my Chamber, pretending a mighty Inclination to sleep: But out of an unseasonable Mirth, which was not usual to him, he kept me Company against my Will a good while; and as complaisant as he was naturally, he was so far otherwise then, that I was forced to thrust him out.

AS soon as I had made fast my Door, I ran to my Dressing-Room to take *Andrado* out of Prison. *Marina* made haste to open the Chest; but we had like both of us to have dy'd with the Fright, when we found him without Pulse and Motion, and according to all Appearance, a dead Man. Imagine with yourself the terrible
Uneasiness

Uneasiness I was in; I cry'd, I tore my Hair, I was desperate, and cou'd have had Resolution enough, I believe, to stab myself with *Andrado's* Poniard, if my excessive Grief had not given me such a Faintness that I was forced to fling myself upon *Marina's* Bed. This Girl, tho' concern'd as much as possible, preserv'd more Judgment than I did in our common Calamity, and projected a Remedy, which, weak as I was, I cou'd not have made use of, tho' I had not been so disorder'd. She said *Andrado* was perhaps only in a Swoon, and that a Surgeon by bleeding, or some other speedy Succour, might recover him. I look'd at her, but was too much oppress'd with Grief to give her any Answer. *Marina* lost no Time in consulting me farther; and went to execute what she had propos'd; but the Instant she had open'd the Door to go out, my Brother-in-Law *Don Lewis* enter'd. This second Misfortune was more terrible to us than the first. If *Andrado's* Body had not been expos'd to his Sight yet the Confusion and Astonishment which appear'd in our Countenances wou'd have given him a Suspicion that we were about some very strange Thing, which he wou'd not have fail'd to have examin'd into, having such an Interest, both as a Brother-in-Law, and a Lover.

I was oblig'd therefore to fling myself at the Feet of a Man, whom I had often seen at mine; and confiding in the Passion he had for me, and in the Generosity which ought to be inseparable from a Gentleman, I submitted absolutely to his Will all that was most dear to me in the World. He endeavour'd to lift me up, but I still kept upon my Knees, and acquainted him ingenuously, as my Tears and Sobs wou'd permit, with the cruel Accident which had befallen me, which I make no Question but he rejoiced at extremely in his Heart. *Don Lewis*, said I to him, I do not here implore your Generosity to prolong my Life for a few Days; my Misfortune renders it so odious to me, that I cou'd even put an End to it myself, if I did

did not apprehend my Despair might be interpreted to the Prejudice of my Honour, on which that of *Don Sancho*, and even his Life, may perhaps inseparably depend. You may believe, the Disdain I have shew'd you was the Effect of my Aversion, rather than of my Virtue; and may be pleas'd with my Disgrace, and improve it to gratify your Vengeance: But can you find in your Heart to impute that to me as a Crime, which you yourself wou'd have taught me to act? and can you want Indulgence for her, who has express'd so much to you?

DON LEWIS did not suffer me to say more; You see, Madam, said he, that Heaven has justly punish'd you, for having chosen to love one whom you ought to hate: But I have no Time to lose, to convince you, by helping you out of this Perplexity, that you have not a better Friend in the World than *Don Lewis*: Upon this he left me, and return'd in a Moment, with a Couple of Porters, whom he had sent for by one of his Servants. *Marina* and I in the mean time had placed the Body of *Andrado* in the Chest. *Don Lewis* himself assisted to load it on the Porter's Shoulders, and caus'd it to be carried to the House of one of his Friends, to whom he discover'd this Adventure, as he had already intrusted him with the Secret of his Love to me. *Andrado* was there taken out of the Chest, and laid along on a Table, and while they were undressing him, *Don Lewis* felt his Pulse, and clapping his Hand on the side of the Heart, found he was not dead. A Surgeon was call'd for in all haste, while they put him to Bed, and all the Remedies usual on such Occasions were employ'd to recover him. He came to himself, and was let Blood; a Footman was left by him; and the Company retir'd, to give Time to Nature and Repose to finish what was begun.

YOU may guess the Astonishment of *Andrado*, when, after this long fainting Fit, he found himself in a Bed, remembering only the Fright he was in, when we put him into the Chest; and not knowing where he was, nor what
to

to hope or fear. In this terrible Alarm he heard the Chamber Door open, and the Curtains being drawn, he saw by the Light of the Tapers which were brought in, *Don Lewis*, whom he knew very well to be my Brother-in-Law, and who pulling a Chair to the Side of the Bed, spoke to him in these Terms. Do you know me, Signior *Andrado*? Do not you know I am *Don Sancho's* Brother? Yes, answer'd *Andrado*, I know it very well: And do you remember, said *Don Lewis* again, what has happen'd to you this Day at his House? I protest to you, that if you pretend hereafter to gallant my Sister-in-law, and are ever seen in the Street where she lives, there is nothing I will not undertake against you; and know that you wou'd not have been living now, if I had not had Pity on a foolish unhappy Woman, who put her Confidence in me; and if I were not assur'd that the Criminal Designs you both had entertain'd against the Honour of my Brother, were not executed. Change your Place of Abode, added he, and do not think to hide yourself from my Resentment, if you falsify the Promise I shall oblige you to make me. *Andrado* promis'd him even more than he demanded, and made him the most cowardly Submissions, protesting, that for the future he shou'd owe to him that Life which he had in his Power to have taken.

HE was weak enough to have kept his Bed: But the horrible Fright he had been in, supply'd him with Strength enough to get up. From that Time he conceiv'd an Aversion for me, as great as his Affection had been before, and abhorr'd my very Name. In the mean while I was in Pain to know what was become of him, and had not Assurance enough to ask *Don Lewis*, neither cou'd I look up before him. I sent *Marina* to *Andrado's* Lodgings, where she came, just as he himself was arriv'd, and was packing up his Things in order to remove to another Part of the Town. As soon as he saw her, he forbid her ever to come to him from me; and related to her in few Words all that had pass'd between *Don Lewis* and him, and added, that

that I was the most ungrateful, and the most perfidious Woman in the World; that he no longer consider'd me but as a Person who wou'd have ruin'd him, and that he wou'd have me think of him no more than if I had never known him.

AFTER these Words, he turn'd her into the Street; and tho' she was surpriz'd at such rough Behaviour, she had the Wit to follow him at a Distance, to the Place whither his Things were carry'd. The Mortification I had to be accus'd of a Treachery of which I was innocent, and to be hated by a Man I so much lov'd, and for whom I had hazarded my Life and my Honour, did not permit me to relish my Joy at his being out of Danger. I fell into a Melancholy, which made me sick, and my Distemper being unknown to the Physicians, afflicted my Husband extremely. To compleat my Misfortune, *Don Lewis* began to presume upon the important Service he had done me, soliciting me perpetually to grant him what I wou'd willingly have bestow'd on *Andrado*; and upbraiding me with my Love for the last, while I represented to him, what I ow'd to a Husband, and what he ow'd to a Brother.

THUS, hated by him I lov'd, and lov'd by him I hated; seeing *Andrado* no more, and seeing *Don Lewis* too often, and accusing myself incessantly for having been ungrateful to the best of Husbands, who made it his Care to please me, and who griev'd for my Illness, at a Time when he had all the Reason in the World to kill me; thus tormented with the Remorse of my Conscience, with Love and with Hatred, two such contrary Passions, I kept my Bed for two Months, expecting Death with Pleasure; but Heaven reserved me for greater Sufferings. My Youth supported me, contrary to my Wish, against my inconsolable Sadness. I recover'd my Health, and *Don Lewis* persecuted me more than ever. I had given Orders to my Women, and particularly to *Marina*, never to let me be alone with him. Enraged at this Hindrance, and at the Resistance I made, he resolv'd to obtain by the blackest Treachery that
ever

ever was conceiv'd in a wicked Mind, what I refus'd him with so much Constancy.

I told you before that there was a Door of Communication between his House and ours, which was very rarely fasten'd. The Night which he chose for the Execution of his damnable Design, at an Hour when he thought every Body was a sleep, he came in thro' that Door, open'd the Gate next the Street, and let loose all the Horses in our Stables, which were a great many, and which presently ran into the Court-yard, and from thence into the Street. The Noise they made soon waken'd those who look'd after them, and even my Husband. He was a mighty Lover of Horses. As soon as he understood they were got into the Street, he ran out in his Night-gown, in a furious Passion at his Grooms, and the Porter, who had not taken Care to make fast the great Door. *Don Lewis* who had hid himself in my Anti-chamber, and saw my Husband go out, went down into the Court-yard after him, and shut the Street-door, and having waited a while to give the greater Resemblance of Truth to what he design'd to do, he came to Bed to me, and personated my Husband so well, that it wou'd have been very hard for me not to be deceiv'd. Bless me, Sir, cry'd I, how cold you are? Indeed, said he, counterfeiting his Voice, I am afraid I have got my Death in the Street. Are your Horses caught? said I. My Servants, reply'd he, are gone after them; and then drawing near me he compleated his Treachery against me, and his Brother's Dishonour. If it was permitted, it was perhaps that the Punishment of so great a Crime might be reserv'd for me, that so my Honour might be repair'd by my own Hands, and my Innocence be discover'd. After this he pretended to be concern'd for his Horses; and quitting the Bed, open'd the Street-Door, and retir'd to his own House, very proud perhaps of his Wickedness, and rejoicing at what was to be the Cause of his Destruction.

MY Husband return'd soon after, and came into Bed almost frozen; and going to pull me to his Arms, I desir'd him to let me sleep. He thought it was very strange; and I was surpriz'd; and no longer doubted of the Treachery which had been play'd me. I cou'd not close my Eyes all the Night. I rose earlier than I had us'd to do. I went to Mass, and found there *Don Lewis* extraordinary fine, and his Countenance as gay, as mine was sad and serious. He presented the Holy-water to me, which I receiv'd very coolly; and looking at me with a malicious Smile, *Bless me, Madam*, said he, *how cold you are!* At these Words, the same I had said to him in the Night, and which left me no longer to question my Misfortune, I turn'd pale, and then blush'd presently for having turn'd pale. He might discover by my Eyes, and by the Disorder those Words had put me in, how much I was offended at his Insolence. I left him, without looking at him. I was all the time of the Mass in the Uneasiness you may imagine, and I created a great deal to my Husband, when during Dinner, and all the rest of the Day, I was swallow'd up in Thought, and sigh'd perpetually, discovering the Trouble of my Mind, notwithstanding my Efforts to dissemble it. I retir'd into my Chamber sooner than ordinary, pretending a slight Indisposition. I thought of a hundred different Ways to revenge myself. At last, my Rage inspir'd me with one, on which I fix'd.

WHEN Night came, I went to Bed with my Husband; and seem'd to fall into a Slumber, to oblige him to go to sleep; and when I saw him sound, and believ'd the Servants were so too, I rose up, and took his Poniard; and mad and blinded as I was with my Passion, yet I was so well guided by it, that thro' the same Door, and by the same Way by which my cruel Enemy had come to my Bed, I made shift to get to his. My Rage did not render me over-hasty, and precipitate. With the Hand I had at Liberty I sought out his Heart, and when its beating had discover'd it to me, the Fear of failing in my Attempt did not make my Hand which held the Poniard shake; I plung'd

plung'd it twice into the Heart of the detestable *Don Lewis*, and punish'd him by a Death much milder than he deserv'd. In my Rage I gave him five or six Stabs more, and then return'd to my Chamber with a Tranquility, which made me sensible that I had never done any thing with a greater Satisfaction. I put my Husband's Poniard, bloody as it was, into the Scabbard; dress'd myself with all the Haste, and as little Noise as I cou'd; I took all my Jewels and Money with me; and being as much transported with Love, as I was troubled at what I had done, I left a Husband who lov'd me more than his Life, to fling myself into the Arms of a young Man, who had given me lately to understand, that I was become odious to him. The Timidity of my Sex was so well encourag'd by the impetuous Passions with which I was agitated, that I walk'd alone, and by Night, from our House to *Andrado's* Lodgings, with as much Assurance, as if I had done a good Action in open Day. I knock'd at *Andrado's* Door, who was not at home, being engaged at Play with one of his Friends. His Servants, who remember'd me, and who were not a little surpriz'd to see me, receiv'd me with a great deal of Respect, and kindled me a Fire in their Master's Chamber. He came home soon after, and I believe little expected to find me in his Room.

AS soon as he saw me, What brings you hither, Madam *Eugenia*? says he, looking wildly on me; and what would you ask of a Person, whom you endeavour'd to sacrifice to the Jealousy of a Brother-in-Law whom you love? Ah, *Andrado*, answer'd I, do you put so ill a Sense upon an Accident that was inevitable, and which forced me to have Recourse to the Man I dreaded most to be obliged to? Can you make so wrong a Judgment of a Person who has given you so many Proofs of her Affection? I expected from you something else than Reproaches, nor wou'd you have been now in a Condition to make me any, if I had not done the Action you condemn and impute to me as a Crime. Ah! if I have committed any,

it

it is not against you, but against a Husband who ought to be very dear to me; to whom I have been ungrateful, that I might not be so to you; and whom I have forsaken, to throw myself into the Arms of a cruel Man who uses me ill. When your suppos'd Death had put me into the Despair a Woman might easily be in, who expected nothing less every Minute than to be surpriz'd by a Husband; and when *Don Lewis* had actually surpriz'd me in this deplorable Condition, what could I do but trust to his Generosity, and to the Love he had for me? He has since presum'd upon it like a Traytor, at the Expence of my Honour; but it has been also at the Expence of his Life, of which I have just depriv'd him: This, my dear *An-drado*, is what brings me hither. I must conceal myself somewhere from Justice, 'till it be known what was *Don Lewis's* Crime, and my Unhappiness. I have Money and Jewels enough to enable you to live with Splendor in any Part of *Spain*, where you shall think fit to accompany my ill Fortune; Time will soon convince all the World that I deserve Pity rather than Blame, and my Behaviour will justify my past Actions. Yes, yes, said he interrupting me, I shall take the Place of *Don Lewis*, of whom you are grown weary, to be stabb'd like him when you shall be weary of me. Ah! lascivious Woman, continu'd he, this last Wickedness does but too much confirm me in the Belief that thou hadst a Mind to sacrifice me to thy Gallant: But thou shalt not come off with simple Reproaches, and I will rather be the Avenger of thy Crime, than the Accomplice. After these Words, he stripp'd me by Force, in so cruel a Manner, that it fill'd his own Servants with Horror; he gave me a hundred Blows, naked as I was, and having satiated his Rage even to Lassitude, turn'd me into the Street; where if I had not happily met with you, I had been dead before now, or in the Hands of those who perhaps are seeking after me.

HAVING finish'd her Story, she shew'd *Don Garcias* the Bruises in her Arms, and those Parts of the Body which
Mo-

Modesty permitted her to expose, and then resum'd her Discourse. You have heard, generous *Don Garcias*, said she, my lamentable History. Give me your Advice, I conjure you, what so wretched a Woman, who has been the Cause of so many Disasters, ought to do. Ah, Madam, said *Don Garcias* interrupting her, that it were as easie to me to advise you, as it will be to punish *Andrado*, if you will give me Leave! Do not deprive me of the Honour of revenging you, and be not afraid of employing, in whatever you have a mind to undertake, a Man who is not less touch'd with your Misfortune, than with the Injury which has been done you.

DON GARCIAS spoke these Words with such a Warmth as made *Eugenia* sensible that he had as much Love for her as Pity. She thank'd him in the most obliging Terms her Civility and Gratitude cou'd invent; and she desir'd him to take the pains to go back to her Husband's House, to learn more fully what was said of her Escape, and the Death of *Don Lewis*. He got thither at the time they were carrying *Don Sancho* to Prison, with his Domesticks, and those of *Don Lewis*, who had depos'd that their Master had been in Love with *Eugenia*. The Door of Communication which was found open, and the Poniard of *Don Sancho*, which was still bloody, convicted him in some measure of his Brother's Murder. His Wife's Flight, and his not finding his Jewels and Money, astonish'd him beyond Expression, and gave him more Uneasiness than his Imprisonment, and the Procedures of the Law. *Don Garcias* was impatient to acquaint *Eugenia* with this News; but he cou'd not do it so soon as he wish'd. One of his Friends, who had Business with him, stopp'd him a long time in the Street where he lodg'd, and it happen'd to be right against the Lodgings of *Andrado*, out of which he saw a Servant with Boots on bring a Portmanteau. He follow'd him at a Distance with his Friend into the Post-House, and going in after him, he heard him bespeak
three

three Horses, to be ready in half an Hour. When he was gone, *Don Garcias* bespoke the same number of Horses for the same Hour; and his Friend asking him what he design'd, he promis'd to tell him if he wou'd take part with him in it; to which the other agreed without troubling himself any further what it was. *Don Garcias* desir'd him to go and put on his Boots and stay for him while he stepp'd to his Lodgings. They parted after this manner, and *Don Garcias* went to *Eugenia*, to acquaint her with what he knew of her Affairs; he gave Orders also to his Landlady, who was a Woman in whom he might confide, to furnish *Eugenia* with proper Cloaths, and see her convey'd that Night to the Monastery, the Superior of which was her Relation and Friend. He afterwards privately bid his Footman carry a Riding Coat and Boots to his Friend's Lodgings whom he had just parted with; and having recommended to his Landlady to take great Care of *Eugenia*, and conceal her from the Eyes of every body, he call'd upon his Friend, and went with him to the Post-House, whither *Andrado* came soon after. *Don Garcias* ask'd him to what Place he was going, he answer'd to *Sevil*. We have Occasion then, said *Don Garcias*, but for one Postilion. *Andrado* agreed to it, and perhaps from that Instant consider'd *Don Garcias* and his Friend as two Bubbles, whom he shou'd ease of their Money at Play.

THEY set out together from *Valladolid*, and rid a good while without entering upon any Conversation. At last *Don Garcias* seeing himself in an open Country, remote from any Houses, he thought the Place proper for his Purpose; and spurring on before, turn'd back, and desir'd *Andrado* to stop. *Andrado* ask'd him what he wou'd have with him? I must fight you, answer'd *Don Garcias*, to Revenge *Eugenia* if I can, whom you have mortally Injur'd by an Action the most base, and the most unworthy of a Man of Honour, that can ever be imagin'd. I don't repent of what I have done, reply'd *Andrado* haughtily,

haughtily, without seeming surpriz'd; but you may perhaps repent of what you are going to do. He was brave, and dismounted at the same time with *Don Garcias*, who did not vouchsafe him an Answer; and as they were ready with their Swords in their Hands, *Don Garcias's* Friend told them they shou'd not fight without him; and offer'd to engage *Andrado's* Servant, who was a lusty Fellow, and of a good Mien. *Andrado* protested that if he had for his Second the best Swords-Man in all *Spain*, he wou'd not admit him, and wou'd fight only one to one. His Servant, over and above the Protestation of his Master, vow'd likewise for himself that he wou'd not fight with any Person on any Account whatever. *Don Garcias's* Friend was therefore forced to be a Spectator of the Combatants, which is no new thing in *Spain*. The Engagement did not last long, for Heav'n was so favourable to the good Cause of *Don Garcias*, that his Enemy rushing on him with more Impetuosity than Skill, ran himself upon his Sword, and fell down at his Feet, losing his Blood and his Life together. *Andrado's* Servant and the Postilion, who were equally fearful, cast themselves at *Don Garcias's* Feet, who had no Design to touch them. He commanded *Andrado's* Servant to open his Master's Portmanteau, and restore him every Thing *Andrado* had taken from *Eugenia*. He immediately obey'd, and deliver'd to *Don Garcias* a Mantle, Gown and Petticoat which were very rich, and a little Box, whose Weight shew'd it was not empty. The Servant found the Key in his Master's Pocket, and gave it to *Don Garcias*, who bid him do what he pleas'd with his Master's Body; threatening to kill him if ever he saw him in *Valladolid*. He commanded the Postillion not to return thither till it began to be Night, and promis'd him the two Horses he had hir'd shou'd be left at the Post-House.

DON GARCIAS and his Friend gallop'd away towards *Valladolid*. They dismounted at the Emperor's Ambassador's, where they had Friends, and staid there till it

was

was Night. *Don Garcias* sent for his Man, who told him *Eugenia* was very uneasy that she did not see him. The Horses were sent to the Post-House by an unknown Person, who slipp'd away very dexterously after he had deliver'd them to one of the Hostlers. *Andrado's* Death was no more talk'd of in *Valladolid*, than if no such thing had happen'd; or if it were mention'd, it was as of a Cavalier who had been kill'd by an unknown Enemy, or by Highway-Men. *Don Garcias* return'd home, where he found *Eugenia* dress'd in the Cloaths which his Landlady had procur'd her. He restor'd her Things to her, particularly her Jewels, and acquainted her after what Manner she had been reveng'd of *Andrado*. As she was good-natur'd, she was touch'd at the unfortunate End of a Person whom she had so dearly lov'd; and the Thought of being the Cause of so many Tragical Events, afflicting her as much as her own Unhappiness, she shed a great many Tears.

THAT very Day, Proclamation was made in *Valladolid*, that no one shou'd conceal *Eugenia*, with a Reward of two hundred Crowns for any Body who shou'd bring Tidings of her. This made her resolve to retire into the Monastery with all Speed. She pass'd this Night as uneasily as she had done the other. *Don Garcias* went as soon as it was Day to the Superior of the Monastery, who was a Relation of *Eugenia*, and promis'd to admit her, and keep her as privately as he cou'd. After this he went and hir'd a Coach, and placing it in a by-Street, near that where he liv'd, *Eugenia* came to it, accompany'd by *Don Garcias's* Landlady, both of them being veil'd. They directed the Coachman to set them down at a certain Place, that he might not know the Monastery whither *Eugenia* retir'd. She was well received there; and *Don Garcias's* Landlady took her Leave of her, and went to enquire in what Condition *Don Sancho's* Affair stood. She was inform'd, that it went very ill with him, and that there was a Talk of at least putting him on the

Rack. *Don Garcias* notified it to *Eugenia*, who was so affected to see her Husband in Danger of being punish'd for a Crime, of which he was innocent, that she resolv'd to surrender herself into the Hands of Justice. *Don Garcias* dissuaded her from it, and advis'd her rather to write to the Judge, that none but herself cou'd inform him who had kill'd *Don Lewis*. The Judge, who very happily prov'd to be her Relation, went to see her, with other Officers of Justice; to whom *Eugenia* confess'd, that she had kill'd *Don Lewis*, and acquainted them with the Reason which induced her, tho' a Woman, to have Recourse to so violent an Action; and related all that had pass'd between *Don Lewis* and herself, excepting her Intrigue with *Andrado*. Her Confession was put down in Writing, and a Report of it was made to the King; who considering the Greatness of *Don Lewis's* Crime, the just Resentment of *Eugenia*, the Innocence of *Don Sancho* and his Domesticks, caus'd them to be set at Liberty, and pardon'd *Eugenia* at the Intercession of the whole Court, who employ'd their Interest in her Behalf. Her Husband was not displeas'd with her for the Death of his Brother, and perhaps lov'd her the better for it. He went to see her as soon as he was releas'd, and did all he could to prevail with her to come home to him, but she wou'd not consent to it, whatever urgent Intreaties he made her. She believ'd he took the Death of *Don Lewis* as he ought: But she knew very well, that he had heard of what had pass'd between her and the *Portuguese* Cavalier; and that the least Scruple concerning a Woman's Honour, may turn to Jealousy in the Mind of a Husband, and sooner or later divide the conjugal Love the most firmly united.

DON SANCHE visited her often, and endeavour'd by the most sensible Tokens of Tendernefs he cou'd give her, to oblige her to return, and be again the absolute Mistress of his Estate and himself. She remain'd fix'd in her Resolution; and obtain'd a Pension suitable to her Rank and Fortune; and excepting that she did not comply with

Don Sancho in returning home to him, she behav'd herself in so obliging a manner to her Husband, that he had all the Reason imaginable to value himself on her Account. But all she did in the Monastery to please him, increas'd his Regret that he cou'd not draw her from it, and this at last threw him into a Sickness, which put an End to his Life. He conjur'd *Eugenia* to allow him the Satisfaction of seeing her, before he left her for ever. She cou'd not refuse this melancholic Pleasure to a Husband who had been so dear to her, who had lov'd her so much, and who lov'd her still so tenderly. She went to see him die, and had like to have dy'd herself with Grief, when she saw him express as much Joy at the Sight of her, as if she had restor'd to him the Life he was going to lose. He rewarded her for her Kindness, making her his sole Heiress, by which she found herself one of the richest, as well as the most beautiful Widows in all *Spain*, after having seen herself in Danger of being one of the unhappiest Women in the World. The Affliction she had for the Death of her Husband was great, and was not feign'd. She gave the necessary Orders for his Funeral; took Possession of his Estate; and went back to the Monastery, determin'd to pass there the Remainder of her Days. Her Relations propos'd to her the best Matches in *Spain*. She preferr'd her Repose to their Ambition; and finding herself too much persecuted by them, as well as by a Number of Suiters, whom her Beauty and her Wealth drew every Day to the Monastery, she refus'd to admit any but *Don Garcias*. This young Gentleman had serv'd her so well, on so important an Occasion, and with so much Zeal, that she cou'd not see him, without saying to herself, that she ow'd him something more than bare Civilities and Thanks. She perceiv'd by his Retinue and Equipage, that he was not rich; and she was generous enough to offer him that Assistance which a Person in mean Circumstances might without Shame receive from another of a superior Fortune: During the little Time she had been at his Lodgings, and by the Conversations he

had frequently had with her, he had convinced her, that he had a Mind elevated above the common Rank, and entirely free from all Regards but those of Honour. She was afraid therefore of offending him, by making him a Present as noble as her generous Temper prompted her to; and was no less apprehensive of giving him an ill Opinion of her Gratitude, if she did not shew him some Tokens of her Liberality.

BUT if *Don Garcias* gave her Uneasiness on this Account, she caus'd him equal Inquietude, and entirely disturb'd the Repose of his Mind. He lov'd her; and if his Respect had not restrain'd him from declaring it, yet how cou'd he presume to talk of Love to a Woman, whom Love had so lately plung'd in such Misfortunes; and while the Air of Sadness, which dwelt on her Face, and her Tears, which were constantly flowing, shew'd her Heart was yet too full of Grief, to receive any other Passion.

AMONG those who had offer'd themselves to her, and whom she had refus'd, was one *Don Diego*, who was eternally assiduous, as having nothing else by which to distinguish himself. He was as foolish as is possible for a young Man to be, as brutish as foolish, and as teasing as brutal, and as hated as teasing. He was as ill-shap'd also in Body as in Mind, and as poor in the Goods of Fortune as ambitious to have them: But being descended from a noble Family in *Spain*, and a near Relation of one of the principal Ministers of State, which only serv'd to make him insolent, he was borne with in Company on Account of his Quality, tho' it was supported by no Merit: This *Don Diego* thought he had found in *Eugenia* all that he cou'd wish for in a Woman, and hop'd to obtain her easily by the Interest of some great Persons at Court, who had promis'd him he should marry her. But *Eugenia* was not so easy to be persuaded in an Affair of that Importance, as had been imagin'd; and the Court wou'd not, in favour of a private Person, commit a Violence that wou'd have offended the Publick.

The INNOCENT ADULTERY. 269

EUGENIA's Retirement in a Monastery, her Obstinacy not to leave it, the Resolution she had taken to receive no Visits, and the Coolness of those who had countenanced *Don Diego* in his Addresses, made him lay aside the Hopes he had entertain'd, of obtaining her without Difficulty. He resolv'd therefore to take her out of the Monastery by Force, which is one of the most criminal Enterprises that can be attempted in *Spain*, and of which none but such a Fool as he was, could have been capable. By his Money he procur'd a Set of Fellows as mad as himself, and gave Orders for Relays of Horses to a Sea Port, where he had provided a Ship. He broke into the Monastery, took *Eugenia* out of it, and had certainly carry'd her away, if Heaven had not supply'd her with an unexpected Succour. One single Man, whom the Cries of *Eugenia* had brought down upon these Ravishers, oppos'd their Retreat, and stopp'd them with so much Courage, that he presently wounded *Don Diego* and several of his Accomplices, and gave Time to the Towns-men, who were in Motion, and to the Officers of Justice, to assemble, and oblige *Don Diego* and his Gang, to expose themselves to be kill'd, or surrender. Thus was *Eugenia* rescu'd. But before she return'd to the Monastery, she was desirous to know what was become of that brave Man, who had so generously hazarded his Life for her. They found him very much wounded, and almost senseless. *Eugenia* would see him; and had no sooner cast her Eyes on his Face, than she knew him to be *Don Garcias*. If her Surprise was great, her Compassion was no less; and she gave such passionate Tokens of it, as might have been interpreted to her Disadvantage, if she had not otherwise had a just Reason to be afflicted. She obtain'd, by her Prayers and Intreaties, that her generous Defender might not be carry'd to Prison, whom *Don Diego*, who lay at the Point of Death, and his Accomplices, acknowledg'd not to belong to their Troop, and to be the Person who had attack'd them. He was convey'd to the nearest House,

which happened to be that of *Don Sancho*, and which was now *Eugenia's*, and where she had left all her Furniture, with some Servants; and he was put into the Hands of the ablest Surgeons.

EUGENIA went back to her Monastery; and the very next Day was forced to leave it, and return to her own House, because there came out an Order, forbidding all Monasteries to entertain any Seculars. The Day following *Don Diego* dy'd, and his Relations had Interest enough to hinder his Prosecution after his Death; but his Accomplices were try'd, and punish'd according to their Demerit. *Eugenia* was extremely concern'd to see *Don Garcias* past Hopes of Recovery; she implor'd the Assistance of Heav'n, she offer'd to give the Surgeons whatever they could ask: but their Art was exhausted, and they had no Expectation but from Heav'n, and the Youth of the Patient. *Eugenia* did not stir from his Bed-side; and Night and Day did him such assiduous Services, that she was likely at last to stand in need of those of others. Frequently in the Ravings of his Fever, and among the incoherent Things which his disturb'd Imagination made him say, she heard him pronounce her Name, and often talk of Love, and speak like a Man that is fighting or quarrelling. At length, Nature, assisted by the Remedies, got the better of his Illness; his Fever abated; his Wounds had a better Appearance; and the Surgeons now assur'd *Eugenia* of his Cure, provided no new Accidents interven'd. She made them handsom Presents, and caus'd Prayers to be said in all the Churches of *Valladolid*. It was then that *Don Garcias* learnt from *Eugenia*, that she was the Woman whom he had sav'd, and she knew from him, how he came to be so seasonably there to assist her, as he was returning from one of his Friends. She could not forbear speaking of the Obligations she had to him, and he could not conceal from her the extream Joy he had, for having serv'd her successfully: But he had still a Thing of greater Consequence to impart to her.

ONE Day as she was alone with him, she conjur'd him not to suffer her to be ungrateful long, but to make use of her on some important Account; he thought this a favourable Opportunity to discover to her the true Sentiments of his Heart; but the Thought of what he was going to do, made him sigh; he grew pale, and the Trouble of his Mind was so visible in his Face, that *Eugenia* was afraid he was in some great Pain. She ask'd him how his Wounds were: Ah! Madam, answer'd he, my Wounds are not my greatest Malady. What then is the Matter with you? said she, very much frighten'd. This Misfortune, reply'd he, is without Remedy. It is true, said *Eugenia*, you are unhappy in having been wounded so dangerously for a Person who was unknown to you, and who did not deserve you should expose your Life for her: But that is a Misfortune which will have an End, since your Surgeons no longer doubt of your Recovery. It is that which grieves me, cry'd *Don Garcias*: If I had lost my Life in serving you, I had made a glorious End; whereas I shall now live against my Will, and be long the unhappiest Man in the World. With the good Qualities you have, I don't think you so unhappy as you say, reply'd *Eugenia*. How? Madam, said he, do you not think the Man unhappy who knows your Value, who esteems you more than any Person in the World; who loves you better than his Life; and with all this, would not have wherewith to merit you, even if Fortune had been as favourable to him as it has always been unkind? You strangely surprize me, said she blushing; but my Obligations to you give you a Privilege with me, that in my present Condition I should not suffer another to take: Think only of getting well, and believe that your Misfortunes shall not last long, when it depends upon *Eugenia* to close them.

SHE did not stay for his Answer, but call'd to those who look'd after him, and went out of his Chamber just as his Surgeons were coming in. *Don Garcias* expected

from *Eugenia's* Words so happy an Issue of his Love, that his Soul, from the Uneasiness of a Lover without Hope, gave itself up to Joy, and this Joy contributed more to his Cure than all the Remedies of Surgery. He recover'd perfectly; and out of Decency remov'd from *Eugenia's* House; but did not quit his Pretensions to her Heart. She had promis'd to love him, provided he did not give any publick Signs of it; and perhaps she lov'd him as much as she was lov'd by him; but having lately lost a Husband, and sustain'd such Adventures as had render'd her the ordinary Subject of all Conversations as well at Court as in the Town, she was unwilling to expose herself again to rash Judgments, by a Marriage unseasonable, and against *Decorum*. At last *Don Garcias* surmounted all those Difficulties, by his Merit, and his Constancy. He was handsome enough in his Person, to make a Rival despair: He was a younger Brother of one of the best Families of *Arragon*, and if he had not signaliz'd himself in the Wars, the long Services his Father had done the King of *Spain*, might have made him hope for a Recompence from the Court, as beneficial as honourable. *Eugenia* cou'd not hold out long against so many good Qualities, nor all the Obligations she had to him. She married him. The Court and the Town approv'd her Choice; and that she might not have the least Reason to repent of it; soon after the Marriage, the King of *Spain* gave *Don Garcias* a Commandery of *St. James*.

The E N D.





THE
HISTORY
OF THE
CONSPIRACY
OF THE
SPANIARDS

Against the
Republick of VENICE.

In the Year MDCXVIII.

Translated from the *French* Original of the

ABBOT de St. *REAL.*

LONDON: MDCCXXIX.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

COMPANIES

OF THE

2 PAVANARD

Against the

Republic of Venice

in the Year 1604

ASTOR LENOX



THE
Conspiracy of the *Spaniards*
Against the
Republick of *VENICE*.

The INTRODUCTION.



AMONG all human Undertakings none is so great as that of Conspiracies. Courage, Prudence, and Fidelity, which are equally requir'd in all who are concern'd in them, are Qualities possess'd by few; and it is still more rare, to find them all united in the same Person. As a Man often flatters himself that he is lov'd better than he really is, especially if he deserves it, and has taken pains to make himself so, some Heads of a Conspiracy rely intirely on the Affection their Accomplices have for them; but there are few Friendships which are stronger than the Fear of Death. If this Affection is violent, it prevents the Judgment on unexpected Occasions, and is not attended with a necessary Discretion; for most People who

who wish for a thing vehemently, shew it too plainly. And if a Conspirator has so much Understanding that there is no fear of his Indiscretion, he is always more dispassionate and cool in Affection: He knows too well the Extent and Probability of the Danger to which he is expos'd, and the various Measures he can take to disengage himself; He sees, in a word, that the Advantages he can reap from such an Enterprize are doubtful, and that if he discovers it to them against whom it is form'd, his Reward is certain. The Capacity also of most Men is only founded on their Experience, and they seldom reason right in the first Affair which passes thro' their Hands. The wisest are they who improve by the Faults they commit, and who gain Light, and draw proper Consequences to govern themselves better for the time to come. But as there is no Comparison either for the Danger or the Difficulty, between a Conspiracy and any other Affair; whatever Experience a Man may have in all other Matters, it can supply him with no Light in this, nor any assur'd Consequences for his good Conduct. In order to avoid committing a considerable Fault in a Conspiracy, it is necessary that a Man should have been in one already, but it is very rarely that any one Person is engag'd in two while he lives. If the first succeeds, the Advantages he receives by it generally put him in a Condition above having Occasion to hazard himself in a second: If it does not succeed, he perishes; or if he makes his Escape, it seldom happens that he is willing to run the same Risque again. To these Inconveniencies must be added, that let our Hatred be ever so great against Tyrants, a Man always loves himself more than he hates another; that it is not enough that Conspirators are faithful, unless they are all mutually persuaded of each other's Fidelity; that the Head of the Conspiracy ought to have a Regard to all the panick Fears, and the most ridiculous Imaginations which may seize them, as well as to the most solid Difficulties which occur in his Enterprize; because the first, as well as the last, are capable

ble of ruining it; that a Word spoken on another Subject, and a Gesture without Design, are able to make them believe they are betray'd, and so precipitate the Execution; that a single Circumstance of Time or Place, which in Truth is of no Importance, is sufficient sometimes to frighten them, merely because it was not foreseen; that according to the natural Temper of Men, they always fancy their Secret is guess'd, and find Reasons to believe they are discover'd, in all that is said or done before them; and he who knows he is Guilty, applies every thing to himself. That if all these Difficulties are almost insuperable in Conspiracies which are fram'd only for the Death of a single Person, what will they be in those which attack a great Number at once, which aim at the Usurpation of a Town, or of a whole State, and which for that Reason require a larger Space of Time, and more Hands to execute them? These Considerations have always made me look upon this kind of Enterprises, as the most Moral and most Instructive Parts of History; and have also induced me to communicate to the Publick, the Conspiracy which an Ambassador of *Spain* at *Venice* had contriv'd against that Republick about sixty five Years ago. I know not whether my Judgment is deceiv'd by the Fondness I have for the Subject I have undertaken, but I ingenuously confess, I think, never was better seen the Force of Prudence in the Affairs of the World, and the Power of Chance; the Extent and the Bounds of the Mind of Man, its greatest Elevation, and its most secret Weaknesses; the infinite Particulars which must be regarded to govern; the Difference between the good Subtilty, and the bad, and between Ability and Cunning; And if Malice is never more odious, than when it makes an Abuse of the most excellent Things, the Reader will undoubtedly conceive a Horror at it from this History, when he shall see the noblest Qualifications employ'd to so abominable an End: Thus one of the *Grecian* Sages seeing a Criminal maintain a Falshood in the Midst of Torments with a wonderful Con-

Constancy, could not forbear crying out, *Thou Wretch, who employ'st so good a Thing to so bad a Use!*

THE Difference between *Paul* the Vth and the Republick of *Venice* having been terminated by the Mediation of *France*, with the Honour due to the Holy See, and the Glory which the *Venetians* deserv'd, there were only the *Spaniards* who had any Reason to complain of it. As they had declar'd in Favour of the Pope, and had offer'd him to compel the *Venetians* to submit by force of Arms, they were inrag'd that he had treated without their Participation. But having penetrated into the Secret of the Agreement, they found they had no Cause to be offended with the Pope, and that the Contempt which was put upon them in this Affair proceeded from the Republick. It was the Senate which had in some measure excluded them from the Mediation, upon Pretence that after having shewn so much Partiality, they could not be admitted as Arbitrators. How great soever their Resentment was for this Injury, they did not express it while *Henry* the Fourth was living, whose Obligations to the *Venetians* were too well known, and the Care he had taken of their Interest in this Dispute with the Court of *Rome*. But his Death having set the *Spaniards* at Liberty, they wanted now nothing but a fair Handle to put Things in Motion.

A Company of Pyrates, call'd the *Uscoques*, had settled in the Territories which the House of *Austria* possesses on the *Adriatick* Sea, and which are contiguous to the *Venetians*. These Robbers having committed infinite Depredations on the Subjects of the Republick, were protected by the Arch-Duke *Ferdinand de Gretz*, then Sovereign of that Country, and afterwards Emperor. He was a very religious Prince; but his Ministers sharing the Booty with the *Uscoques*, and being devoted to the Court of *Spain*, embraced this Opportunity to be reveng'd on the *Venetians*. The Emperor *Mathias*, mov'd with the just Complaints of the Republick, made up this Difference at *Vienna* in
February

February 1612; but this Accommodation was so ill observ'd on the part of the Arch-Duke, that there was a Necessity of coming to an open War, in which he did not gain all the Advantages which the *Spaniards* expected. The *Venetians* by their wise Conduct easily repair'd the Losses they had sustain'd in some slight Engagements; and as they had nothing to fear from the *Turks*, they were better able to support this War than the Arch-Duke. This Prince was press'd by the Emperor to make a Peace, because the Grand Signior threaten'd *Hungary*, and he had occasion to lay up considerable Sums to facilitate his Election to the Kingdom of *Bohemia*, which was executed soon after. The *Spaniards* were willing to supply him with Means to continue the War; but *Charles Emanuel*, Duke of *Savoy*, with whom they were embroil'd at the same time, did not suffer them to divide their Forces; and as that Duke receiv'd large Succours in Money from the Republick, they could never disunite him from it.

THE Council of *Spain* was mightily incens'd to find they had to do with the *Venetians* every where. The easy and peaceable Genius of King *Philip* the Third, and of the Duke of *Lerma* his Favourite, gave them no Prospect of extricating themselves out of this Embarrassment; but a Minister they had in *Italy*, who was not so cool and moderate, undertook to extricate them. It was *Don Alphonso de la Cueva*, Marquis of *Bedmar*, Ambassador in Ordinary at *Venice*, one of the strongest Genius's and most dangerous Spirits that *Spain* ever produced. It appears by the Writings he left, that he was Master of every thing in the Ancient and Modern Historians, which could form an extraordinary Man: He compar'd the Things they related with those which were in Agitation in his own Time; and exactly mark'd the Differences and Resemblances of Affairs, and what an Alteration the Circumstances in which they agreed, produced in those in which they differ'd. He usually form'd a Judgment of the Issue of an Enterprize, as soon as he knew the Plan and the Foun-

Foundation of it. If he found by the Event that he had mistaken, he traced back his Error to its Source, and endeavour'd to discover what had deceiv'd him. By this Application and Study he had comprehended which are the sure Ways, the true Means, and the chief Circumstances which presage good Success in great Designs, and make them always answer Expectation. This continual Practice of reading, meditating and observing the Affairs of the World, had rais'd him to so high a pitch of Sagacity, that his Conjectures on the Future generally pass'd in the Council of *Spain* for Prophecies. This profound Knowledge of the Nature of important Affairs was accompany'd with very singular Talents for the Management of them; as a Facility of Speaking and Writing inexpressibly agreeable; a wonderful Instinct to know Men; an Air always gay and open, which had more Fire than Gravity, and was so remote from Dissimulation as to come up almost to Simplicity and Nature; A Humour free and complaisant, and by so much the more impenetrable, as every body thought they penetrated into it. His Deportment was tender, insinuating and flattering, which worm'd out the Secrets of the Hearts which were hardest to open; and there were all the Appearances of an entire Freedom of Mind, in the midst of the most anxious Agitations.

THE Ambassadors of *Spain* at that Time generally commanded the Courts to which they were sent, and the Marquis of *Bedmar* had been chosen for *Venice*, in the Year 1607, as for the most difficult of the foreign Employments, and in which no Assistance is to be had from Women, Fryars, or Favourites. The Council of *Spain* was so satisfy'd with him, that whatever Occasion there was for him in other Places, they could not resolve even after six Years Residence to recall him. This long Continuance there gave him Time to study the Principles of that Government, to find out its secret Springs, and to discover its Strength and its Weakness, its Advantages and Defects. As he saw that the Arch-Duke would be oblig'd to make
Peace,

Peace, which must needs be shameful to *Spain*, because the Wrong lay at their Door, he resolv'd to undertake something in order to prevent it. He consider'd that in the Condition *Venice* was then in, it was not impossible to become Master of it, by the Help of the Intelligences he had there, and of the Forces which he could procure. Their Troops had drain'd it of Arms, and still more of Men capable of bearing them. As the Fleet had never made so fine an Appearance, the Senate never thought itself so formidable, nor was ever less apprehensive. However this invincible Fleet could not venture to quit the Coast of *Istria*, which was the Seat of the War; and the Land-Army was at as great a Distance, and there was nothing at *Venice* to oppose a Descent from the *Spanish* Fleet.

TO render this Descent the more certain, the Marquis *de Bedmar* was for possessing himself of the principal Posts, as the Place of *St. Mark*, and the *Arsenal*: And because it would be difficult to do this while the Town was in a perfect Tranquility, he thought it proper to set Fire at the same Time to all those Places of the Town, which would catch the quickest, and were of the greatest Importance to succour. He would not immediately write into *Spain* about it, as knowing Princes do not care to explain themselves on Affairs of such a Nature, till they are so far advanced, that there is nothing wanting to put them in Execution, but an Assurance of Approbation in case they succeed. He only signify'd to the Duke of *Uffeda*, principal Secretary of State, that seeing the Shame the House of *Austria* receiv'd from the War in the *Friouli* by the insolent Conduct of the *Venetians*, and that all the Ways of Accommodation which had been taken at *Vienna* and elsewhere were ignominious; he look'd upon himself to be in that Condition, in which Nature and Policy oblige a faithful Subject to have Recourse to extraordinary Means, to preserve his Prince and Country from an Infamy which is otherwise inevitable; that this Care belong'd to him in particular, by reason of the Employment he sustain'd, in
which

which having constantly before his Eyes the Springs of the Evil which was to be redress'd, no Body could judge better than himself, what Remedy ought to be apply'd ; and that he would endeavour to acquit himself of that Duty, in a manner as should be worthy of the Zeal he had for the Grandeur of his Master.

THE Duke of *Uffeda*, who knew him perfectly, immediately imagin'd this conceal'd some Project equally important and dangerous ; but as prudent Men do not appear to understand Things of this kind, till they are constrain'd to it, he did not communicate his Suspicion to the first Minister, and answer'd the Marquis *de Bedmar* in general Terms, commending his Zeal, and referring the rest to this usual Discretion. The Marquis, who expected no other Return, was not surpriz'd at so cool a Reply, and thought now of nothing but to contrive his Design, so as to be sure of being avow'd.

THERE never was a Monarchy in the World so absolute, as is the Authority with which the Senate of *Venice* governs that Republick. They make an infinite Difference even in the minutest Things between the Nobles and those who are not such : In all the Countries which depend on the State, the Nobles alone are capable of commanding : The greatest Lords, and the prime Magistrates of those Countries are in Subjection to them, rather as to Sovereigns than Governors ; and if the Republick ever gives some of the first Posts in its Armies to Strangers, it is always on such Conditions as oblige them to follow the Opinion of the *Venetian* Generalissimo, and in Reality leave them only an Executive Power. As there is not a more plausible Pretence to burden the People than that of War, that of the *Uscoques* afforded a fine Opportunity to the Nobles, who had the Management of it, to enrich themselves. It was excessively expensive. Besides the Money which was sent to *Piedmont*, there was a Necessity at last to raise in a manner a third Army in *Lombardy* against the Governor of *Milan*, who was perpetually threatening to
make

make a Diversion in Favour of the Arch-Duke. The Justice and Right of the Republick made the Commanders more bold to invent new Oppressions, but did not however render the People more patient to bear them; and they rose so high, that the Marquis *de Bedmar* might reasonably assure himself, that the Revolution he projected would be as agreeable to the meaner sort of People, as it would be fatal to the Nobles. There were also among the Nobles some who did not love the Government. These were the Partisans of the Court of *Rome*: They who were most in Number, and were ambitious, and full of Revenge, were incens'd, that the Republick had been govern'd contrary to their Counsels, during the Quarrel they had with that Court: They were dispos'd to act and suffer any Thing, to wrest the Power out of the Hands of those who held it; and would have been pleas'd with the Misfortunes of the State, as the Effects of a Conduct which they had not approv'd. Others, who were more weak and shallow, were for being more Catholick than the Pope himself. As he had abated of his Pretensions in the Accommodation, they imagin'd he had been oblig'd to it out of Policy, and that if a mental Reservation could take Place in that Affair, it was to be fear'd the Excommunication subsisted as before, in his Holiness's Intention. Of this Number were several Senators, as poor in their Fortunes, as in their Minds, who became very serviceable to the Designs of the Marquis *de Bedmar*, after he had persuaded them, by the powerful Conviction of doing them Kindnesses, that since that Affair had happen'd, it was impossible to be a *Venetian* with a safe Conscience.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severe Prohibitions which are made to the Nobles to have no Correspondence with Strangers, he had found the Means to establish a strict Intelligence with those of them who were the most necessitous, and the most dissatisfy'd. If they had any near Relations in the Monasteries, a Mistress, or trusty Ecclesiastic, he purchas'd the Acquaintance of these necessary People

People at any Price, and made them Presents, which were of great Value, tho' generally they were only Curiosities of foreign Countries. These Liberalities, which were dispens'd, as it seem'd, out of mere Generosity, made those who receiv'd them imagine they might draw more considerable ones from the Marquis. In view of this they fully satisfy'd his Curiosity concerning all those Things he had a Mind to be inform'd of by them, and even took Care to apprise themselves of such as they were not sufficiently acquainted with, to answer his Questions; and his Acknowledgments exceeding their Expectation, they had no Rest till they had engag'd their Patrons in this Commerce.

THESE Persons it is likely might be push'd on by Necessity, and that the Nobles, to whom they belong'd, could not behold without Envy, that they who intirely depended on them, should become richer than themselves, by Presents which were made them only on their Account: But be it as it will, from that Time, there was not any Deliberation in the Senate which could be kept secret from the Ambassador of *Spain*: He was advertis'd of all the Resolutions which were taken there; and the Generals of the Arch-Duke knew those which related to the War, before the Officers of the Republick had Orders to execute them. With all this Intelligence the Ambassador had Occasion for a considerable Number of Military Men to succeed in his Enterprize; but as the *Spaniards* had a powerful Army in *Lombardy*, he was in no Fear of this, provided he had a Governor of *Milan* capable of entering into his Designs. The Marquis of *Inojosa*, who was then Governor, was too closely united to the Duke of *Savoy* to hearken to them. He had lately sign'd the Treaty of *Ast*, of which *France* and the *Venetians* had been the Mediators. The Ambassador, who knew this Negotiation would not be approv'd in *Spain*, writ thither to have him recall'd, and solicited *D. Pedro de Toledo*, Marquis of *Villa Franca*, his intimate Friend, to make Interest for the Government of *Milan*.

Milan. Don Pedro had Orders to depart immediately, and succeed *Inojosa*, about the latter End of the Year 1615, and as soon as he arriv'd at *Milan*, gave Advice of it at *Venice* by the Marquis *de Lare*. The Ambassador communicated his Project to this Marquis after the Manner he judg'd most proper to make it be accepted, and chiefly recommended to him to know whether the new Governor could let him have fifteen hundred Men of his best Troops upon Occasion. Don Pedro, charm'd with the Greatness of the Undertaking, resolv'd to second it as much as lay in his Power, without exposing himself to certain Ruin in case it miscarry'd. He dispatch'd the Marquis *de Lare* a second Time to *Venice*, to assure the Ambassador of it: But pray'd him at the same Time to consider it was impossible to send the Body of Men he desir'd, without chusing them out very curiously; and that if they were lost, he should be inexcusable for having sacrific'd the bravest Soldiers in his Army. That he would, however, give him as many as he could, and would chuse them so well, that he would answer for them as for himself.

NOTHING was of greater Moment to the Ambassador's Purpose than to hinder an Accommodation of any Kind. In this View he oblig'd the Marquis *de Lare* to make very unreasonable Proposals of Peace to the Senate from the Governor of *Milan*. The Senate answer'd them with Indignation, and would not treat upon them. Don Pedro omitted nothing likewise on his Part, to exasperate Things still more. The Duke of *Mantua*, who was very little dispos'd to grant a Pardon to his rebellious Subjects, as he had promis'd by the Treaty of *Ast*, was encourag'd to be obstinate on that Article, and to continue the Executions which he had begun against them. Proposals were also made to the Duke of *Savoy* for the Conclusion of the same Treaty, which they knew very well he would not accept; and they excus'd themselves for not disarming their Troops after him, as they ought to have done, under the Pretence of the War in *Frioul*, in which the Spaniards could

could no longer with Honour avoid being concern'd. The *Venetian* Army had already pass'd the *Lizonzo*, and besieg'd *Gradisca*, the Capital of the Estates of the Arch-Duke. The Council of *Spain*, which had appear'd Neuter till then, seeing the *Venetians* were for dispossessing that Prince intirely, threaten'd to declare it self. At this Time an End was put to the Misunderstanding which had been in the House of *Austria*, between the Branch of *Spain* and that of *Germany*, since the Difference betwixt the Son and the Brother of *Charles* the Fifth about the Succession of the Empire; The Interest the *Spaniards* took in this War, was the first Token of this Reconciliation. *Don Pedro* caus'd Colonel *Gambalotta* to advance near *Crema* with some Troops, and order'd twenty four Pieces of Battery to be mounted at *Pavia*, which, as he gave out, were in a little Time to accompany a Body of eight thousand Men commanded by *Don Sancho de Luna*. On the other Part, the Vice-Roy of *Naples*, who was cruising on the Mediterranean with the *Spanish* Fleet, threaten'd to attack the Duke of *Savoy* at *Villa Franca*. He shut up the Passage to all the Succours which were coming by Sea to the Republick, and was every Day preparing to enter the Gulph, in order to keep the *Venetian* Fleet in Awe.

THE *Venetian* Ministers having loudly declaim'd in all the Courts against the Violence of this Procedure, the Marquis *de Bedmar* undertook to justify it: He thought it would be of Service to his Design to overthrow the Foundation of the high Esteem all *Europe* had for so many Ages entertain'd for this Republick, as the most antient of all States, and the most free. This Freedom had lately been prov'd, and carry'd higher than ever, on Occasion of the Difference with the Pope, by several Writings which had hitherto pass'd for invincible, tho' the contrary Party had not wanted able Pens to answer them. The Ambassador having examin'd them afresh, refuted in a few Chapters the numerous Volumes of the *Venetian* Authors, without doing any one of them the Honour to name him.

And as in Matters of this Nature there is no Assertion which a learned Man may not render plausible ; under Pretence of maintaining the Emperor's Right over *Venice*, he shew'd that the Independence of this Republick was only a Chimera, as well as its Sovereignty on the Sea. As it was not necessary for his Purpose to be known for the Author of this Libel, he caus'd it to be publish'd so artfully, that it was never discover'd during his Life that he had any Hand in it. It seems strange that he was not suspected of it ; but the *Venetians*, it is likely, did not fathom him. His lively and vehement Behaviour, which he always preserv'd, did not permit them to think that a Man of so impetuous a Character could be the Author of a State-Satire, which was compos'd with most refin'd Delicacy. Equity and Sincerity seem'd to reign thro' the whole, and the Declamations against the Attempts of the *Venetians* which were mingled in it, were restrain'd within the Terms of a seeming Moderation, which alone was sufficient to render them plausible. This Work, which had for Title * *Squittinio della Liberta Veneta*, made a great Noise. In the Ignorance they were under of the Author, the Suspicion fell naturally on the Court of *Rome*, by reason of the former Writings. The Learned among the Senate believ'd every Body perceiv'd the Strength of it as well as they : They were more frighten'd at it than they would have been at the Loss of a Battel ; and Father *Paul* had Orders to examine it. This Man, who had play'd with the other Writers of that Side, declar'd this last ought not to be answer'd, because there was no doing it without unfolding certain Things which it was more prudent to leave involv'd in the Darkness of Antiquity : But however if the Senate judg'd it concern'd the Dignity of the Republick to resent this Injury, he would undertake to put the Court of *Rome* to so great a Difficulty to defend it self, that it should no longer think of being the Aggres-

* *An Enquiry into the Liberty of Venice.*

for. This Advice, which was follow'd in the first Heat of their Resentment, gave Father *Paul* the Pleasure of publishing his beloved History of the Council of *Trent*, which would not have been publish'd while he liv'd, had it not been for this Opportunity.

IN the mean Time the Campaign of the Year 1616 having pass'd without any considerable Advantage on either Side, the Duke of *Savoy*, and the *Venetians*, who were unwilling to expose the Honour they had already gain'd to the Hazard of a second, empower'd *Gritti*, the *Venetian* Ambassador at *Madrid*, to renew the Negotiation. The *Spaniards* being enrag'd at the Resistance they had found, made such unreasonable Proposals, that they came to nothing. The Blockade of *Gradisca* continu'd, and they fought during the Winter-Season, and the Armies took the Field in the Spring, with an Ardor which promis'd greater Successes than those of the preceding Year. The Truce which *Holland* had made having rendered the major Part of their Troops unnecessary, and reduced the Soldiers of Fortune, as well *French* as *Germans*, to seek for Employment elsewhere; the Counts of *Nassau* and *Lievestein* brought eight thousand Men, *Hollanders* or *Walloons*, to the Service of the Republick. The *Spaniards* complain'd loudly to the Pope, about the *Venetians* exposing *Italy* to the Infection of Heresy, by introducing into it these Soldiers: But the *Venetian* Ambassador convinced him, it was not so much the Interest of Religion which mov'd the *Spaniards* to speak thus, as the Grief they had to see two great Republicks unite their Forces against them. The Marquis *de Bedmar* would have been embarrass'd, if the Pope had oblig'd the *Venetians* to dismiss those Hereticks. For as Soldiers have generally their own Advantage alone in View, when they serve a Foreign Prince, he hop'd to engage the Leaders of those mercenary Troops in his Project by Means of Money, and the Expectation of the Plunder of *Venice*. He cast his Eye, for the Negotiation of this Affair, on an old *French* Gentleman, nam'd *Nicholas Renault*,

Renault, a Man of Knowledge and good Sense, who had taken Refuge at *Venice* on some Occasion which was never discover'd. The Marquis had seen him long since at the *French* Ambassador's, where he liv'd. In some Conversations which they happen'd to have together, *Renault* found the Marquis to be a Man of as great Ability as he was reported; and the Marquis, who was glad to have a Friend of his Character at the Ambassador's of *France*, had contracted a strict Union with *Renault*. Tho' this Man was extremely poor, he had a higher Value for Virtue than for Riches; but was fonder of Glory than of Virtue; and for want of innocent Means to obtain this Glory, there were none so criminal which he was not capable of embracing. He had learn'd in the Writings of the Ancients that unusual Indifference for Life or Death, which is the first Foundation of all extraordinary Designs; and was continually envying those celebrated Times in which the Merit of private Persons dispos'd the Destiny of States, and all who had Merit wanted not the Means nor Opportunities to make it appear. The Marquis *de Bemar*, who study'd him thro'ly, and who had Occasion for a Man to whom he could intirely trust the Management of his Enterprize, told him, when he imparted it to him, that he had depended on him from the very first Moment he thought of it.

RENAULT esteem'd himself more oblig'd by this Assurance, than he would have been by all the Commendations imaginable. The advanced Age in which he was, did not make him decline the Undertaking. The less Time he had to live, the less he had to risque: He concluded he could not better employ the melancholy Years he had remaining, than in hazarding them to render his Name immortal. The Marquis gave him the Bills of Exchange, and Letters of Credit, which were necessary to enable him to treat with the *Dutch* Commanders; and charg'd him not to unfold the Design, but only to represent, that Matters being so exasperated as they were between the Republick and the House of *Austria*, the *Spanish*

Ambassador at *Venice* foresaw a certain Conjunction, which might expose his Person to the Fury of the People of that City, and desir'd for his own Safety to secure himself a considerable Number of faithful and resolute Friends. The Pretence was frivolous, but the thinnest Vail is of great Moment in Affairs of this kind: It matters not much that it be known there is some Mystery at Bottom, provided it be not unravel'd. By this he hop'd to debauch the Flower of the Land-Army of the *Venetians*; and that the rest would be left so weak, that it would be easy for *Don Pedro* to defeat them on the Way, if they were sent for to *Venice* to oppose the Conspirators. The Sea-Forces were far more to be dreaded. They had been always enur'd to conquer, and could be call'd home more easily. Most of the Men were natural Subjects of the Republick; and there was no room to doubt, but at the first breaking out of the Conspiracy, the Navy would make to *Venice*. To hope that the *Spanish* Fleet should defeat it, was what was a very uncertain Thing; and it was not prudent to trust to the Hazard of a Battel, the Success of an Enterprize which was otherwise hazardous enough; it was necessary therefore to find out some Means to put the Fleet into a Condition incapable of Serving. The Ambassador, who had not so much Experience in Maritime Affairs as the Vice-Roy of *Naples*, who commanded the Sea-Forces of *Spain*, thought himself oblig'd to consult him on the Subject. This Vice-Roy, who was to be the principal Actor of the Tragedy which the Ambassador was composing, was the Duke of *Offuna*, so famous for his Gallantries, who was as bold and enterprising as *Don Pedro*, and the Marquis *de Bedmar*. This Resemblance of Tempers had establish'd a strict Correspondence between these three Ministers. *Don Pedro* and the Duke of *Offuna* were not great in the Cabinet, and the Duke was even sometimes subject to Caprices, which border'd upon Extravagance; but the Deference they both paid to the Marquis *de Bedmar* stood them in stead of the Ability which they wanted.

THE

THE Profits which arise from Piracy to those who practise it under some powerful Protection, had drawn to the Court of the Vice-Roy of *Naples* all the notorious Pirates on the Mediterranean. The Vice-Roy, who had a fertile Brain for extraordinary Designs, and was rather prodigal than avaritious, did not support them so much for the Share they gave him of their Booty, as to have always near him a considerable Number of People ready to attempt any Thing. He was not contented to receive them when they apply'd to him ; but if he heard of any one of uncommon Merit among them, he sought after him, and did him so many Kindnesses, that he infallibly made him his own. He had acted thus toward one who was known by the Name of Captain *James Peter*, a *Norman* by Birth, and so excellent in his Trade, that all the rest glory'd to have learn'd it from him. The Mind of this Man had nothing in it of the Barbarity of that sort of Life ; but having got wherewith to live handsomely, he resolv'd to leave it off, tho' he was then in the Flower of his Age, and chose the Dominions of the Duke of *Savoy* for his Retreat. This Prince, who was fond of all extraordinary Talents, and who understood their Value so much the better, as Nature had given him a liberal Portion of them, knowing this Pirate by Reputation to be one of the bravest Men in the World, allow'd him to settle at *Nice*. All Maritime People who frequented that Coast, Soldiers, Officers, or Sailors, duly made their Court to the Captain : His Counsels were Oracles to them : He was Sovereign Arbitrator of their Differences ; and they thought they could never sufficiently admire a Man who had quitted a Profession in which he was so well skill'd, and which was the hardest of any to lay down. Of this Number was one *Vincent Robert* of *Marseilles* ; who having landed in *Sicily*, while the Duke of *Ossuna* was Vice-Roy there, receiv'd so good Usage, that he engag'd in his Service. The Duke understanding this *Robert* was a Comrade of the Captain, complain'd in a familiar Manner to him, of

his Friend's having preferr'd the States of the Duke of *Savoy* to his Government, for his Retreat. He join'd to these Complaints extraordinary Tokens of the Esteem he had for the Captain's Courage and Experience in Sea-Affairs, and concluded with Assurances to be wanting in nothing that depended on him, to invite to his Court a Man of so singular a Merit. *Robert* took upon him this Negotiation with Joy, and it was supported by such great Advances on the Part of the Vice-Roy, that the Captain was forced to yield, and to go and settle in *Sicily* with his Wife and Children. As he had not yet lost Sight of the Sea, he was not quite cur'd of the Passion he had had for it. The Vice-Roy had lately built such fine Galeons, and some *Turkish* Caravans were on the Road with such weak Convoys, that the Captain could not resist this Temptation; and he had no Reason to repent it; for he got an incredible Booty; and the Duke of *Offuna*, who, from that Moment, liv'd with him as with a Brother, let him keep the greatest Part of it, on Condition he should follow him to *Naples*, of which he was appointed Governor by the King; and that he should make a Voyage to *Provence*, and try to inveigle those he knew to be the best Sea-men on that Coast.

THE Captain brought away enow to arm five large Vessels which belong'd to the Vice-Roy in particular, and over which he had an absolute Authority. With this small Fleet he plunder'd with Impunity all the Islands and Coasts of the *Levant*, and concluded his first Campaign with a great Fight, in which he either took or sunk a numerous Squadron of *Turkish* Gallies. It was at this Time that the *Marquis de Bemar* communicated his Design to the Duke of *Offuna*, being assur'd he should not have much Difficulty to engage him in it.

THE Duke, who coveted the Sovereignty of those Seas, wish'd for nothing more ardently than to ruin the *Venetians*, who alone could dispute it with him, and who were not so easy to be beaten as the *Turks*. He open'd his Mind to the Captain, and propos'd to him the Difficulties which

which occur'd; The Captain did not think them insurmountable; and after several Days of private Conference, he left *Naples* on the sudden, and in an Attire which denoted the utmost Precipitation and Fright. The Vice-Roy sent People after him, every Way but that which he had taken, with Orders to seize him dead or alive: His Wife and Children were imprison'd, and kept from that Day in a Condition in Appearance very miserable; all his Goods were confiscated, and the Duke's Anger broke out with so much Fury, that all *Naples* was surpriz'd at it, tho' his passionate Temper had been known for a long time. As the Captain did not seem less active than the Vice-Roy, their Misunderstanding was easily credited; and it was believ'd he had been forming something against *Spain*, or against the Duke's Interest, and his particular Designs. In the mean time he had Recourse to his first *Asylum*. The Duke of *Savoy* was at open War with the *Spaniards*, and was known to be the most generous Prince in the World. Tho' he had express'd some Disgust when the Captain had left his Territories to remove to *Sicily*, yet the Impostor did not boggle to go and fling himself at his Feet; he told him of several sham Designs of the Vice-Roy against the Republick of *Venice*, which were horrible even to think of, but had nothing in Common with the true one; and that believing he could not engage in it with Honour, he was contriving how to make his Escape from *Naples* with his Goods and Family: But hearing the Vice-Roy had discover'd his Resolution, he had been oblig'd to fly in that wretched Habit, to save himself from his Rage, and to abandon all he had most dear in the World, to the Discretion of the most Cruel of Men.

THE Duke of *Savoy* was touch'd with Pity at this sad Relation, and receiv'd him with open Arms. He told the Pirate that his Interests being inseparably link'd to those of the Republick, he took upon himself to reward him for the Service he should do to the common Cause, in case the *Venetians* did not recompence him; adding, that it was

of the last Importance, that the Senate should be acquainted from his own Mouth of the Designs of the Duke of *Offuna*; and after having exhorted him to bear his Misfortunes like a Man of Courage, and equipp'd him with all Things, and given him a noble Present, he made him set out for *Venice* with Letters of Credence and Recommendation. The *Venetians* were not less compassionate than the Duke of *Savoy*. The Flight, the Tears, the Poverty, the Despair, the Capacity, the Atchievements, the Reputation of the Captain, the Hopes that he would bring over to their Service the great Number of Stout able Men which he had drawn into the Service of the Duke of *Offuna*; but above all the Report he made of the Duke's Designs, which he had contriv'd to render as probable as was necessary; all these Things spoke so powerfully in his Favour, that they immediately gave him the Command of a Ship. This did not hinder *Contarini*, the Republick's Ambassador at *Rome*, from remonstrating by Letters, that this Man coming from the Vice-Roy, ought always to be distrusted: But Fear, which had produced in the Minds of the *Venetians* that Credulity, which always attends it, got the better of this prudent Advice.

NOT long after, the Fleet putting to Sea, the Captain, who knew of what Consequence it was, that he should signalize himself; made such considerable Prizes on the *Uscques*, in some Commissions he had procur'd to be given him to pursue them, that upon his Return from this Chase eleven Ships more were added to his Command. He gave an Account of his Successes to the Duke of *Offuna*, and concluded his Letter with these Words: *If these Scaramouches are always as easy of Belief as they have been hitherto, I dare assure your Excellency, I shall not lose my Time in this Country.* He wrote at the same Time to all his Comrades whom he had left at *Naples*, to invite them into the Service of the Republick. It was no difficult matter for him to seduce them: For upon his Escape, the Vice-Roy pretending to suspect them, treated them as ill,

as he had us'd them well before: He complain'd violently of the Protection the Republick had granted to the Captain; and to revenge himself, supported the *Uscoques*, whom the *Venetian* Arms had driven from their *Asylum*: Under his Protection they began to repeat their Depredations: They took a large Vessel which was coming from *Corfou* to *Venice*, and sold the Booty of it publicly under his Standard: He violated the Freedom of the Ports; made considerable Reprisals, for light Grievances; remain'd obstinate against the Orders he receiv'd from *Spain*, to release what he had seiz'd; and publish'd a Manifesto, to set forth the Reasons of his disobeying them: He sent a great Fleet to cruise in the *Adriatick* Sea; and caus'd the Prizes it took from the *Venetians* to be brought into *Naples* in Triumph; in a Word, he ruin'd their Commerce at the Expence even of the *Neapolitans*, who were concern'd in it; and the Farmers of the Revenues of the Kingdom offering to complain, he threaten'd to hang them.

AS there had been no War declar'd between *Spain* and the Republick, the *Venetians* could not recover themselves from the Astonishment, into which so irregular a Conduct had cast them: It was generally imputed to the Extravagance of the Duke of *Offuna*: But those of the best Understanding, who knew that Madmen of this kind are very serviceable, when judiciously employ'd, believ'd the *Spaniards* made use of the Caprices of the Duke, to act all those Things which they would neither own, nor maintain. His familiar Discourses run wholly upon surprising the Ports of *Istria* belonging to the Republick, upon plundering their Islands, and making a Descent if possible upon *Venice* itself. He study'd the Plan of it with his Courtiers: He caus'd exact Maps to be drawn of the adjacent Parts; and Barks, Brigantines, and other small Vessels to be built proper for all Sorts of Channels; Tryals to be made of the Weight the several Dephs of Water were capable of bearing, and was inventing every Day

new Machines, to lessen the Weight of Vessels, and facilitate the Motion.

THE *Venetian* Resident at *Naples* gave an exact Intelligence of this, to the Mortification of the Marquis of *Bedmar*, who began to repent of being concern'd with so rash a Person. But the Success deceiv'd his Fears: For the Vice-Roy did all these Things so publickly, that the *Venetians* only laugh'd at them: Nay, the wisest Heads cou'd not believe there was any thing solid under such open Proceedings. The Duke continu'd his Preparations as long as he thought fit, without giving the least Jealousy; and his Indiscretion, which it was expected wou'd ruin the Undertaking, promoted it more than all the Circumspection of the Marquis of *Bedmar*. However the Marquis judg'd it proper to hasten the Execution, either not to allow the *Venetians* Time to reflect seriously on the Matter; or else on the Account of the Danger to which his Person was expos'd every Day. The *Venetian* Fleet having offer'd Battel once to that of *Spain*, which refus'd it, and pillag'd the Coast of *Pozzuolo*; the Rabble of *Venice* conceiv'd so insolent a Joy at it, that the Ambassador and all his Family wou'd have been infallibly massacred, if Guards had not been sent thither. The same Day he had News from the Camp before *Gradisca*, which comforted him for this Accident: For *Renault* sent him Word, that he had found the Tempers of the Troops so happily dispos'd, that he had finish'd his Negotiation without Loss of Time. The Ambassador order'd him to go to *Milan* before he return'd; and *Don Pedro* receiv'd him with all the Caresses with which great Men are us'd to blind the Minds of those who ruin themselves for their Service. They agreed, that it was requisite to seize on some Town, belonging to the *Venetians*, on the *Terra firma*, at the same Time with *Venice*. That this Town wou'd bridle the rest, and serve as a Place of Arms to the *Spanish* Army, which shou'd attack them, and as a Barrier to *Venice*, if it made any Motion to suc-

cours

cour them, *Renault* pass'd thro' the most considerable Towns, and made some Stay at *Crema*, to form a Faction there by the Interest of a *French* Lieutenant nam'd *John Berard*, and of an *Italian* Captain, and one *Alfier* of *Provence*, who *Don Pedro* had already engag'd. These three Persons offer'd to conceal five hundred *Spaniards* in the Town without giving the least Suspicion to the *Venetian* Commander, and to get Possession of it within Eight Days after. By the Examination which *Renault* made of the Thing, upon the Spot, he judg'd it to be almost infallible with that Number of Men. They needed only to cut the Throats of a sorry Garrison, which had been drawn out of the *Militia* of the Country, all the regular Troops of the Republick being in the Towns of *Friouli*, or in the Armies.

THE Duke of *Ossuna* had also persuaded the Marquis of *Bedmar*, that it was necessary to have some Place belonging to the *Venetians* in the Gulph, which might lend a helping Hand to the *Uscoques* and the Arch-duke, and be a Retreat to the *Spanish* Fleet, if by any Accident it was oblig'd to seek for a Refuge in that Sea, when it should be engag'd there. They made Choice for this Purpose of *Marran*, a strong Place in an Island bordering upon *Istria*, and which had a Harbour capable of receiving a large Fleet. An *Italian* named *Mazza*, who had been Serjeant-Major of it during forty Years, had almost as much Authority there as the Governor. For a round Sum of Money, and an Assurance of the Command of it, he promis'd one of the Duke of *Ossuna's* Emissaries, to kill the Governor upon the first Orders, and afterwards to make himself Master of the Place, and hold it in the Name of the *Spaniards*. It was almost as easy to execute this Promise, as to make it. For the Governor, who was the Proveditor *Lorenzo Thiepolo*, liv'd with him in the highest Familiarity; and because the Office of Proveditor call'd him frequently to the Frontiers in Time of War, he trusted the Care of the Town entirely to the Serjeant-Major, as being the oldest and most capable

capable Officer of the Garrison. Affairs being in this Condition, the Ambassador thought he must now put the last Hand to his Work. Not but that by waiting longer, he might have added to the Measures he had already taken; but Delays he knew are pernicious to Designs of this Nature. It is impossible that all the different Means which may contribute to the good Success shou'd be ripe at the same Time. The first change their Face, while the others are preparing; and when a Man is once happy enough to be able to join a sufficient Number of them together, it is a Capital Fault to let slip the fatal Moment of so precious a Conjunction.

IT was of the last Importance to the Honour of the Crown of *Spain*, that it shou'd not be possible to convict its Ambassador of having had a Hand in the Undertaking, in case it miscarry'd. In this View, he resolv'd not to open himself to any of the Conspirators beside *Renault* and the Captain; and even these two did not know one another: They never came to him but when he sent for them; and he always appointed them different Times, that they might not meet; because if they shou'd be discover'd, it wou'd be much for his Advantage, that they shou'd never have been together. In this Apprehension, he wou'd gladly have continu'd to make them act their several Parts without coming to be acquainted; but having consider'd it maturely, he judg'd it was impossible: And despairing in his Soul of the Success of his Design, unless he settled a perfect Union between them, he resolv'd to break thro' that Difficulty, as much as he was against it. Tho' both of them had Courage and Conduct, *Renault* chiefly valu'd himself upon disposing Things so well, that the Execution shou'd be easy, and the Effect infallible. The Captain, on the contrary, who was far less advanced in Years, prided himself most in being a Man of great Execution, and capable of an extraordinary Resolution. The Marquis inform'd him of the several Negotiations *Renault* had transacted, of his admirable Knowledge, which was able to find Expedients

dients for all Emergencies, of his Eloquence and Address to gain new Partisans, and his Talent for Writing, which was so necessary when there was an Occasion to have perpetual Accounts of the Condition of the Fleets, the Provinces, and the Armies; and therefore he conceiv'd such a Man wou'd be a wonderful Help to him. That he was an old Man of great Experience, who wanted neither Heart nor Steadiness, but that his Age and his Genius, which was rather for the Cabinet, than for Action, render'd him incapable of sharing with the Captain the Glory of the Execution. As for *Renault*, he only told him, that the Captain was the Duke of *Offuna's* Creature, and that as the Duke was to have the principal Share in their Design, there was no concealing any Thing from his Confident; that he conjur'd him therefore to condescend to the Manners of the Pyrate, as much as shou'd be necessary for their Purpose, and to shew him all the Deference which was needful to conciliate the Affection of a Man of Execution, haughty and presumptuous to the last Degree.

THE Marquis having thus labour'd to dispose these two Men to carry it well each to the other, was mightily surpriz'd the first time he brought them together at his House, when he saw them embrace with a great deal of Tendernefs, as soon as they had cast their Eyes upon one another. There is no Mind so fix'd and clear, but it is apt at first to make an unreasonable Judgment of Things which surprize it extremely. The first Thought of the Ambassador was, that he was betray'd. As he had always imagin'd these Men were Strangers, he could not comprehend why they had conceal'd from him that they were acquainted. But the Mystery was soon unriddled. For he understood they had seen one another at the House of a famous *Greek* Woman, who had an extraordinary Merit for a Courtezan, of which there needed no other Proof than this Adventure, in which she had so religiously kept the Secret, which they had enjoin'd her, of their Names. This Fidelity appear'd to them the more to be admir'd, because she was
not

not ignorant that they had conceiv'd a great Esteem for each other.

THE Ambaffador being fully recover'd from his Surprise, was extremely pleas'd to find the Union he so much desir'd ready made to his Hand. They own'd in the Sequel of the Conversation that they had each of them a private Design to engage the other in the Undertaking. As they were brim-full of their Project in the Conversations they had had together at that Woman's House, they had fall'n sometimes on Matters of this Nature, in talking of the Affairs of the Times, of the State, and of the War. This was done without discovering themselves, and still more without any Design of doing it; however they freely acknowledg'd before the Ambaffador that the Heat of Argument had sometimes carry'd them a little too far, and that they had express'd their Sentiments too openly. The Ambaffador exhorted them to make use of this Reflection, to be more circumspect for the future, and to learn by this Experience, that to keep a great Design truly secret, it is not enough not to say nor do any Thing which has any Relation to it, but that a Man must not so much as remember that he knows it. *Renault* then acquainted them, that since the Rumours of a Peace, which were reviv'd towards the End of *June*, the *Venetian* Officers had treated the Foreign Troops very ill; who being no longer restrain'd by the Count of *Nassau*, who dy'd about the same Time, had not behav'd well before *Gradisca*: That the General of the Republick fearing they should do worse, had separated them, and put them into several Posts, at the greatest Distance from one another that he cou'd chuse; and this Precaution having made the Distrust of their Fidelity publick, they had mutiny'd, and having insolently refus'd to execute some Orders of the Senate, that General had thought it his Duty to put to Death the Chief of the Seditious; that he had confin'd their Leaders at *Padua*, and distributed the rest into different Places of *Lombardy*, 'till they could be paid off, and the Execution of the Treaties per-

permitted the Republick to dismiss them. *Renault* added that the Count of *Nassau's* Lieutenant, who was one of the principal Persons with whom he had negotiated, was banish'd to *Brescia*, and had contriv'd a Plot there, by means of which, he was ready to put that Town into the Hands of *Don Pedro*; and that it was necessary, in the first Place, to come to a Resolution in Reference to that particular Design, because the Lieutenant press'd in his Letters to have a decisive Answer.

THE Ambassador told them, no Motion must be made on that Side, 'till they were Masters of *Venice*; and even then there would be Occasion but for a single Place in *Lombardy*; that they were assur'd of *Crema*, and that this new Enterprize wou'd only divide their Forces; that however they shou'd keep those they had gain'd in their good Disposition; but the Execution shou'd be put off from Time to Time under different Pretences, and that rather than expose themselves to make the least Declaration, that Thought must be laid aside entirely. *Renault* reply'd, that besides the Lieutenant, he had treated with three *French* Gentlemen, whose Names were *Durand*, Serjeant-Major of the Regiment of *Lievestein*, *De Brinvile*, and *De Bribe*, with a *Savoyard* nam'd *de Ternon*, who had been at the storming of *Geneva*, a *Hollander* named *Theodor*, *Robert Revelido* an *Italian* Engineer, and two other *Italians* who had been formerly employ'd in the *Asenal*, and whose Names were *Lewis de Villa-Mezzana*, a Captain of Light-Horse, and *William Retrofi*, Lieutenant to Captain *Honorat* in *Palma*. That he had judg'd it necessary to open himself fully to these nine Persons; but, in the manner he had chosen them, he wou'd answer for their Fidelity with his Head; that during his Stay in the Camp they had already made sure of above two hundred Officers; and as for those Officers, he had only given them to understand, according to the Ambassador's Orders, that the Business was to repair to *Venice*, to deliver his Excellency out of the Hands of the Populace of that City, when Occasion shou'd require it.

That since his Return, having written to know the exact Number of Men on which he might depend, and desir'd them to report nothing but what was absolutely certain; They had inform'd him, that he might reckon upon two thousand Men of the Troops of *Lievestein* at least, and on two thousand three hundred of those of *Nassau*, and that all the Officers were ready to put themselves into his Hands, as a Security for this Promise. That in the Beginning of this Negotiation, they had flatter'd their Soldiers with the Hopes of some Expedition which they shou'd go upon, when they were discharg'd by the Republick, and in which they might make themselves ample Amends for the Misery they had suffer'd: That there was no Ground to apprehend the Singularity of the Enterprize shou'd dishearten them, even if it shou'd be requisite to declare it; for they were so exasperated against the Senate, on Account of the ignominious Usage they had receiv'd, that if there were no other Reason, he wou'd answer there was nothing they were not capable of doing to be reveng'd. That however for the greater Safety, the Secret need not be reveal'd to them, unless it shou'd be thought proper, 'till Things were so well-disposed, and so forward, that they cou'd hardly doubt of the Success: And that as it was resolv'd to give them *Venice* to plunder, there was not one who wou'd scruple to enrich himself by so sure and ready a Way, that he might pass the Remainder of his Days commodiously.

FROM the first projecting this Design, the Marquis *de Bedmar* had determin'd not to engage in it 'till he was furnish'd with many more Means than were necessary to effect it; and that these Means shou'd be so independent one of another, that even if some of them shou'd happen to fail, the others shou'd not thereby be less capable to proceed. In this View, he had not omitted to fix Measures with the Duke of *Offuna* for a Body of Troops, tho' he reckon'd on what *Don Pedro* had promis'd him, and upon *Renault's* Agreement with the *Dutch* Officers; and each of these

these three Ways he had secur'd himself with the same Caution and Exactness as if he had had no Assurance of the other two, and as if he had three different Undertakings in Hand. It was now Time to know precisely when the Duke of *Ossuna* cou'd send to *Venice* the Men which were desir'd of him. But because he was too uncertain in his Opinion, to be blindly rely'd on in so important and difficult a Matter, some Person must be sent to him who cou'd judge upon the Spot, whether he was in a Condition to perform what he promis'd. The Captain cou'd not be absent from *Venice*, without Observation; and *Renault* was indispensibly necessary there: They cast their Eyes therefore on *De Bribe*, one of the *French* Gentlemen whom *Renault* had engag'd in *Friouli*: But this Cavalier having receiv'd a Commission from the Republick to raise Soldiers, while he was preparing to set out; it was thought more adviseable that he shou'd go on with his Levies, and one *Laurence Nolot* of *Franc* County, and a Comrade of the Captain, was dispatch'd in his Stead on the first Day of the Year 1618. The Marquis thought it was likewise time to open himself to the Council of *Spain*. To obviate all the Illustrations which might be requir'd from him, he sent thither his Project, as much at large, and as well represented as he was able: And because he knew the Slowness of that Court in its Deliberations, he told the Duke of *Lerma* flatly in a private Letter, that he must have a speedy and decisive Answer; that the Danger he was in gave him a Right to express himself in that absolute Manner; and that if They detain'd his Express above eight Days, he wou'd interpret that Delay as an Order to abandon the whole Design. He receiv'd an Answer within the Time he requir'd, but it was not altogether so Decisive as he wou'd have had it; They told him, if there were any Disadvantage in deferring it that he might proceed, but that, if it were possible, it was mightily desir'd to have first a full and faithful Description of the State of the Republick.

THE Ambassador who was prepar'd on that Head was not long in drawing up a Relation so just and artful, that the *Spaniards* have call'd it *The Master-piece of their Politicks*. It does not appear by it for what Design it was calculated, and yet They who understand it find not one Word there which does not relate to the Scheme in View. It begins with an eloquent Complaint of the Difficulty of the Work, by reason of the impenetrable Secrecy of the Government he is to describe. Then he praises the Government, but the Encomium respects rather the first Age of that Republick, than its present Condition: After this, he falls into a Common-Place equally sad and eloquent, of the deplorable Condition of humane Things, which the more excellent they are, are the more subject to Corruption: That therefore the wisest Laws of that State, by the Abuse which has been made of them, have been the principal Cause of its present Disorder; That the Law which wholly excludes the People from the Knowledge of Affairs, has been the Occasion of the Tyranny of the Nobles: And that which subjects the Ecclesiastical Power to the Censure of the Sovereign Magistrate has encourag'd the Licentiousness of the People of *Venice* against the Court of *Rome*, since the late Quarrel with that Court: He exaggerates this Licentiousness with the Impieties which the *Hollanders* were said to have committed in *Friouli* with Impunity; he exclaims particularly against the burying of a Nobleman of their Country, whose Name was *Renaud de Brederode*, in the Church of the *Servites* at *Venice*, notwithstanding he was a Calvinist; and severely taxes Father *Paul* in that Article without naming him, because it was he who had inspir'd that Boldness into the Senate: He admires how the People, being no longer restrain'd in their Civil Obedience by Religion which is violated so many Ways before their Eyes, can bear the horrible Oppressions with which they are loaded: He instances in these Oppressions, and does not aggravate any thing while he represents Them insupportable: He then shews that the Honour
and

and the Blood of the People are not less at the Discretion of the Nobles than their Wealth, and the Genius of the Nation being inclin'd as it is to Avarice, to Revenge, and to Love, it is no Wonder if those who obey in a Government of this Nature are oppress'd by those who command. In a Word, He examines the State of the Senate, of the Provinces, and of the Armies: In the Senate he observes its Divisions; and does not scruple to say, that he knows many Malecontents among the Nobles: He describes the Desolation of the Provinces, by the cruel Irruptions the *Uscoques* have made in some of them, and by the Poverty the others have brought upon themselves in succouring them; he affirms there are not three Officers paid in each Garrison of *Lombardy*, and that the Republick preserves its Authority there, only because nobody undertakes to usurp it from them. As to the Armies, he gives a just Relation of the Insurrections which have happen'd, and of the Dispersion which had been made of the Mutineers in such Numbers, that those who were left cou'd be look'd upon only as a Croud of wretched Militia without Experience or Discipline. That as for the Sea Forces, they were now become the Refuge of the most infamous Pirates on the Mediterranean; a Crew unworthy of the Name of Soldiers, and of whose Service the Republick cou'd no longer be sure, than while they were not in a Condition to turn her own Arms against her. Having describ'd these Things with a wonderful Beauty of Language and Force of Expression, he examines, what Judgment ought to be made from hence, concerning the future State of this Republick, her Fortune and Duration, and makes appear by the Consequences, which arise from the Facts he has establish'd, that she is in a decrepit State, and that her Maladies are of such a Nature, that she cannot bring them to a Crisis, nor correct her present Constitution, but by changing its Form intirely.

UPON this Relation, the Council of *Spain* left the Marquis of *Bedmar* in full Liberty to act, without giving him

him any Orders; but *Nolot's* not returning put a Stop to all, and the Ambassador was out of Patience at the Fault he had committed, in exposing himself in an Affair of this Nature to the capricious Humour of the Duke of *Ossuna*, whom he ought to have known long ago. A Delay was mortal in this Conjunction of Things. After the *Spaniards* had taken *Vercelli*, *Gradisca* was extremely press'd by the *Venetians*, and the Council of *Spain* had no other Way to save it, than to renew the Propositions of Peace. A Writing was drawn up by Concert at *Madrid*, which contain'd the principal Articles; but the continual Disorders of the Duke of *Ossuna* oblig'd the *Venetians* to recall the Powers of their Ambassador, in order to transplant the Negotiation into *France*, where the Death of the Marshal *d'Ancre* gave them hopes of more Favour. The Peace was concluded at *Paris*, September 6th, and the Governor of *Milan* had a Conference some time after with the Count *de Bezhune*, to regulate the Execution of it in reference to the Duke of *Savoy*: But at the same time the Governor continu'd to disturb the *Venetians*, and even took some small Places from them in *Lombardy*. They complain'd of it every where, and were preparing for War more than ever, 'till the Marquis *de Bedmar* made his Compliments on the Peace in a full Senate, and promis'd the Execution of the Articles agreed. He did this not so much by any Order he had receiv'd from *Spain*, as because he had a Mind to wipe out the ill Impressions the Senate had entertain'd of him, from Things which were past. In this View he acquitted himself on this Occasion with all the Zeal, and all the Demonstrations of Joy and Friendship imaginable; and the *Venetians*, who too much desir'd what he promis'd them, suffer'd themselves to be dazzled by his Words, ev'n to the agreeing with him on a Suspension of Arms. This Suspension was an important Stroke for the *Spaniards*, and the Master-piece of their Ambassador: *Gradisca* was straiten'd to such a Degree that it could not hold out fifteen Days longer: And yet Hostilities were not to cease 'till the Expiration

piration of two Months, because that Time was judg'd necessary on both Sides, to finish all the Ratifications, and dispose Things for the Execution of the Treaties: It was requisite therefore to prevent the Surrender of this Place before that Time was elaps'd; the Suspension put it out of Danger, and the *Spaniards* having no longer that Obligation to hasten the Execution of the Treaties, remain'd at Liberty to spin it out in length, as much as was necessary for their Designs. The Duke of *Ossuna* indeed being compell'd by Orders from *Madrid*, and the Instances of the Pope, offer'd soon after to restore the Ships he had taken, but as for the Merchandize and Goods, he said, he knew not what was become of them: And yet they were selling in *Naples*, even before the Eyes of the Resident of *Venice*, and the Duke sent out a powerful Fleet to cruise again in the *Adriatick* Sea.

THE Senate complaining of it to the Marquis *de Bedmar*, the Marquis himself made stronger Complaints of the same. He declar'd that he did not pretend to answer for the Actions of the Duke of *Ossuna*, and that even the King their Master wou'd not answer for them: That among the many Favours, and the good Treatment he had receiv'd at *Venice*, during the whole Time of his Ambassy, the only Displeasure he had had, was to be inform'd that the Conduct of that Vice-Roy was imputed to his Counsels: That he had never been concern'd in it; that ever so little Knowledge of the Duke of *Ossuna* wou'd convince any one that he had no other Guide than his own Caprice; and as to himself, they might judge of his Disposition by the peaceable Procedure of the Governor of *Milan*, of which he glory'd to be the Author. That Governor, 'tis true, observ'd the Suspension exactly; but he still continu'd arm'd; and that it might not seem strange, he judg'd it proper to imbroid himself afresh with the Duke of *Savoy*. Under Pretence that the Troops discharg'd by that Prince had halted in the Country of *Vaux*, waiting for the entire Execution of the Treaties, *Don Pedr.* refus'd to the Count
de

de Bethune to disarm, as he had before promis'd at *Pavia*, and prevail'd with the Duke of *Mantua* to refuse likewise what depended on him. The Count *de Bethune* protested against them in a publick Writing at his withdrawing on their Refusal, and an Answer was made to this Protestation in the most plausible Manner the Marquis *de Bedmar* cou'd invent. It is plain from hence, that it was of great Importance to hasten the Execution of his Project, since it was so difficult to keep things in the Situation which was requisite to make it succeed.

ALL this while the Duke of *Ossuna* did not dispatch *Nolot*; and the Ambassador, who was in the utmost Perplexity, having engag'd *Nolot* to discover the Reason of it at any Rate, he was inform'd at last what it was. Some time after the Captain had been receiv'd into the Service of the Republick, the Duke who had a mind to learn by different Ways the State of *Venice*, sent after him an *Italian* nam'd *Alexander Spinosæ*, to pry there into every Thing. This Man, who was not known, soon got to be employ'd there, as did all the Soldiers of Fortune who offer'd to serve. He easily judg'd the Duke was forming some momentous Enterprize, but did not suspect the Pirate was the Manager of it: He mistrusted however that he was not so ill with the Duke, as every Body imagin'd. When *Spinosæ* was arriv'd at *Venice*, he had made the Vice-Roy an Offer to poniard the Captain, and the Vice Roy having refus'd it, under Pretence of the Danger there was in executing it, *Spinosæ* who was a Man of Sense, and knew the Duke, judg'd that if there was not some stronger Reason for the Refusal, he wou'd not scruple to be reveng'd, out of fear of making a Man lose his Life by it. The Duke charg'd him however to observe the Actions of the Pirate; either to hinder *Spinosæ* from suspecting any thing of the Truth, or because this Vice-Roy was one of those who do not entirely confide in any Person, and was desirous to see, whether what *Spinosæ* shou'd write concerning the Captain, wou'd agree with what the Captain shou'd write

write himself. In order to acquit himself the better of his Commission, *Spinosa* got into the Company of some *French* Men, whom he had known at *Naples*, and who frequented the Captain very much at *Venice*. These Persons, who were of the Number of the Conspirators, gave the Captain an exact Account of the Inquiry *Spinosa* made into his Conduct, and discover'd also that this Spy was carrying on some Design himself, and endeavour'd to procure Men of Courage and Action for the Service of the Duke of *Ossuna*. The Captain was very much incens'd that the Duke shou'd not have an entire Confidence in him, but he was not surpriz'd at it; he only consider'd, that if *Spinosa* continu'd to cabal, and was not in Concert with him, he wou'd weaken their Party by dividing it, and that it was impossible for him to open himself to a Man, who was planted upon him for a Spy. The Marquis *de Bedmar* and *Renault* were also of Opinion, that no Time ought to be lost to remedy this Inconvenience; and after having maturely consulted how to do it, they found there was no Safety for them, unless they destroy'd *Spinosa*. He was a Man that wou'd sell his Life dearly if an Attempt shou'd be made to assassinate him, his Employment oblig'd him to be always upon his Guard, and the Captain was forced at last to accuse him before the Council of Ten, as a Spy from the Duke of *Ossuna*, after he had in vain try'd all other Means to take him off. The *French*, with whom he had convers'd, depos'd so judiciously, and supported Things so well by Circumstances, that he was seized, and strangled privately the same Day. Whatever he cou'd alledge against the Pirate made no Impression on the Minds of the Judges, because it was against his Accuser, and he was not able to prove any Thing he had advanced.

THIS Affair very much increas'd the Confidence the *Venetians* had repos'd in the Captain, but it made the Marquis *de Bedmar* very uneasy, because it was an Alarm to the Senate, to have a watchful Eye upon the Conduct of those Strangers, who were in the Service of the Republick.

lick. The Duke of *Ossuna* had just been inform'd of the Death of *Spinosa*, when *Nolot* arriv'd at *Naples*; he did not hesitate in guessing at the Author; the Mortification it gave him made him take it ill, that the Marquis *de Bedmar* had sent him no Advice of it; and the different Suspicions, which this Accident rais'd in his Mind, left him at a Loss what to resolve upon. In the mean time the Troops of *Lievestein* having mutiny'd afresh, were brought to the *Lazaretto*, within two Miles of *Venice*, by Order of the Senate, in the Beginning of *February*. The Marquis *de Bedmar*, who fear'd they should come to an Agreement with the Republick for their Pay, and so be oblig'd to depart, contriv'd by the Means of their chief Officers, that they were not satisfy'd with the Sum which was immediately offer'd them. To make an Advantage of the Neighbourhood of these Troops, so favourable to the Design of the Conspirators, *Nolot* had Orders by an Express, to represent to the Vice-Roy, that during all that Month, they should have near five thousand Men ready at their Command. *Nolot* omitted nothing of his Duty; but the Vice-Roy, who had not quite digested his Passion, amus'd him so long, that after six Weeks Expectation, the Officers fearing lest their Soldies, who suffer'd extremely, should treat without them, treated themselves, with the Consent of the Conspirators, who thought they could not prevent it. Ten Days after, *Nolot* arrives from *Naples*, with the Resolution of the Duke of *Ossuna*, which was such as was desir'd, but directed to *Robert Brulard*, one of the Captain's Comrades: The Ambassador and the Captain, who were busy'd in contriving how to extricate themselves, did not vouchsafe so much as to take Notice of the Affront the Vice-Roy offer'd them by such a Slight: He declar'd he was ready to send, when they pleas'd, the Barks, Brigantines, and other small Vessels, proper for the Ports and Canals of *Venice*, and a sufficient Number to carry six thousand Men if there was Occasion. *Nolot* had seen the Troops and the Barks ready
to

to set out, and the Captain caus'd the Ports and Canals to be sounded, thro' which they were to pass, in order to land at the Place of Saint Mark. As he had a great many Sea-men at his Command, by reason of his Office, who not being suspected, could go and come in those Ports and Canals as they pleas'd; it was easy to him, to cause all the Dimensions thereof to be taken with Exactness. There was nothing now remaining but to hinder the Departure of the Troops of *Leivestein*: No Money was spar'd for that Purpose, and the Rigour of the Season serv'd for a Pretence for their Delay: The greatest part of them continu'd still at the *Lazaretto*; and those who were embark'd when *Nolot* arriv'd, stop'd in Places which were not much more remote.

TO relieve *Renault* and the Captain in the Cares which lay upon them, and for which they were not sufficient alone, they thought they wanted eighteen Men at least, who should be Men of Sense and Courage, and in whom they could fully confide. They had made up this Number, of the Nine with whom *Renault* had negotiated in *Friouli*, and of the chief of those whom the Pyrate had caus'd to follow him from *Naples*. There were five Captains of Ships like himself, *Vincent Robert* of *Marseils*, *Laurence Nolot*, and *Robert Brulard*, of whom mention has been made already; these two last were Natives of *France* County, as well as another *Brulard*, nam'd *Laurence*, with another *Provençal* nam'd *Anthony Jaffier*. There were besides two Brothers *Lorainers*, *Charles* and *John Boleau*, and an *Italian*, *John Rizardo*, all three excellent *Petardeers*, and a *Frenchman* nam'd *l'Anglade*, who pass'd for the most Ingenious Master of Fireworks that had ever been. The Capacity of this last was so well known, that he had obtain'd at first to work at his Trade in the *Arsenal*; by this means the *Petardeers*, his Comrades, had a free Admittance there, as well as *Villa Mezzana*, and *Retroxi*, who were of those whom *Renault* had engag'd, and who had formerly been employ'd there.

THESE Six Persons drew so exact a Plan of the Arsenal, that those who had never been there, might deliberate upon it, with as much Certainty as they who had made it. They were much assisted in this, by two Officers of the Arsenal itself, whom the Captain had gain'd. They seem'd to him to be dissatisfy'd with their Employment, endow'd with the Qualities proper for his Design, dispos'd to enter into it, if they found it for their Interest, and capable of keeping faithfully to what they should promise. The Issue answer'd the Judgment he had made of them: He season'd the Praises he gave them upon all Occasions, with so considerable a Number of *Spanish Pistoles* which he had to distribute, that they engag'd to do blindly whatever he should Command them. *L'Anglade* and they lodg'd in the Arsenal; *Renault* had taken with him to the *French Ambassador's* three of his Friends, *Bribe*, *Brainville*, and *Laurence Brulard*; the three *Petardeers* remaining at the *Marquis de Bedmar's*, who furnish'd them with the Powder, the other Materials, and the Instruments necessary to work at their Trade, but without having any Communication with them; they had already made more *Petards* and *Fireworks* than were necessary, and the *Ambassador's Palace* was so full, that it was impossible to lodge there any others besides themselves. The Captain liv'd at his usual Place of Abode, but alone, that he might not give any Suspicion in case he was observ'd; and for the others, he had lodg'd them at the Courtesan's where he and *Renault* first met: The Esteem, and the Friendship which had succeeded the Love they had had for this Woman, but much more the Knowledge they had of her Fidelity, perswaded them they could not make a better Choice. She was of a *Greek Island* in the *Archipelago*, and of a Quality as Noble as it is possible to be in a Country under the Dominion of the *Venetians*, without being a *Venetian*. He who commanded there for the Republick, having debauch'd her by mighty Promises, had since caus'd her Father to be assassinated, because he would have oblig'd him

to perform what he had promis'd: The Daughter was come to *Venice* to demand Justice for the Murder, but in vain; and this Prosecution having consum'd the small Fortune she had, her Beauty repair'd her Misery, as it had caus'd it. There is no Resentment so violent as that of a Woman well-born, who is reduced to take up a Profession unworthy of her. She heard with Rapture the Project of her two Friends, and without difficulty risk'd every Thing in order to favour it. She hir'd one of the largest Houses in *Venice*, and under Colour of some Conveniencies she was causing to be made in it, she brought thither but part of her Furniture, that she might have a Pretence to keep the House they had before, which was not far off; in these two Houses Eleven of the principal Conspirators were conceal'd near six Months. As she was visited by all the Persons of Fashion, Strangers, and *Venetians*, and this great Resort of People might be likely to discover Those who lodg'd with her, she feign'd herself indispos'd to get rid of them. They who know with what Civility Women of this Profession are treated in *Italy*, will have no difficulty to comprehend, that her House became hereby inaccessible to all those who had no Business there. The Conspirators went out only by Night, and their Meetings were held in the Day-time. In these Meetings *Renault* and the Captain propos'd those Things which they had agreed upon with the Marquis *de Bedmar*, to have the Advice of the Company, and come to a Resolution on the Means to execute them. When they had Occasion to repair to the Marquis, they did it with all the Circumspection which is necessary in a Country, and at a Time, when the Houses of Ambassadors were narrowly observ'd as if they were so many Enemies, and the Marquis in particular. They had long concluded that it would be requisite to have a thousand Soldiers in *Venice*, before they fir'd their Train: But because it was dangerous to introduce them all arm'd, the Marquis had provided himself with Arms for above five hundred; this was easily done with Secrecy, for the

Gondola's of Ambassadors are not search'd, let them come from any Place whatever, and there wanted now only an Opportunity to bring these thousand Men into *Venice* without Observation.

THE *Doge Donato* dy'd, and in his Place was chosen *Anthony Priuli*, who was then in *Friouli*, to see the Treaties executed. The Generals by Sea had Orders to go and fetch him with the Navy, and the Great Chancellor and the Secretaries of State were to meet him at a Distance from the City, and carry him the Ducal Cap; twelve of the principal Senators were to follow them almost as far, as Ambassadors of the Republick, each of these single in a Brigantine arm'd and adorn'd magnificently, and with a splendid Retinue; the Senate it self in a Body was to receive him a good way out at Sea on board the *Bucen-taure*, and conduct him into the City with all this Solemnity. As it rarely happens that they who are created Doges are out of *Venice*, this Pomp drew thither an infinite Number of curious People. The Marquis *de Bedmar*, who foresaw it, as soon as he was assur'd of the Election of *Priuli*, dispatch'd *Nolot* a second Time to *Naples*, with Orders to see the Brigantines of the Duke of *Ossuna* set out with the utmost Speed. To remove all grounds of Delay, the Captain was enjoin'd to send to the Duke as exact a Plan as was possible of the Execution, and especially to give him an account of what had pass'd at *Venice* during *Nolot's* first Journey. The Pirate enlarg'd upon this Precaution; he was for securing the Mind of the Vice-Roy by all manner of Means, and to shew him, that it was not believ'd there was any Reason to complain of him, he concluded his Letter with these Words. *I blame Nolot's Negligence for the long Stay he made at Naples, for I question not, but if he had represented Things as they were, your Excellency would have soon dispatch'd him. He must certainly have ask'd for Money, or something like it, but he had express Orders to the contrary, and I undertak even now to keep Venice for six Months in my Power, if ie*
be

be necessary, in Expectation of your Excellency's great Fleet, provided you send me the Brigantines as soon as Nolot shall arrive, and the six thousand Men you was pleas'd to offer. This Letter was dated April the 7th, the Day on which Nolot set out. In the mean Time Renault brought to Venice all the Officers of the Troops which had been corrupted; to acquaint themselves with the Town, and observe the Posts, that they might not wander, nor be at a Loss on the Night of the Execution. Before they came, they chose a thousand Men out of all the Dutch Troops, who were to hold themselves ready to march at the first Orders; and that their Absence might be less remarkable, they drew an equal Number out of all the Places belonging to the State on Terra-firma, in which there were any dispers'd. To receive these Men, each of the Officers hir'd as many Lodgings as he could without giving a Suspicion; they told the Landlords that they were for Strangers who came to see the Festival; and as for the Officers themselves, they all lodg'd at Courtesans Houses, where, paying well, they were in more Safety than any where else. There remain'd nothing now but to regulate the Order of the Execution; which the Marquis de Bedmar, Renault, and the Captain settled in Concert as follows.

AS soon as it shall be Night, those of the thousand Soldiers who shall come without Arms, shall go and Arm themselves at the Ambassador's House. Five hundred shall repair to the Place of St. Mark with the Captain, the best part of the other five hundred shall go and join Renault, in the Neighbourhood of the Arsenal, and the rest shall seize all the Barks, Gondola's and other the like Carriages which shall be found at the Bridge Rialto, with which they shall fetch with all Haste about a thousand Soldiers more of the Troops of Lievestein, which are still at the Lazaretto. During this, they shall deport themselves as peaceably as they can, that they may not be oblig'd to declare themselves, till these Troops shall be arriv'd. However if they should be oblig'd to it, and any thing should be discover'd, the Captain

shall intrench himself within the Place of Saint Mark, and Renault shall seize the Arsenal, in the manner which shall be represented; then two great Guns shall be fir'd to serve as a Signal to the Brigantines of the Duke of Ossuna, which shall be ready to enter Venice; and the Spaniards whom they shall bring, shall supply the want of the Walloons who shall be sent for. If there be no Necessity to declare during this, when the Walloons shall be landed at the Place of St. Mark, the Captain shall take five hundred of them, with the other five hundred Men he shall have already, and the Serjeant-Major Duran to Command them. They shall begin by drawing up these thousand Men in order of Battel in the Place; then the Captain, with two hundred whom he shall take, shall make himself Master of the Ducal Palace, and especially of the Room of Arms that is there, to supply those of his Men who shall want any, and to hinder the Enemies from making use of them: One hundred others, under Bribe, shall possess themselves of the Secque, and one hundred more under Brainville of the Procuraty, by the help of some Men who shall be artfully introduc'd there into the Belfry in the Day Time. This last hundred shall remain in a Corps de Guard in the Belfry so long as the Execution shall last, that the Alarm Bell may not be Rung. Possession shall be taken of the Entrance of all the Streets which lead to the Place, by another Corps de Guard; and Artillery shall be planted there facing to the Street, and till some can be had from the Arsenal, some of those shall be taken which are ready mounted before the House of the Council of Ten which is hard by, and which it will be no difficult matter to seize. In all those Places which shall be thus secured, and in which a Corps de Guard shall be kept, they shall Poniard all they find; and during these different Executions round the Place, the Serjeant-Major shall remain still in order of Battel in the Middle, with the rest of the Troops. All this shall be done with the least Noise that may be; afterwards they shall begin to declare themselves by petarding the Gate of the Arsenal. At the Report of which the eight Conspirators who have drawn the
Plan

Plan thereof, and shall be within, shall set Fire to the four Corners with Fire-works, which as well as the Petards are prepar'd for this purpose at the Ambassador's Palace, and they shall poniard the chief Commanders. It will be easy for them to do it in the Confusion which the Fire and the Noise of the Petards will occasion, especially those Commanders not having any Suspicion of them. They shall then join Renault when he shall have enter'd, and make an End of killing all they find, and the Soldiers shall carry Artillery to all the Places, where it shall be proper to plant some, as at the Arena de Mari, at the Fontego de Tedeschi, at the Magazines of Salt, on the Belfry of the Procuraty, on the Bridge of Rialto, and other Eminencies, from whence the Town may be batter'd into Rubbish in case of Resistance. At the same Time that Renault shall petard the Arsenal, the Captain shall force the Prison of Saint Mark, and shall Arm the Prisoners; the principal Senators shall be kill'd, and suborn'd Persons shall go and set Fire to above forty Places of the Town, the farthest distant one from another that is possible, that so the Confusion may be the greater. In the mean while the Spaniards from the Duke of Ossuna, having heard the Signal which shall be given them, as soon as the Arsenal is seiz'd, shall come and land also at the Place of St. Mark, and immediately disperse themselves in the principal Quarters of the Town, as that of St. George, that of the Jews and others, under the Conduct of the other nine chief Conspirators. The Cry shall be nothing but LIBERTY, and after all these Things are executed, Leave shall be given to plunder, but not the Strangers; it shall be prohibited to take any thing from them under Pain of Death, and no further Slaughter shall be made but of those who shall Resist.

NOLOT found Things in so good a Posture at his Arrival at Naples, that the six thousand Men were put to Sea the next Day under the Command of an Englishman named Elliot. In order to give the less Suspicion, the Duke of Ossuna caus'd his large Ships to take a great Compass to repair to their Posts; but he sent Elliot and the Brigan-

tines by the shortest way. The second Day of their steering, this little Fleet met some Pirates of *Barbary* who attack'd it. As it was only prepar'd to transport the Men it had on board, and not to sustain a warm Engagement, it was very much annoy'd by the Artillery of the *Barbarians*, whose Brigantines were more manageable and better arm'd. But notwithstanding the great Croud of Men which were on board those of *Naples* did not allow them the necessary Room to defend themselves in order; yet as they were all chosen *Spaniards*, they handled the Enemy so roughly with their Swords, that the Pirates might perhaps have repented their stopping them in their Course, if they had not both been dispers'd by a furious Tempest which separated them in the height of the Action. The little Fleet was so damag'd that it could not put to Sea again for some Time; and the Marquis *de Bedmar* seeing by this News, that he could not disturb the Solemnity which was preparing at *Venice*, assisted at it with more Magnificence than any Body. He protested in a full Senate, making his Compliment to the new Doge, that the particular Joy which he express'd at his Promotion, proceeded from the Hopes he had, that his Serenity would preserve on the Throne the favourable Dispositions he had lately demonstrated in *Friouli*, for the Accomplishment of the Peace. At his Return from this Audience, he sent for *Renault* and the Captain; at first he ask'd them if they thought it proper to lay the whole aside? They answer'd, they were not only of the contrary Opinion, but that even their Companions had appear'd no more alarm'd at this Misfortune of the Fleet, than if it had safely arriv'd; and that they were all dispos'd to pursue the necessary Measures to maintain Things in their present Situation, in Expectation of a more favourable Opportunity. The Ambassador, who had put this Question to them with trembling, embraced them with Tears of Joy after this Answer. He told them with a Chearfulness and Vehemence which would have re-assur'd the faintest Hearts, and inspir'd Intrepidity

trepidity and Daringness into the most dismay'd, That great Disappointments, which in common Affairs might reasonably surprize the Mind, are Accidents which are natural to extraordinary Enterprizes; that they are the only Test of the Strength of the Soul; that a Man ought then only to think himself capable of atchieving a great Design, when he has been able to see it once confounded, with Tranquility and Constancy. It was then resolv'd in Concert, between the Marquis and his two Confidents, that the Execution should be delay'd till the Feast of the Ascension, which was not far off, and which is the greatest Solemnity of *Venice*: And that in the mean while, the Troops should be maintain'd in the Places where they then were, and supply'd with all the Conveniencies they could wish; and for this purpose no Money should be wanting to the principal Officers; that of the three hundred who had been sent for to *Venice*, the Heads should be retain'd, and the *Subalterns* sent back to their Troops, as well to keep the Soldiers in their Duty, as to discharge the Town of so many, where such a Number of Officers might create a Suspicion: That they who were detain'd should be employ'd in the most agreeable Manner, that they might not be tir'd of waiting, nor even have the leisure if possible to reflect on the present State of Things; that the twenty principal Conspirators should observe their Conduct narrowly; and to oblige the Republick to bear with the Delay of the Troops of *Lievestein*, and not to dismiss those of *Nassau*, the Governor of *Milan* should not execute the Treaties.

ALL the Pretences that human Wit can invent to defend itself against Reason, were invented by the Marquis *de Bedmar*, and put in Practice by *Don Pedro*, and the Duke of *Ossuna*. Yet they were forc'd to make every Day some Steps towards a Peace, as averse to it as they were; the Council of *Spain* did not dare to hazard any Thing, on the Hopes of so doubtful a Success, as was that of the Conspiracy; and *France*, which was for main-

taining the Treaty of *Paris*, oblig'd the *Venetians* to consent to the Duke of *Savoy's* disbanding the Troops which haulted in the Country of *Vaux*, and serv'd for a Handle to the Delays of *Don Pedro*. This Difficulty being remov'd, the Marquis *de Bedmar*, in order to prevent that Prince from surrendring the Places he had taken in the *Montferrat*, caus'd a Rumour to be spread, that as soon as the Duke of *Mantua* should be re-establish'd, he would make an Agreement with the *Spaniards* for that State : At the same Time *Don Pedro* sprung a groundless Quarrel with a Minister of *Savoy*, who was come to *Milan* with the Ambassadors of *France*, and sent him an Order to depart ; the Duke, provok'd at this Affront, recall'd him, and left off Vacating the Places he had taken ; but the Ambassadors having represented to him that he was falling into the Snare which *Don Pedro* had laid for him, he restor'd them all at once. *Don Pedro* was so astonish'd at this News, that he could not forbear shewing it publickly in his Discourse ; he was thereby forced to restore the Prisoners, and the smaller Places ; but for *Vercelli*, which was the important Point, he made such strange Difficulties, that *Spain* threatned to recall him before the usual Time. At first he said, it would be ignominious to him to surrender that Place while the Ambassadors of *France* were at *Milan*, as it were to compel him to it by their Presence ; they withdrew : Then he declar'd, he expected the Duke of *Savoy* should first restore certain Lands which belong'd to some Ministers of *Mantua* ; these Lands were restor'd, and yet *Vercelli* was not surrendtr'd : At last, *France*, which desir'd to conclude the Marriage of Madam *Christiana* the King's Sister with the Prince of *Piedmont*, having explain'd itself in a decisive Manner in reference to that Place, *Don Pedro* began to send away the Stores and Artillery which were there, but with an incredible Slowness. The Marquis *de Bedmar* having sent him Word to be still more dilatory, he bethought himself of requiring new Assurances from the Duke of Savoy in Favour of the
Duke

Duke of *Mantua* ; but even the Ministers of *Mantua*, tir'd with such Prolongations, declar'd in a publick Writing, that they did not require those Assurances.

AS uneasy as this Declaration made the Marquis *de Bedmar*, the Conduct of the Duke of *Offuna* made him so much more. The Duke being weary'd out with the Complaints the *Venetians* caus'd to be made to him from all Parts, on his continuing to disturb the Navigation of the Gulph, and not knowing what to alledge further in his Defence, thought fit at last to make this Answer, That he should persist in it, as long as the *Venetians* should entertain in their Service the most irreconcilable Enemies of the King his Master. It will readily be apprehended, by the Care and Pains the Ambassador had taken to detain the *Dutch* Troops, of whom the Duke of *Offuna* complain'd, how intrag'd he was, when he was inform'd of the Duke's Answer. He did not doubt but the Senate, which was for a Peace at any rate, would dismiss them, to cut off from the Vice-Roy all manner of Excuse. But the Issue deceiv'd once more the Prudence of the Marquis *de Bedmar* : some Dæmon, favourable to the Extravagancies of the Duke of *Offuna*, made the *Venetians* take a Resolution directly contrary to their Inclination and Interest. It was remonstrated to the Senate, that the Republick by its Procedure had shewn too much, that it desir'd a Peace, and this was what made the *Spanish* Ministers so backward to execute it ; that if they satisfy'd the Vice-Roy on his Complaint, he would imagine he gave the Law to *Venice*, and that instead of dismissing the *Hollanders*, they ought to retain the Troops of *Lievestein*, who were to depart the first Opportunity, till the Treaties were perfectly executed. The Joy which this Resolution gave the Marquis *de Bedmar*, was interrupted by a Discovery of the Plot at *Crema* ; *L'Alfier* the *Provencal* and the *Italian* Captain who had been seduc'd there, quarrell'd at Play, and fought ; the Captain was mortally wounded, and to discharge his Conscience, confess'd all to the *Venetian* Commander before
he

he expir'd. *L'Alfier*, who mistrusted what would happen, as soon as he had wounded him, made his Escape with those of the Accomplices to whom he could give Notice; the others were taken, and the *French* Lieutenant, who was the principal Manager of the Enterprize; but as *Renault* had always appear'd to them under the Character of an Agent of *Milan*, and they did not know what was become of him since, this Affair fell only upon *Don Pedro*.

EIGHT Days after, the Serjeant-Major who was to deliver up *Maran*, having for his own Profit suppress'd some Vails which belong'd to a *Valet de Chambre* of the *Proveditore*, and a Pensioner of the Republick, the Fellows were exasperated at the Loss, and took the Opportunity of his Absence, to go into his House, where they broke open his Chests, and carry'd off his Money, and his Papers, among which were found Letters which made mention of his Design; as he knew only the Man came to him from the Duke of *Offuna*, who had negotiated with him, he could accuse no Body but the Duke; but he took a nobler Resolution; he always answer'd in the midst of his Tortures, that he knew very well they would not save him let him discover what he would, and that he had rather leave his Accomplices, if he had any, in a Condition to revenge his Death, than to ruin them with himself without any Advantage. A publick Thanksgiving was observ'd in *Venice* for these two Discoveries; the Enterprize however became thereby much more certain than it was before; the Senate believ'd they had at last discover'd the hidden Cause of the irregular Procedure of the *Spaniards*, and seeing these two Plots had miscarry'd, they imagin'd they were entring into a profound Tranquility, and no longer doubted of the Accomplishment of the Treaties. However the Time of the Execution was at Hand. From the *Sunday* which precedes the Ascension to *Whitsunday*, there is at *Venice* one of the most celebrated Fairs in the World. The great Resort of Traders

§

did

did not render the Town more difficult to be surpriz'd, and it gave an Opportunity to the thousand Soldiers, who came thither among the Merchants, to enter it, and lodge themselves without Observation. It was easy for them to leave the *Venetian* Towns, where they were dispers'd, because for some time they who were most eager to return to their own Country had deserted, and the *Podestats* apply'd no Remedy to it, because the Republick wou'd have so many the fewer to pay. But lest People shou'd wonder that so many shou'd desert in so little time; the major Part gave out at their going away, that they went to the Fair at *Venice*; they disguis'd themselves like Persons of all Professions, and Care was taken to lodge together those who spoke different Languages, that thereby they might be the less suspected to hold an Intelligence, and they were all cautious of giving any Token that they knew one another.

THE five hundred *Spaniards* design'd for the Execution of the Plot at *Crema*, which was discover'd, were sent at the same time by *Don Pedro* to the adjacent Parts of *Brescia*, in order, upon the first Advice of the Success of the Conspiracy, to seize that Town, by the Assistance of a Faction, which the Lieutenant of the Count of *Nassau* had form'd there, and which still subsisted. He who commanded these *Spaniards*, was instructed to lead them directly to *Venice* on the first Notice he shou'd receive from *Renault*. As for the *Venetian* Fleet, it was retir'd into *Dalmatia*, but was prepar'd to put to Sea again on the first Orders, because of the continual Motions of the Duke of *Ossuna*. The Captain sent to the Officers who commanded his twelve Ships in his Absence, artificial Fire-works of the most furious Sort, to disperse secretly in all the other Ships of the Fleet, the Day before the Execution. As no Body distrusted those Officers, it was easy for them to do it without being perceiv'd or even suspected. He charg'd them to measure the Matches so exactly, that all might take Fire at once; and that if any Ship escap'd they shou'd attack it, and make them-

themselves Masters of it, or sink it with their Canon; and that after this they shou'd repair to *Venice* without losing a Moment of Time, and put themselves in a Posture to execute all these Things forthwith; but to wait however for a fresh Order before they began. The Day was fix'd on the *Sunday* of the Ascension, which was the first Day of the Fair. The Duke of *Ossuna* had caus'd his little Fleet to be so well convoy'd this time, that it arriv'd without any Accident within six Miles of *Venice*. It was divided into two Parts, which sail'd at some distance from one another, to be the less observ'd. The greatest was compos'd of Boats like those of Fishermen, to avoid Suspicion, and the rest consisted of Brigantines, like those of the Pirates. On *Saturday* Morning Word was sent to *Elliot*, to set out from his Post the next Day, at the Hour proper to arrive within Sight of *Venice* in the Dusk of the Evening, and to set up the Standard of *St. Marc*; to possess himself of some small Islands, by which he was to pass, which were able to make no Defence, and from whence he might come to *Venice* without being perceiv'd; that then he should present himself boldly before the two Castles of *Lido* and *Malamoco*, because it was known there was no Garrison in them, and that he might pass between them without any Obstacle; that he shou'd advance within Cannon shot of *Venice*, and give Notice when he shou'd be arriv'd there; and by the Return of the Boat which shou'd bring that Advice, the Captain wou'd send Seamen to pilot him, lest he should be stranded on the Shoals, with which the Waters that encompass *Venice* are full, or shou'd split against the Rocks, which render the Entrance of the Ports impracticable to those who are not us'd to them.

AS the following Day was to be employ'd in disposing all Things for the Execution of the Night, *Renault* and the Captain thought it proper to hold a Consultation for the last Time, the Day before, with their Companions; and the Captain left to *Renault* the Care of representing to them the State of Things, and of giving them the necessary Informations,

formations. Whatever they cou'd do, they could not all meet 'till near Night. There were the three *French Men* who lodg'd with *Renault*, the Lieutenant of the Count *de Nassau*, the three *Petardiers*, *l' Anglade*, the two Officers of the Arsenal, the Captain and the Lieutenant who had been employ'd there formerly, *Nolot*, the two *Brulards*, *Faffier*, *Robert*, the *Hollander Theodor*, the *Savoyard* who had assisted at the storming of *Geneva*, and the Ingeneer *Revellido*. These twenty Persons having shut themselves up at the *Grecian Woman's* with *Renault* and the Captain, in the most private Part of the House, after the usual Precautions on these Occasions, *Renault* made a Speech. He began with a simple and large Narration of the present Condition of Affairs; of the Forces of the Republick and of their own; of the Disposition of the Town, and of the Fleet; of the Preparations of *Don Pedro*, and of the Duke of *Offuna*; of the Arms, and other warlike Provisions which were at the House of the Ambassador of *Spain*; of the Intelligence he had in the Senate, and among the Nobles: In a Word, of the exact Account which had been taken of whatever it was requisite to know.

HAVING gain'd the Approbation of his Auditors by the Recital of these Things, the Truth of which they knew as well as himself, and which were almost all of them the Effects of their Care as well as of his:

THESE, my Companions, continu'd he, are the Means appointed, to conduct you to the Glory you are seeking, and each of you can judge, whether they are not sufficient, and sure: We have infallible Ways to introduce ten thousand armed Men into a Town which has not two hundred to oppose us; the Plunder of which will unite to us all the Strangers whom Curiosity or Trade has drawn thither; and even the People thereof will help us to strip the Great Ones, by whom they have been so often stripp'd, as soon as they shall see it safe to do so: The best Ships belonging to the Fleet are in our Interest, and the others carry in them at present what will reduce them to Ashes: The Arsenal, the
Wonder

Wonder of Europe, and the Terror of Asia, is within a small Matter already in our Power: The Nine Gallant Men who are here present, and who have been ready these six Months past to possess themselves of it, have taken their Measures so well, during this Delay, that they run no Hazard in answering for the Success with their Heads. If we had neither the Troops of the Lazaretto, nor those on Terra-firma, nor the little Fleet of Elliot to support us, nor the twenty Venetian Ships of our Comrade, nor the large Ships of the Duke of Ossuna, nor the Spanish Army in Lombardy, we shou'd be strong enough, with our Intelligences, and the thousand Men which we have: Yet all these different Succours, I have nam'd, are so dispos'd, that each of them might fail without doing the least Prejudice to the rest; they may help one another, but they cannot hurt one another: It is almost impossible they shou'd not all succeed, and yet one of them alone is sufficient. If after having taken all the Precautions which Human Prudence can suggest, one may make a Judgment of the Success Fortune intends us; what Tokens can there be of her Favour, which are not inferior to those we have? Certainly, my Friends, they are miraculous: It is a Thing without Parallel in History, that an Enterprize of this Nature has been discover'd in Part, without being intirely lost; and ours has been Proof against five Accidents, the least of which, in all human Appearance, ought to have overthrown it. Who wou'd not have thought, that the Ruin of Spinosa, who was projecting the same Thing as we, shou'd not likewise have prov'd ours? That the dismissing the Troops of Lievestein, which were all devoted to us, shou'd not have divulg'd what we kept secret? That the Dispersion of the little Fleet shou'd not have broken all our Measures, and produced many fresh Inconveniencies? That the Discovery at Crema, and at Maran, shou'd not neccessarily draw after it the Detection of the whole Scheme? Yet all these Things had no Consequences; the Traces were not follow'd, which wou'd have led up to us; no Advantage was made of the Light they gave: Did ever

so profound a Tranquility succeed so great a Confusion? The Senate, as we are faithfully inform'd, the Senate, I say, is in a perfect Security: Our good Destiny has blinded the most clear-sighted of all Men, encouraged the most timorous, lull'd asleep the most suspicious, and confounded the most subtile and discerning. We are still alive, my dear Friends, and are more powerful than we were before these Disasters: They have only serv'd to prove our Constancy; we still live, and our Life shall soon be fatal to the Tyrants of this Place. So extraordinary and invincible a Happiness must be preternatural, and have we not Ground to presume it is the Work of some Power more than human? And in Truth, my Companions, what is there upon Earth, that is worthy the Protection of Heaven, if what we are doing is not? We are about destroying the most horrible of all Governments: We are about restoring Wealth to all the poor Subjects of this State, from whom the Avarice of the Nobles wou'd ravish it eternally without us; we shall save the Honour of all the Women, which might one Day be born under their Domination, with Beauty enough to please them; we shall restore Life to an infinite Number of Wretches, whom their Cruelty has in its Power to sacrifice to their least Resentment, for the smallest Matters. In a Word, we shall punish them who most deserve it of all Mankind, and who are equally polluted with the Crimes which Nature abhors, and those which she cannot suffer without blushing. Let us not then be afraid to take the Sword in one Hand, and the Torch in the other, to exterminate these Wretches; and when we shall behold these Palaces, where Impiety is on the Throne, burning with a Fire, which is rather the Fire of Heav'n than ours; these Tribunals, which have been so often sully'd with the Tears, and the Substance of the Innocent, consum'd by the devouring Flames; the furious Soldier drawing out his reeking Hands from the Body of the Wicked; Death ranging thro' every Quarter, and whatever hideous Spectacles the Darknes of the Night and military Licence are capable of producing; Let us then remember, my dear Friends, that there is nothing

com-

completely pure among Men, that the most commendable Actions are subject to the greatest Inconveniencies. and in short, that instead of the various Furies which laid waste this unhappy Land, the Disorders of the approaching Night are the only Means to establish Peace, Innocence and Liberty there for ever.

THIS Discourse was receiv'd by the whole Assembly with the Complaisance which Men usually have for Sentiments agreeable to their own. However Renault, who had observ'd their Countenances, remark'd that *Jaffier*, one of the Captain's best Friends had fall'n, all on a sudden, from an extreme Attention into an Inquietude which he strove in vain to hide, and that there still remain'd in his Eyes an Air of Astonishment and Sadness, which express'd a Mind seiz'd with Horror. Renault spoke of it to the Captain, who made a Jest of it at first; but having view'd *Jaffier* for some time, he was almost of the same Opinion. Renault, who perfectly understood the Relations and necessary Connections between the most secret Motions of the Mind, and the lightest external Demonstrations which slip from it, when a Man is in any Agitation of Thought, having maturely examin'd what had appear'd to him in *Jaffier's* Looks, thought himself oblig'd to declare to the Captain, that he did not believe he was to be depended on. The Captain, who knew *Jaffier* to be one of the bravest Men in the World, accus'd him of judging precipitately, and beyond Reason; but Renault persisting to justify his Suspicion, laid the Grounds and the Consequences of it before him so clearly, that if the Captain was not touch'd by them as deeply, he was convinced at least, that *Jaffier* ought to be watch'd. However he represented to Renault, that if even *Jaffier* shou'd be stagger'd, which he cou'd not imagine, he had not Time enough left betwixt then and To-morrow Night to deliberate how to betray them, and to take a Resolution thereon; but let it be as it wou'd, in the present Posture of Affairs, there was no Time to form new Measures, and that it was a Risque which

which must be run, either willingly or by Force. *Renault* reply'd, there was one sure Way not to be expos'd to it, and that was to poniard *Jaffier* themselves that Night. The Captain remain'd silent a-while at that Proposition; but at last he made answer, That he cou'd not resolve to kill the best Friend he had upon a bare Suspicion; that the Action might be attended with several ill Consequences; that he was afraid it might startle their Companions, and render them odious to them, and make them believe they affected a sort of Empire over them, and pretended to be Sovereign Arbiters of their Life and Death; that there was no room to hope, they wou'd apprehend the Necessity of destroying *Jaffier* as well as themselves; and not apprehending it, each Conspirator wou'd with Grief behold his Life expos'd to the first Imagination of that Nature, they might entertain of him; that when Mens Minds are in a vehement Motion, a small Matter may give them a wrong Turn, and the least Alteration they shou'd make in that State, is always of mighty Moment, because they can take none but extreme Resolutions; that if they were to conceal the Manner how *Jaffier* came to disappear among them, it was still more to be fear'd the Company wou'd believe he was discover'd and fled, or else was a Prisoner, or a Traytor; and that whatever Pretence they invented, his Absence on the Evening before the Execution, he having so great a Share therein as he ought to have, cou'd not but intimidate them, and suggest to them melancholy Thoughts.

RENAULT listen'd with Attention to the Captain's Discourse, when one of their People came in to them with an Order from the Senate, for all those who had any Post in the Fleet to go on Board the next Morning. At the same time was brought a Note from the Ambassador which discover'd the Reason of that Order. The Duke of *Ossuna* cou'd not leave *Naples* so privately to repair to his great Ships, but the Spies of the Republick were appris'd of it; but as he had left an Order that no Carriage shou'd be fur-

furnish'd to go to *Venice* 'till a certain Time, and that all Letters which were directed thither shou'd be stopp'd, the *Venetians* cou'd not have Advice of his Departure before that Day. The Arch-Duke, who was lately elected King of *Bohemia*, had desir'd Succour from him against the Rebels of that Country who began to be in Motion, and the Vice-Roy having boasted that he wou'd conduct those Succours thro' the Gulph to the very Ports of the Arch-Duke in *Istria*, the *Venetians* had caus'd him to be intreated even by that Prince to take another Rout; but as he did not govern himself by those Reasons which govern other Men, when they were certify'd of his Departure, they made no doubt but it was to conduct in Person those Succours by the Way he had resolv'd. They wou'd not dispute the Passage with him, as they might have have done, because they did not seek a Rupture, and only chose to send their Fleet to the Coasts of *Istria*, where he was to land his Troops, in Order to observe him, and restrain him from the various Temptations he might be under, at the Sight of their maritime Places.

THE firmest Resolutions of Men usually proceed from a strong Imagination of the Danger they have to encounter. By the Help of this Imagination, the Soul familiarises itself at last with the Circumstances of the Danger, how frightful soever they may be, by the repeated Consideration of them; but then all the Firmness of its Resolution is so affix'd to those particular Circumstances, that if any one of them happens to alter at the point of Execution, it is a very great Hazard that the Resolution will also change. This was what *Renault* and the Captain dreaded might befall their Companions on account of the unforeseen Embarkation of the *Venetian* Fleet, which they were just inform'd of; and this News gave them much Uneasiness, because they immediately judg'd it would oblige them, tho' ever so much against their Will, to make some Alteration in the manner after which they had first dispos'd the Execution of their Enterprize. This Execution cou'd
not

not be perform'd that Instant, because the Night was too far advanced, and it wou'd be Day before Notice cou'd be given to the little Fleet to approach within Cannon-shot of *Venice*, where it was requisite it shou'd be to begin, and before the Troops which were at the *Lazaretto* cou'd be sent for. As for the next Day, the *Venetians* being to put to Sea, if *Elliot* was order'd to move forward likewise, he wou'd infallibly meet those who would be all that Day repairing from *Venice* to the Fleet. The Course the *Venetian* Navy was to make, was the most favourable the Conspirators cou'd wish, for it was going to turn its Back to *Elliot*; and all things being well consider'd, it was judg'd proper to give it Time to get to some Distance. The Difficulty was to resolve whether the Captain, *l'Anglade*, the three Petardeers, and the other Conspirators who had Posts there, shou'd obey the Order of the Senate. They seem'd indispensibly necessary at *Venice* for the Execution, especially the Captain; and yet he was the Man who cou'd least of all stay behind; the important Command he had in the Fleet, wou'd make him more taken Notice of than all the others together; as most of them had Employments on board his Ships, he could almost alone supply their Default by his Authority, if he were present, and even hinder their Absence from being perceiv'd. These Reasons made them conclude, that he should go with only *l'Anglade*, whose Employment in the Fleet depended immediately on the General as well as that of the three Petardeers, but as for the Petardeers, they chose to risque all rather than let them depart. The General ask'd the Captain after them as soon as he saw him, and the Captain answer'd, he believ'd they were conceal'd in *Venice* in the Courtezan's Houses, as well as some of his Officers whom he miss'd, and that the Precipitation with which he was oblig'd to come away, had not giv'n him Time to find them out. The General was so press'd by the Senate to be gone, and so busy for the same Reason, that he cou'd not send to seek them for several Days, and still less stay 'till they were found.

BEFORE

BEFORE he went on board, the Captain took *Jaffier* aside, and pray'd him to supply his Place with *Renault* on the Night of the Execution. He magnify'd to him the Confidence they had in his Conduct and Courage, and told him, that without that Assurance, he shou'd never have resolv'd to go, but that he thought he left another Self to his Companions while *Jaffier* remain'd with them. During this Speech, the Captain observ'd him with Attention; but the Man being warm'd with Testimonies which were given him of the Esteem that was entertain'd of him, answer'd with such Tokens of Zeal, Fidelity and Acknowledgment as wou'd have confirm'd the most Suspicious.

THIS was the last Effort of his dying Resolution; it vanish'd quite, when the Face of his Friend was turn'd; and having no longer before his Eyes, the only Man who was capable, by the Consideration he had for him, to keep him firm, he abandon'd himself intirely to his Uncertainty. The Description *Renault* had given of the Night of the Execution in the Conclusion of his Harangue had struck him to such a Degree, that he cou'd not moderate his Pity. His Imagination improv'd that Picture; and represented to him exactly, and in the most lively Colours, all the Cruelties and Injustices which are inevitable on such Occasions. From that Moment he heard nothing on all Sides, but the Cries of Children trampled under Foot, the Groans of aged Men in murdering, and the Shrieks of Women ravish'd; he saw nothing but Palaces tumbling down, Churches on Fire, and holy Places defil'd with Blood; *Venice* the sad, the deplorable *Venice*, presented itself every where before his Eyes, no longer Triumphant as formerly over the *Ottoman* Power, and the Pride of *Spain*, but in Ashes, or in Irons, and more drench'd in the Blood of its Inhabitants, than in the Waters which encompass it. This dismal Image pursues him Night and Day, sollicit him, presses him, staggers him; he in vain endeavours to drive it away, it is more obstinate than all the Furies, possesses him in the midst of his Repasts, disturbs his Repose, and even mingles itself in

in his Dreams. But then, to betray his Friends ! and what Friends ? Men Intrepid, Intelligent, of unrival'd Merit each in his several Way ; it wou'd be the Work of Ages to bring together a second Time so great a Number of extraordinary Men in the Moment they are going to render themselves memorable to the latest Posterity, and must the Fruit they are ready to reap from the greatest Resolution that ever enter'd into the Mind of a private Man, be ravish'd from them ? And how will they perish ? By Torments more strange and exquisite than all those which the Tyrants of pass'd Ages have invented : Who does not know that there is a Prison at *Venice*, which is more capable of shaking the Constancy of a Man of Courage, than the most frightful Punishments of other Countries !

THESE last Reflections, which attack'd *Faffier* in his weakest Part, confirm'd him in his first Sentiments; the Pity he felt for his Companions balanced in his Soul that which the Desolation of *Venice* had excited, and he continu'd in this Uncertainty 'till the Day of the Ascension, to which the Execution had been deferr'd. There came News from the Captain in the Morning: He sent Word that he wou'd answer for the Fleet, that it was sailing to the Neighbourhood of *Maran*, and at the same Time as the Troops of *Lievestein* shou'd be sent for from the *Lazaretto*, a Boat shou'd be dispatch'd to him to acquaint him with it, and that he wou'd wait for that Advice to begin to act on his Side. They sent *Elliot* the Guides that were promis'd him; suborn'd Persons were introduced into the Belfry of the Procuraty of *St. Mark*, who had some Acquaintance with those who kept Guard there, and who laid them asleep by Means of Drugs and Scents proper for that purpose, mix'd with their Food and Liquor, and by making them drink and eat to Excess on Account of the publick Rejoycings of the Day. Orders were given to certain chosen Officers, to possess themselves of the Houses of those Senators who were most to be fear'd, and to kill them. Each had the House mark'd out to him which he was to attack, as
had

had also each of the principal Conspirators, and the other Officers, the Post he was to take, the Men he was to have, and where he was to take them, the Word to know them by, and the Way by which he was to lead them; Notice was likewise given to the Troops at the *Lazaretto*, to the *Spaniards* of the little Fleet, and to the thousand *Hollanders* who were already in *Venice*, how they were to divide themselves from the Place of *St. Mark*, where they were all to rendezvous, the Places they shou'd seize, the Commanders which were appointed them, and the Watchword to know them; the Artillery of the Council of Ten was visited by Persons no way to be suspected, and it was found to be in a Condition to serve.

JAFFIER had the Curiosity to see the Ceremony where the Doge espouses the Sea, because it was the last Time it was to be perform'd. His Compassion reviv'd at the Sight of the publick Rejoycings; the profound Tranquility of the unhappy *Venetians* gave him a more lively Sense of their approaching Desolation, and he return'd more irresolute than ever. But at last Heaven not being willing to abandon the Work of twelve Ages, and of so many able Minds, to the Fury of a Courtesan, and of a Company of profligate Wretches, the good Genius of the Republick inspir'd *Jaffier* with an Expedient by which he hoped to save *Venice* and his Companions at once. He went to *Barthelme Comino*, Secretary of the Council of Ten, and told him he had something very urgent to reveal, which concern'd the Safety of the State, but first he requir'd the Doge and the Council shou'd promise him one Favour, and shou'd engage themselves by the most sacred Oaths to make the Senate ratify their Promise; that the Favour was, the Lives of two and twenty Persons he shou'd name, whatever Crime they shou'd have committed; but that they shou'd not think of wresting the Secret from him by Torments without granting him this Favour, for there were not any horrible enough to force a single Word from his Mouth. The Ten were assembled in a Moment, and immediately sent

sent to the Doge, to receive from him the Promise *Faffier* demanded. He hesitated no more than they to give it; and *Faffier* being fully satisfy'd with what he was going to do, discover'd to them the whole Conspiracy. The Thing appear'd so horrible to them, and so prodigious, that they cou'd not believe it. However, as it was easy to verify some Particulars of it, *Comino* was sent to the Belfry of the Procuraty. He brought Word back, that he had found the whole Guard drunk or asleep. They sent him then to the Arsenal. He was a good while before he cou'd find the Officers who had been corrupted: But at last a Servant being intimidated with his Threats, shew'd him a little Door, which he caus'd to be broke open, after he had knock'd at it several Times to no Purpose. He found the Officers with the three Petardeers, who were just finishing the Fireworks design'd for the Execution. He ask'd them what oblig'd them to work on so great a Holy-Day, and why they had not open'd to him when he knock'd. They answer'd, that the Petardeers were to set out the next Day to repair to the Fleet; That the General had order'd them to bring a great Number of Fireworks ready to play off; That there not being so many ready as he requir'd, they had desir'd the others to assist them to make some; That as the Thing might be of Consequence, they thought they might be dispens'd with as to the Observation of the Festival, and that in order to do it without Scandal, they had shut themselves up, as he found them, in the most retir'd Part of the Arsenal, which they had chosen on purpose. Tho' *Comino* cou'd make no Reply to this Answer, he arrested them.

THE Ten being frighten'd more and more, sent in the next Place to the *Grecian* Woman's House, but no Body was found there. The Suborn'd Persons who had laid the Guard of the Belfry asleep, had counterfeited sleeping as well as the rest, when they saw *Comino*; but he was hardly gone out, when they ran to the *Grecian's*, where they gave so warm an Alarm, that without losing a Moment,

Nolot, Robert, Revellido, Retrofi, Villamezzana, Durand, Ternon, and Robert Brulard, who chanced to be with her, went and cast themselves all together into one of the Barks, which had been retain'd at the *Rialto*, to fetch the Troops from the *Lazaretto*, and got happily out of *Venice*. The Grief which the Council had for their Escape, made them resolve to search the Houses of the Ambassadors of *France* and of *Spain* without further Delay: They ask'd civilly for Admittance about an Affair which related to the Safety of the Republick. The *Frenchman* granted it as civilly, and *Renault* was taken, and brought away with *Laurence Brulard*, and *de Bribe*: But the *Spaniard* refus'd them with Bitterness: He alledg'd all the Privileges of his Function, and protested furiously against the Violence which was offer'd him, when he saw them enter by Force. They found there Arms for above five hundred Men, sixty Petards, and an incredible Quantity of Powder, of Fireworks, and such like. An exact Inventory was taken of all, at which he was present, ridiculing them all the while. Just when this Inventory was brought to the Council of Ten, a Nobleman of the House of *Valiera* arriv'd there with *Brainvile* and *Theodor*, two of the principal Conspirators. They had been inform'd, that all was discover'd, and despairing to save themselves, because they knew all the Ports were shut up since the *Greek Woman's* Escape, they resolv'd to make a Shew as if they wou'd discover the Conspiracy, and went to this Noble *Venetian*, whom they had known in *Flanders*, to get him to introduce them to the Council; where they were seiz'd. In the mean time a general Search was made in all the Taverns, Inns, Lodgings, Gaming-Houses, infamous Places and others, where Strangers might hide themselves; and all the Officers, either *Dutch, French, Spaniards, Waloons, Neapolitans, or Milanese*, were secur'd, to the Number of near four hundred.

WHILE these Things were doing, two Natives of *Daufiny*, who came from *Orange*, arriv'd in their Boots, as they had flung themselves, at quitting their Horses,

into

into the Barque which brought them. They told the Council, that some *Frenchmen*, their Friends, having writ to them from *Venice*, that if they had a Mind to enrich themselves, they only need hasten thither, because there was a Conspiracy just ready to be executed, to seize the Town and give it to be plunder'd, they were come with all Speed to detect so great a Wickedness, instead of sharing in it. They were thank'd, lodg'd honourably, and desir'd to rest themselves 'till the Senate had Time to deliberate on the Reward which was due to them. In the mean while, the Day came: The Senate assembled, and the Marquis *de Bedmar* demanded Audience. It was granted him out of mere Curiosity. The Noise of the Conspiracy was then spread over the City, and occasion'd a dreadful Disorder. The People, who had a confus'd Notion that the *Spaniards* were the Authors of it, got together about the Ambassador's Palace, in order to break into it, and were ready to set it on Fire, when they who wereto conduct him to Audience, arriv'd. They made known their Commission; and the People flattering themselves with Hopes that the Senate wou'd inflict on him an exemplary Punishment, suffer'd him to go, and attended him with all the Injuries and Imprecations imaginable.

THE Ambassador being enter'd into the Senate, began with bitter Complaints against the Violence which had been committed in his House, contrary to the Law of Nations; and accompany'd his Complaints with such haughty and furious Menaces of Revenge, that the major Part of the Senators were in a Consternation, and dreaded lest he had still some Invention, which was not known, to accomplish his Design. The Doge answer'd him, that they would excuse that Outrage to him, when he had given them the Reason of the warlike Preparations which were found in the House of Him, who, as an Ambassador, ought to be a Minister of Peace. He reply'd, that he was astonish'd, Persons who were esteem'd so wise, should be so weak as to insult him to his Face on so gross

a Pretence; that they knew as well as he did, that all these Provisions were but deposited in his House, as had been done formerly, in order to be sent to *Naples* and *Tirol*; that as for the Arms, all the World knew there were none so good as those which were made in the Towns belonging to the Republick, and that for the Fire-works and other Things of that kind, some Work-men of an extraordinary Skill having offer'd themselves to him, he had been induc'd to employ them out of Curiosity. The Doge interrupting him, told him those Work-men were profligate Wretches, or rather Monsters, born for the everlasting Shame of Mankind; and as he spoke those Words he presented to the Ambassador a Letter of Credit to the Governor of *Milan*, which had been found among *Renault's* Papers, with other Letters from the Duke of *Osuna*. The Ambassador made answer, That as for the Duke of *Osuna*, he had declar'd his Sentiments before, that he knew nothing of his Conduct; and as for the Letter of Credit, it was true the *French* Ambassador had recommended to him a Gentleman some time ago, who stood in need of Favour at *Milan* for a particular Affair, and he had given that Man the Letter they shew'd him; but that he was wholly ignorant that the Republick was any way concern'd in that Affair. The Doge seeing by his Replies, that the Ambassador would never want an Answer, contented himself with representing to him very strongly the Blackness of his Enterprize, and concluded with protesting they were all very far from thinking the King his Master had the least Hand in it. The Ambassador reply'd to this Remonstrance with all the Transport of a Man of Worth, whose Honour is attack'd unjustly; that he was of a Nation to which Bravery and Prudence were so natural, that they had no need to have Recourse to ill Artifices to ruin their Enemies; that the King his Master was powerful enough to destroy them by open Force, and without making use of Treacheries, as might very shortly appear.

HE went out abruptly after these Words, without any Ceremony; they who conducted him, begg'd him to rest himself a little in an Apartment just by, till the Senate had given the necessary Orders for his Safety; and he suffer'd himself to be conducted where they pleas'd, raging with Anger, and without making any Answer. While the Populace was got together in the Place to tear him to pieces when the Senate should deliver him up; it was easy to those who were sent to his House with a strong Guard, to ship off his Domesticks, and his most valuable Furniture; after which they came to fetch him, and conducted him thro' private Passages of the Palace to a Brigantine well arm'd, and attended with a good Convoy.

THE People, enrag'd at his Escape, made Images of him and the Duke of *Offuna*, to which they did all that they would have done to their Persons, if they had been in their Power. Orders were sent at the same time to the General to Sea, to drown *l'Anglade*, the Captain *Jacques Pierre*, and all the trusty Officers the Captain had on Board his Ships. As it was suppos'd they would be upon their Guard, they chose a Vessel of the strangest and most unusual Form that could be found at *Venice* to carry the Order; it was equipp'd after the most likely Manner to make it be thought not to come from thence, and it took a large Compass about, to arrive from the contrary Side to that it ought, if it came from *Venice*. It was known afterwards that the Captain had been all the Night in Expectation, and seeing this Vessel arrive, he retir'd immediately into the largest of his Ships, as if he had suspected the Truth, and was for putting himself in a Condition to make a Defence in case he was betray'd. But it is probable that the fear of ruining all thro' a Terror which might be merely a Panick, stop'd him some Time, to deliberate whether he ought to declare himself or not; for the General, who did not lose a Moment, having sent to him two chosen Men, and no way suspected, they enter'd without Arms as to Appearance, into the Place

where he was, and found him alone, and accosting him with an Air as free as usual, poniarded him on the sudden, and flung him into the Sea, without any one's perceiving it. *L'Anglade* and forty of his Officers were serv'd after the same manner, and with the same Secrecy.

IN the mean Time *Renault* being interrogated at *Venice*, answer'd, That he knew not what they meant. They shew'd him the Letter of Credit to *Don Pedro*, a Passport in *Spanish* for all the Countries under the Obedience of *Spain*, Bills of Exchange for great Sums, and a Thousand Pistoles besides. He said that he knew neither the *Spanish* Ambassador, nor the Governour of *Milan*; and therefore if there was any Thing amongst his Papers relating to them, it must have been put there by some body else; and as for the Bills of Exchange, and the Pistoles, they were all that he was worth in the World. They put him on the Ordinary and Extraordinary Rack; but he said nothing farther, unless that he was a poor old Man, of Worth, Quality, and Honour, and that God would revenge him. The Rack was brought before him for several Days following, and even Impunity was promis'd him, if he would Confess all that he knew; but to no purpose. And after having been Tortur'd in all the Forms at several Times, he was at last Strangled in Prison, and hung up publickly by one Foot, as a Traytor. The Lieutenant of the Count *de Nassau*, the three Petardeers, *Bribe*, *Laurance Brulard*, and the two Officers of the Arsenal, were Hung in the same manner, after having suffer'd the Rack with the same Constancy; But *Brainvile*, *Theodor* and above three Hundred Officers, were only strangled or drowned privately.

JAFFIER in the mean while being enrag'd at the ill Success of his Compassion, made loud Complaints that the Council of Ten did not keep their Promise with him in favour of his Companions. It had not been Violated, but after a mature Deliberation. Nay, several were for having it religiously observ'd; others remonstrated, that

that if the Conspiracy had been made known by *Jaffier* only, it might have been a Question, but two Natives of *Dausiny* having also reveal'd it, the Senate were at full Liberty to act after the same Manner as if *Jaffier* had made no Discovery. This Advice carry'd it, being supported by the Horror and publick Fright, tho' many Things might have been urg'd to the contrary. They endeavour'd to appease *Jaffier* by all sorts of Means: They offer'd him Money, and Employment; he refus'd all, and inflexibly requir'd the Lives of his Companions in vain, and at last left *Venice* quite inconsolable for their Execution. The Senate hearing this, sent him an Order to quit the States belonging to the Republick in three Days, at the Peril of his Life, and four Thousand Sequins which they forc'd him to take. The Pity he felt for his Companions redoubled upon him, as often as he reflected that he had been the Cause of their Death: He understood, as he was travelling, that the Design against *Brescia* was still in a Condition to succeed: The Desire of being reveng'd on the Senate, made him fling himself into that Town, but he was hardly got there, when the Council of Ten having found out that Affair by the Papers of the Conspirators, sent thither some Troops, who took Possession of the principal Posts, and put several *Spaniards* who had been introduc'd there to the Sword. *Jaffier* was taken Fighting at the Head of them, like a Man who only seeks to sell his Life dearly, and being brought back to *Venice* a few Days after, he was drowned there, the next Day after his Arrival.

THE Death of this unhappy Wretch having fully restor'd Tranquility to this noble City, the first Care of the Senate was to demand another Ambassador at *Madrid*; *Don Lewis Bravo* was accordingly Nominated for that Employment, with Orders to set out immediately; and the Marquis *de Bedmar* gave him, according to Custom, an Instruction, which might be reduc'd almost to these two Points. The first was, That the new Ambassador should
upon

upon all Occasions vehemently blame the Conduct of his Predecessor, and affect to follow the quite contrary, even in the most indifferent Things. The other Point was, That in all Matters he should have to Negotiate relating to the Rights and Preeminences of the Republick, he should make use, instead of all other Memoirs, of the *Squittinio della Liberta Veneta*, to which the Marquis refer'd him in several Places of this Instruction, and in Terms, which, tho' Modest, discover sufficiently the Paternal Fondness he had for that Libel. In the mean while was Publish'd, by Sound of Trumpet, and in Writing, thro' all the Territories of the Republick, a Prohibition under Pain of Death, to impute any Part of the Conspiracy to the King of Spain, or the Spaniards. Thirty thousand Ducats were given to the two Natives of *Dausiny*, who came from their own Country to discover it; *Don Pedro* seeing all Things past Retrieval, made an end to disband his Troops, and restor'd *Vercelli*. The Duke of *Offuna* gave considerable Presents to the Wife and Children of the Captain, when he set them at Liberty; and the Marquis *de Bedmar* had an Order from Spain, to go and serve as first Minister in *Flanders*, and some Years after he receiv'd a Cardinal's Hat from Rome.

The End of the Fourth Volume.







am 12



A select collection of Novels and Histories in six volumes

Bd.: 4

London (1729)

Augsburg, Staats- und Stadtbibliothek -- LA 1114 -4

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11257027-1